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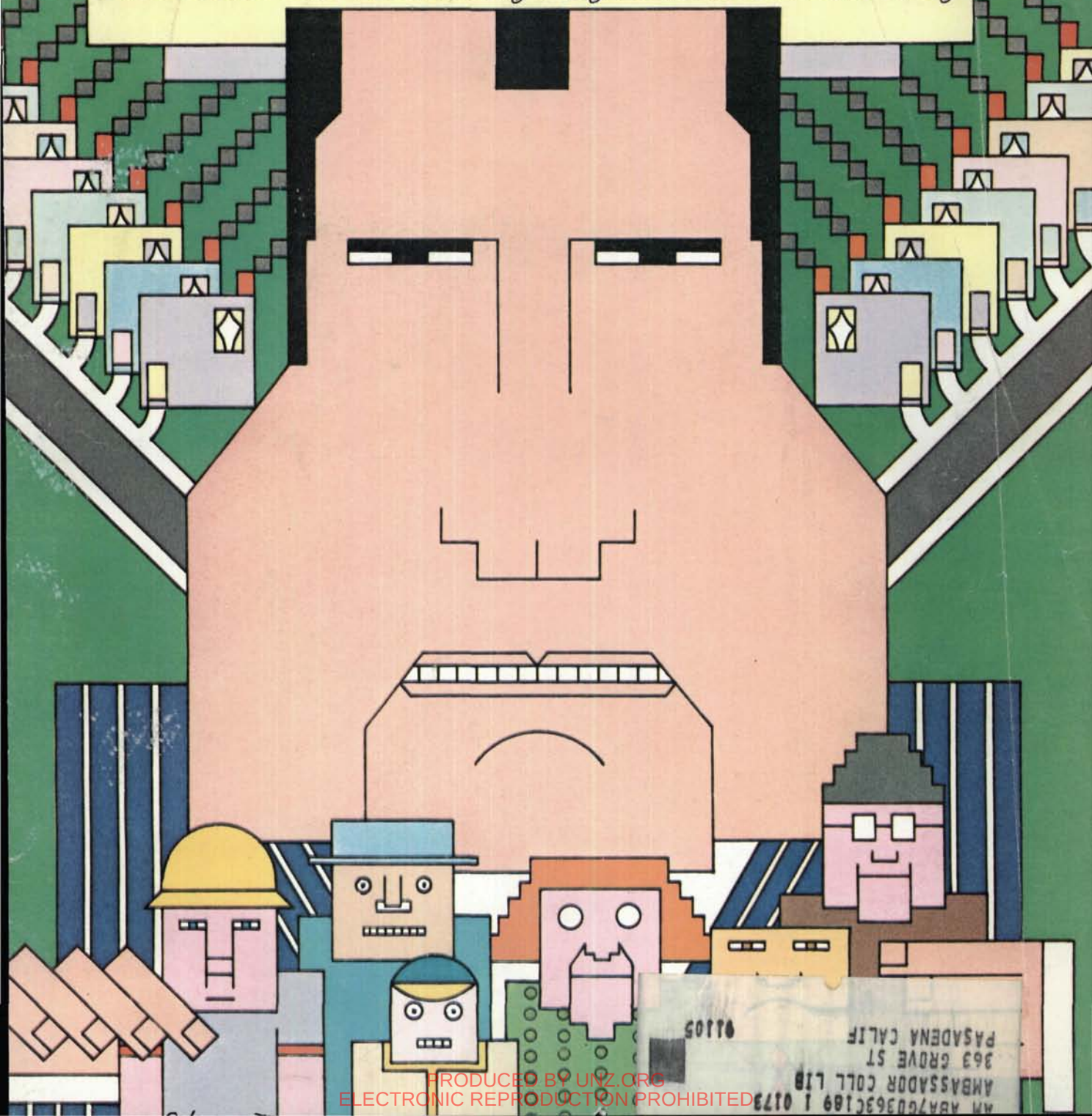

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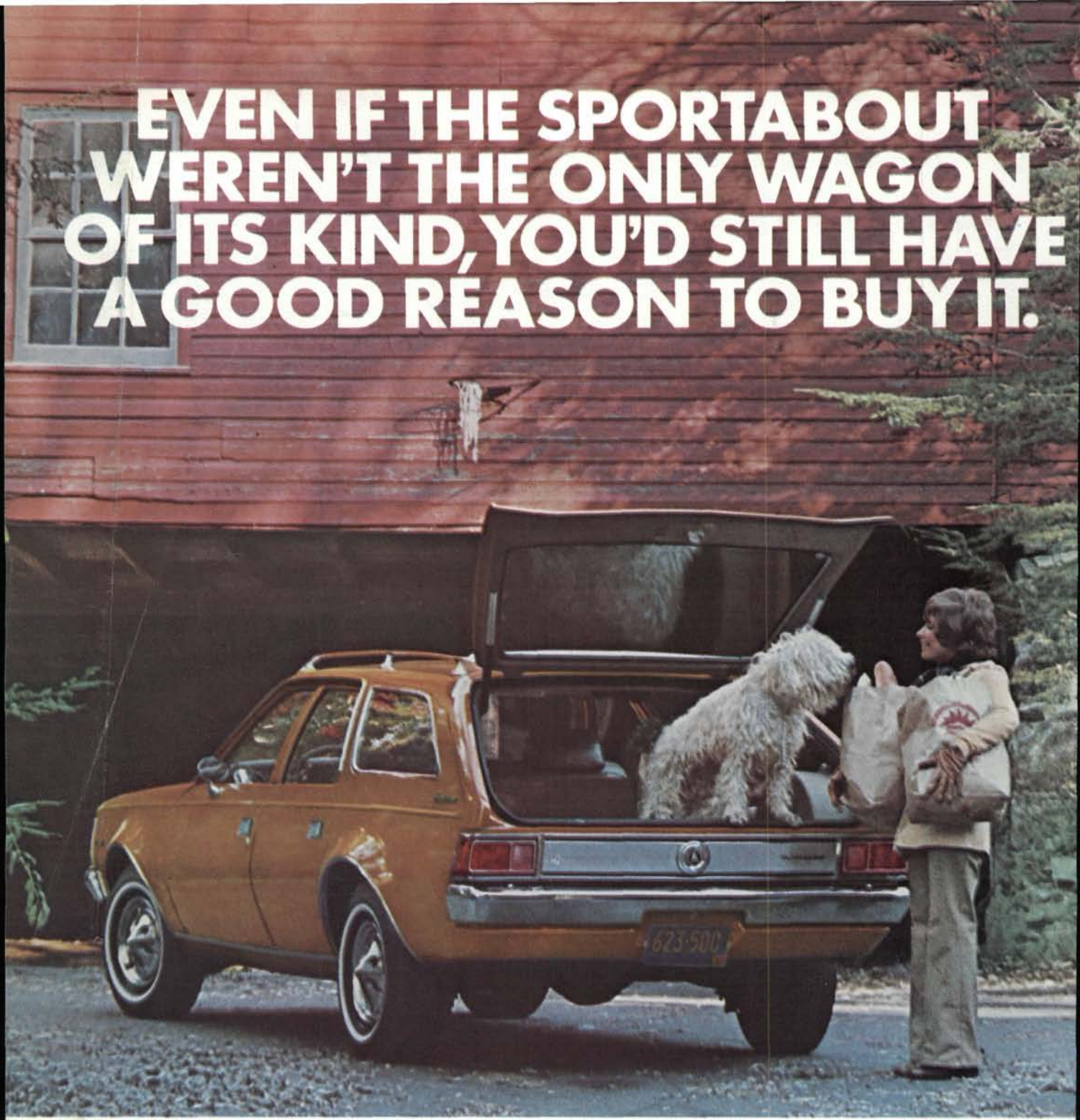

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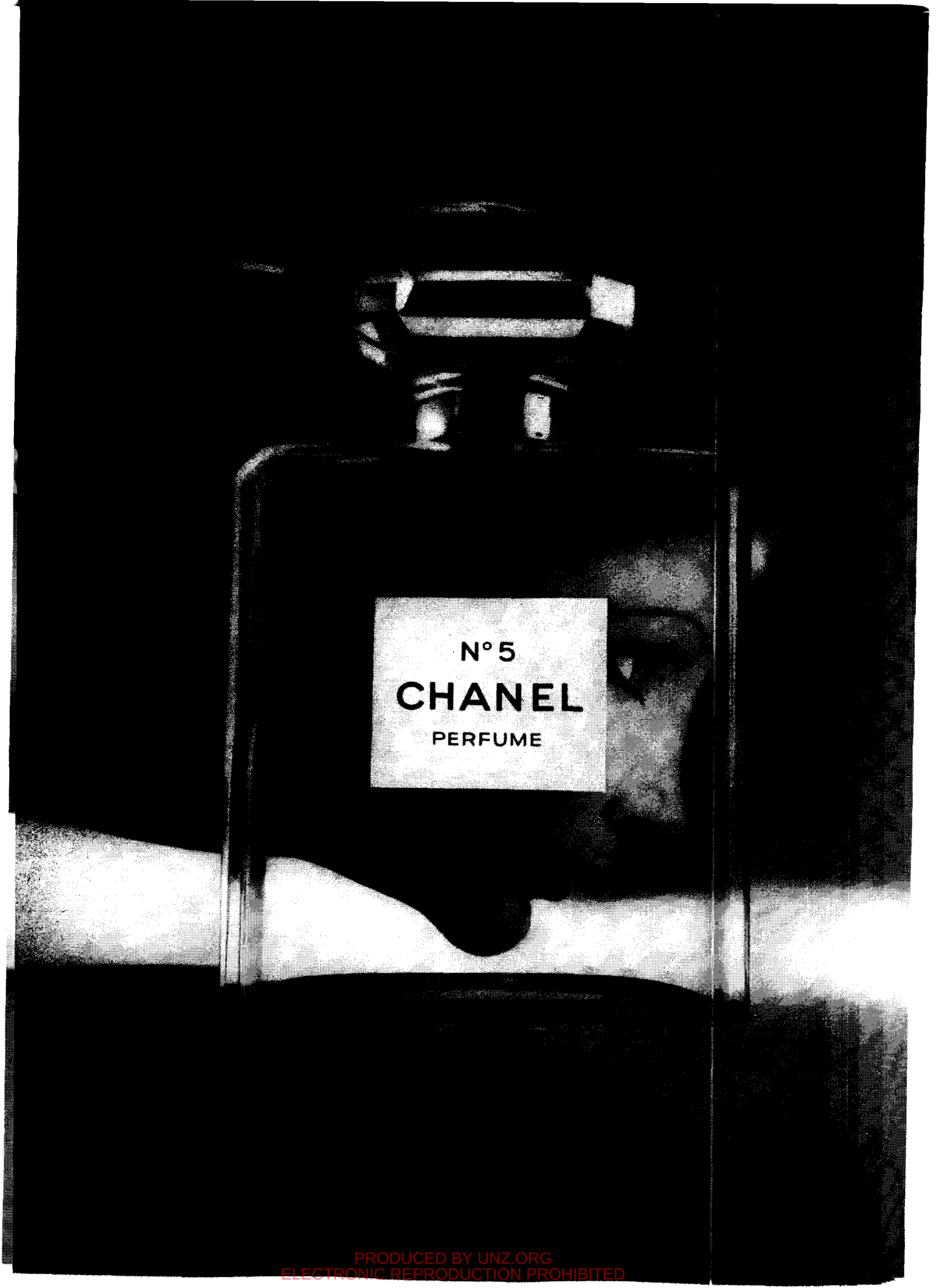

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Working for Lyndon Johnson was, for some at least, rather like taking a raft trip down the Colorado River: tricky currents, roaring rapids, sudden lurches from tranquillity to tempest-toss't acrobatics. The trip was always demanding, sometimes exasperating, sometimes exciting or inspiring, and never dull. Two of us *Atlantic* hands worked for LBJ at different times in his, and our, careers and now, in quiet interludes between teatime and cocktail time, sometimes trade anecdotes about the former big mover and shaker from the Pedernales.

My experience was a middle-distance one, beginning in the spring of 1962 when Mr. Johnson was Vice President, and I became Keeper of the Hounds of Gutenberg at the Department of State, a job which provided satisfactions that outweighed frustrations until the middle of 1964. Michael Janeway, managing editor of this magazine, began his association with LBJ at an earlier time and in a more intimate way. In the summer of 1958, before he was to enter college, Mr. Janeway got a job in Mr. Johnson's Senate office. He returned for two successive summers, enjoying an opportunity to watch the phenomenal Senate Majority Leader in action. "I learned a great deal," says Janeway, "though not as much as I would have learned if I hadn't, somewhat mysteriously, stumbled onto his long list of 'ingrates' sometime between 1960 and 1963."

" 'Ingrate' or not," he adds, "I cheered the President from the sidelines. With many other Americans, I thought, well into 1965, that as a President he would rank with FDR and Lincoln. I'm only one of a horde of critics of what happened after 1965, but I always *wanted* him to be great. The whole country knows, at least, that he was a very big man and that he has cast long shadows. I'll keep trying to come to terms with him, I guess, until I do." Mr. Janeway drew on his days with LBJ and on his considerable experience since in politics and journalism to write for this issue (page 48) a valuable and unique assessment of Johnson and his view of his own presidency.

* * *

Jean Goldschmidt's story "Underground," her fourth to appear in *The Atlantic,* begins on page 70 of this issue. Miss Goldschmidt's fiction is stylish, inventive, and animated by an unpredictable combination of passionate conviction and spontaneous humor. Miss Goldschmidt, twenty-six, and her husband, James Murray Kempton, twenty-seven, were killed, we grieve to report, in an automobile accident last November. Both were young writers for whom we had the greatest affection and highest professional regard. We'll miss them both.

* * *

After a long absence, it's a pleasure to welcome back Stewart Alsop, the distinguished Washington journalist and *Newsweek* columnist, who, in his exposition of the prospects for President Nixon's reelection (page 41), nominates the appellation "The Square Majority" for entry into the political lexicon. Mr. Alsop first appeared in *The Atlantic* in April of 1941 with an essay warning that Americans were surely moving toward entry into World War II but lacked "a faith to fight for." His last article, written jointly with his brother Joseph, was "Last Chance" in January of 1947.

Robert Manning

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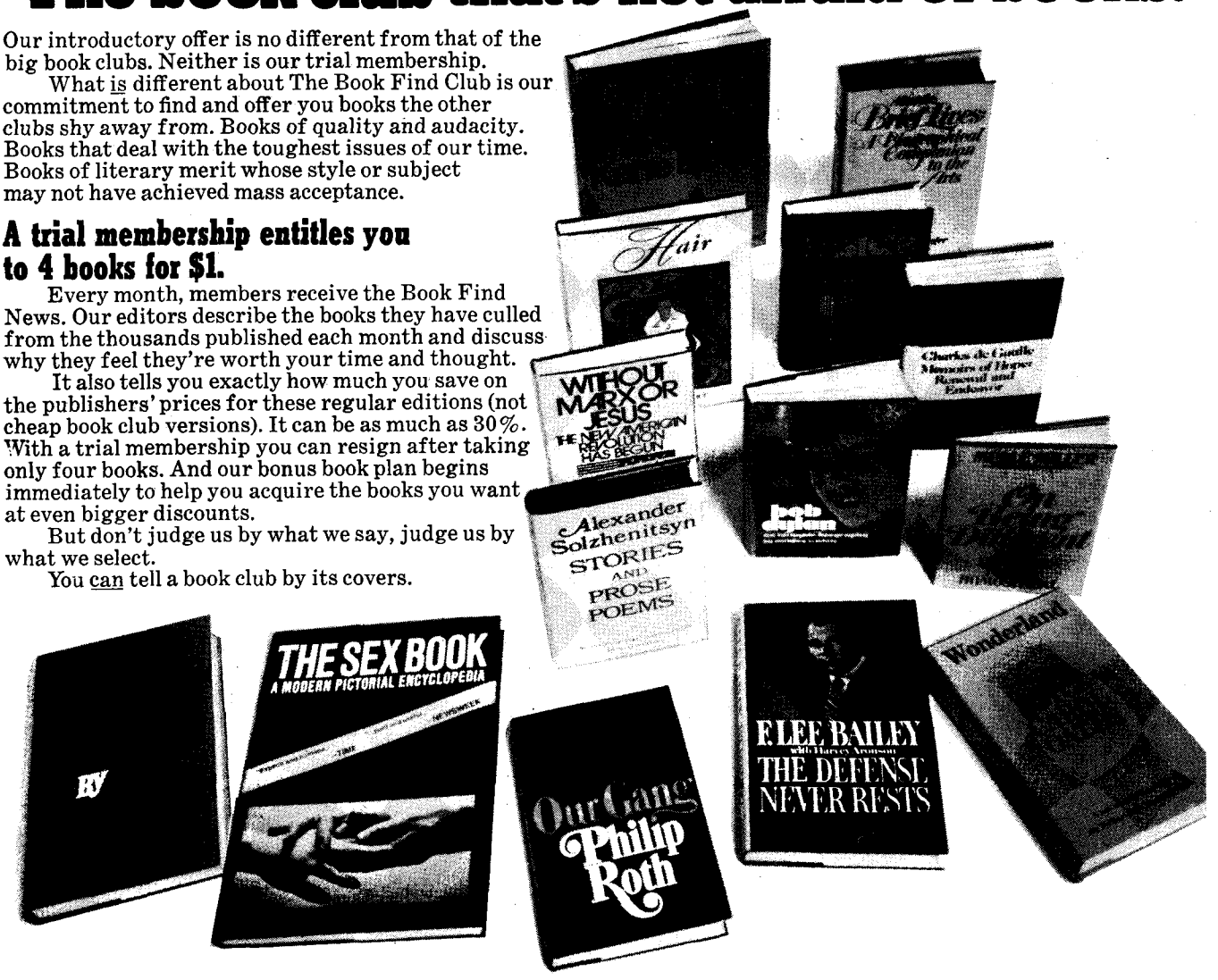

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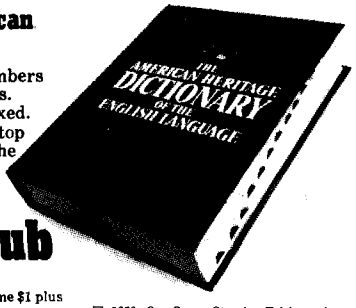

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REPORTS & COMMENT

THE NEW YORK POLICE

It's too bad that the Knapp Commission hearings in New York last fall received relatively little national attention. In terms of entertainment alone, this brisk but sordid review of corruption within the ranks of the city's thirty-two-thousand-man police department deserved a wider audience. After all, few news reports in an age of depressing news reports can delight the good burghers of, say, Chicago more than disaster bulletins out of the nation's biggest and most unpopular city.

But beyond that, the disclosures of widespread graft and infinite greed among "New York's Finest," as they like to be called, carried a warning for the concerned citizen everywhere. "If the lid is this far off in New York," the message said in effect, "you'd better take a closer look at the boys in your town."

Whether the warning will be heeded is, I'm afraid, rather doubtful. But even if it isn't, the Knapp Commission is certain to have, over a period of time, a profound impact on laws and law enforcement all across the country, particularly as they relate to gambling.

There is reason to believe that—in combination with other forces at work at the same time—the Commission provided the final push to open the door to legalized betting on a broad and varied scale in the Empire State, including so-called sports action and the numbers. There is equal reason to believe that once this happens in New York, then California, Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey—indeed every financially pinched urbanized state—will not lag far behind.

But, first, the hearings as theater. If, as I like to think, one of the functions of drama is to enlighten, to deepen one's perception of the world, then the ten-day show in the hearing room of the Bar Association on West 44th Street was a rousing success.

Drama

It was all there, from the merely petty shakedowns of tow-truck drivers to the actual trading in heroin and cocaine. There were films, however blurred, and tapes, however scratchy, of officers arranging to have liquor, cigarettes, power saws, and minibikes stolen to order by addicts. One cop had even handed an addict a handwritten list of the booze needed for a daughter's wedding shower. The order was flashed on the screen by the obliging Commission.

The leading players were out of central casting. Commission Counsel Michael Armstrong, tall, black-haired, with a Dick Tracy jaw, was splendid as the calm, mercilessly thorough interrogator. Some newsmen thought that they saw the start of a brilliant political career in the young man's performance.

Properly underplaying his role was Commission Chairman Whitman Knapp, a Wall Street lawyer and double-breasted Establishmentarian whose gentle voice and mousy manner concealed a street fighter's ability to mix it with anybody, as Mayor John V. Lindsay and Police Commissioner Patrick V. Murphy were to discover in one or two public exchanges with him over the course of the Commission's existence.

There was a scene-stealer of the first magnitude in Patrolman William R. Phillips, a high liver and busted detective who turned informant for the Commission after investigators nailed him on tape as he was shaking down the madam of a high-priced East Side Manhattan brothel.

The dapper Phillips exuded a marvelously unapologetic rascality as he testified that every plainclothesman (officers assigned to gambling and public morals) he had ever met or heard of was on the take from bookmakers and policy operators.

Getting "on the pad" in an area of high gambling activity like Harlem, he said, could bring a corrupt cop a tidy $1500 a month tax free. If an unlucky fellow happened to be transferred to another command—where there was often a wait before he could get on the pad there—he would continue to draw his old share for two months. A kind of "severance pay"? asked Armstrong. That was about it, Phillips replied.

To make sure that they would get more than uncorroborated testimony from the jaunty Phillips, the Commission wired him for sound after he agreed to become an informant. The result: recorded talks between him and three plainclothesmen in Queens who had seized "two or three kilos of heroin" plus $137,000 in cash for a "score" of unusual riches. They didn't take it all, however; only $80,000 of the cash, which one of them carried away in a shopping bag and later split with the others.

Phillips made it plain that corruption was not confined to the lower ranks. He knew of a numbers operation in Harlem, he said, which paid $3500 a month for protection from both precinct and divisional commands. Lieutenants, captains, even

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some inspectors, he declared, were on the take. Once, when he was recording his chats, he asked a superior officer what it would cost to fix Manhattan's Third and Fourth Divisions for a big-time crap game. He was told it would run to $8000 a month.

A less flashy witness, but one whose testimony proved more shocking, was a dismissed patrolman, Waverly Logan. Logan, a lean, handsome, and well-spoken black man, calmly described the degree to which narcotics—once avoided by even the crookedest cop—had become acceptable as a source of graft.

Pay-offs from addicts and pushers to an elite crime-prevention squad to which Logan had belonged amounted to no less than $1500 a month per man, he testified; and a cop who made a "heavy score" now and then could count on upwards of $3000 a month.

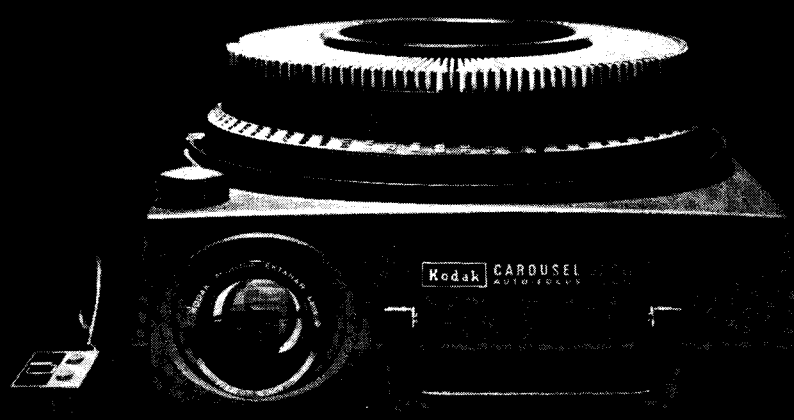
"Scores," which in the patois of the corrupt means large amounts of either goods or money, resulted chiefly from raids on pushers. Seized drugs, Logan said—and tapes and films supported his testimony—were held and peddled to addict informants in exchange for stolen merchandise. Seized cash went directly into the pockets of the police executing the raids. Another witness subsequently gave an insight into the extent to which the police hang on to narcotics, testifying that in one precinct last year there was a discrepancy of 68.25 pounds of heroin between the precinct's records and those of the police laboratory where drugs are routinely analyzed. This indicated that somewhere between the precinct and the laboratory, heroin worth roughly $7 million had disappeared.

"Write a letter"

It was gamey and disturbing stuff, and it was rather a relief when the narcotics testimony ended and the inquiry turned to such innocent subjects as how much freeloading members of the "Finest" enjoy in midtown hotels such as the Hilton and the Plaza. Quite a bit, it turned out; a commission check into the books of seven such hotels led to the conclusion that cops' meals "on the arm," as the expression goes, cost about $60,000 a year.

Then there was George Burkert's moment of glory. No philosopher, no

The quiet one.
And you can depend on it.



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And because it's a Carousel projector, it's dependable. Drops each slide into place by gravity, ever so gently.

Besides, it's the 860H—the model that's the very top of the line. With all the special convenience features you could dream of. Like automatic focus, automatic timing, remote control, *f*/2.8 lens, and more. Less than $220.

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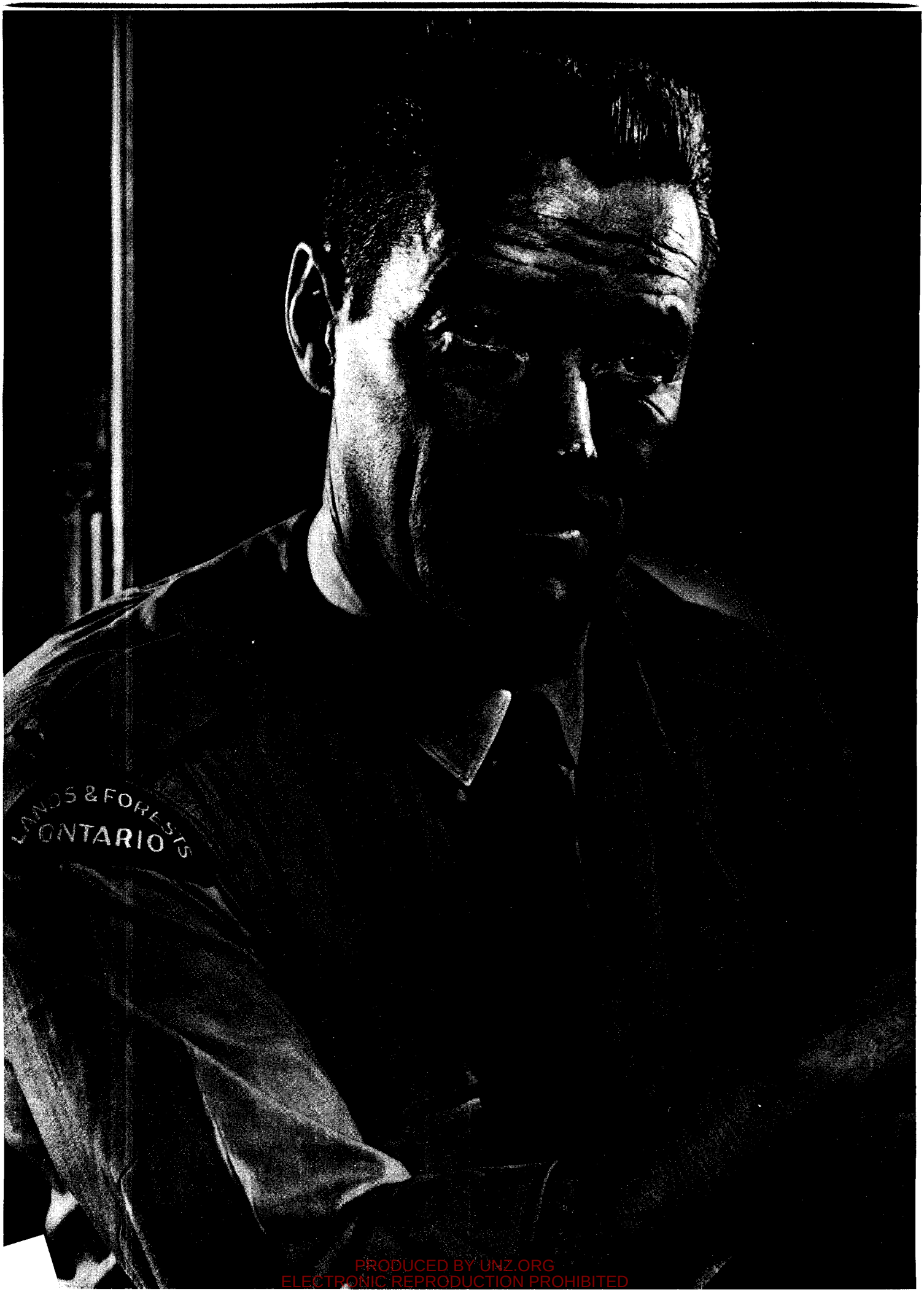

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Arnold Olsen [illegible] to discover the [illegible] he helps to conserve

Around [illegible] of the [illegible] Ontario, [illegible] Arnold Olsen [illegible] for [illegible] of the world's last wilderness areas, [illegible] Northern Ontario.

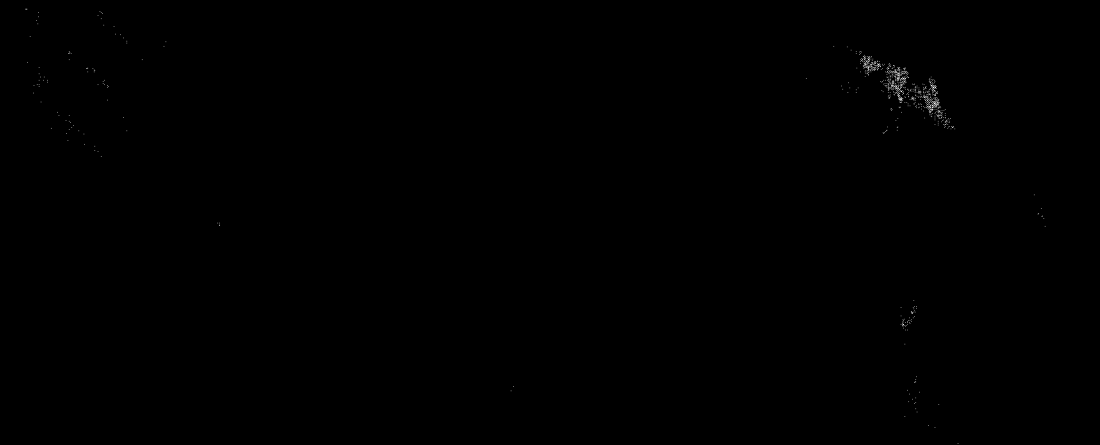
Even in thriving [illegible] industries it's a short, easy [illegible] isolation, by road or [illegible] to the [illegible] north, the [illegible] In this [illegible] of timber [illegible] all the [illegible] of a [illegible] Northern Ontario.

You lose count of its [illegible] to marvel at its spectacular [illegible] pinnacles. On the wild [illegible] of La Cloche [illegible] of the Canadian Queen [illegible] or in the white-water [illegible] Kanibeka [illegible] you can almost hear the paddle-song of [illegible] voyageurs. [illegible] Arnold Olsen, you [illegible] the interdependence of man and nature [illegible] and rewarding stimulation [illegible] Northern Ontario [illegible]

For more information [illegible] to Arnold Olsen [illegible] c/o Department of Tourism and Information, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Northern ONTARIO
Canada

Friendly, Familiar, Foreign & Near



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Tinta Cream Port

A unique varietal Port from the California wine cellars of The Christian Brothers

It has been several years since we first offered Tinta Cream Port, and because it has been so well-received one would expect we would make more of it. Unfortunately, that is not the way with fine wines.

Our Tinta Cream was born over ten years ago when we first began to set aside the wines from the Tinta Madeira grape to see if we could create a unique California Port. This is the grape used in the choicest wines of Portugal, but it is not widely planted in California.

Each cask was given a number which you will find on the label so we could follow its individual progress. Many years pass before it takes on the characteristics of a truly luxurious wine. Tinta Cream Port must develop into a smooth, luscious, yet not too sweet wine of deep garnet red. A wine worthy of the finest occasion — to be sipped at the end of a meal, or to be opened for your best friends.

Because of the scarcity of the grape, and the leisurely time it takes to develop its special qualities, The Christian Brothers Tinta Cream Port will always be in short supply. We think you will find it worth waiting for. Priced at about $3. Should your wine merchant fail to have it, write to me.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
Napa Valley, California

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc.
San Francisco, California

NEW YORK POLICE

zealous reformer, the ginger-haired and goateed twenty-three-year-old Burkert was quite simply damned if he was going to pay off cops every time he drove his tow truck to the scene of a car breakdown in Queens. His stubbornness got him fired from one job. On another occasion he was given thirteen traffic tickets for violations that allegedly occurred within a period of little more than a half hour. Older cops tried to "reason" with him; cops of higher rank came to call on his employers.

Still he wouldn't budge. Eventually somebody told him early last year about the Knapp Commission being set up by Lindsay. He called the police commissioner's office, he said, and was told to write a letter.

He called the mayor's office in City Hall and was told that the new commission didn't have a phone yet. "Then what did you do?" asked Armstrong. "I called the *Daily News*. They gave me the number." Burkert received a standing ovation when he finished testifying.

Finally there was the dramatic and moving appearance, at his own request, of Lieutenant Aaron Mazen, forty-six, a detective squad commander. There had been testimony earlier—with no names mentioned—that the men of Mazen's unit (and, by implication, Mazen himself) had been the beneficiaries of a generous Christmas gratuity from a hotel.

"I want to categorically deny the allegation, implicit or not," the lieutenant told the Commission in a voice trembling with rage. "I don't know how to sound as emphatic as I feel."

He won as big a hand as Burkert from a roomful of people convinced of his sincerity and obviously grateful to be reminded that there still was such a thing as an honest policeman.

Oddly, the principal police heroes of the Knapp investigation, Detective Frank Serpico and Sergeant David Durk, did not testify until the Commission reconvened in mid-December to examine the Lindsay Administration's slowness in reacting to the corruption problem. Durk and Serpico, a passionately reformist pair, had gone to Jay Kriegel, Lindsay's key staff man on police matters, as well as to City Investigations Commissioner Arnold G. Fraiman and First Deputy Police Commissioner John F. Walsh as early as 1967 with evidence of rampant dishonesty. The two got nowhere, however; it was the final judgment of City Hall that, in an era of "long, hot summers" in the ghettoes, it would be unwise to irritate the cops.

Locally, the notices given the Knapp production were mixed. For cynics, a breed rarely in short supply in the big town, the findings had done little more than echo those of other inquiries dating back to 1893 when the Reverend Charles H. Parkhurst denounced the police force as "a lying, perjured, rum-soaked, and libidinous lot." The cynics had a point. Parkhurst's charges led to the Lexow investigation and revelations that precinct commands in lawless neighborhoods such as the Tenderloin were bought and sold by thieving captains for as much as $100,000. An outraged public demanded reform. Reform came in a wave and, as it so often does, like a wave receded. So with the Seabury revelations of hanky-panky in the Jimmy Walker era a generation or so later. So with the Gross scandal a generation after that.

A very different reaction was apparent within the legions of those aggressively uncynical patriots who flaunt American flags in their lapels and SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE stickers on the bumpers of their Buick Rivieras. After years of telling us that everything would be all right if we'd just take the handcuffs off our brave police officers, they were pained to consider that if we loosened the handcuffs any more, the scallawags might steal their Rivieras.

As to the ordinary ever-enduring, pathologically fatalistic New Yorker, he was disposed to see little but politics in the Knapp enterprise. "Lindsay set up the Commission to protect himself and run for President," a cab driver told me. "I still see a cop, I look around for a gangster to protect me. What else is new?"

All this may sound peculiar to the sin-drenched metropolis on the Hudson. But New York, with its Broadway flair for public confession and self-flagellation, is not unique in the matter of police corruption. Indeed, it may be stated as an axiom that no illegal activity which is dependent on a sizable retail trade can operate in any city without the cooperation of crooked cops.

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THE MAN WHO FIRST TOOK YOU THROUGH SPACE WILL NOW TAKE YOU THROUGH TIME.

Walter Cronkite is your host in a spectacular, weekend-long radio journey to THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY.

On the CBS Radio Network. Saturday, February 5 and Sunday, February 6.

Throughout the weekend, we'll devote virtually every Network broadcast (except news which will be in time present) to an exploration of man's future.

No fiction; no fantasy. The reality will be fantastic enough.

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There will be other reports. On longevity. Politics. Drugs. Mass and personal transportation. The environment. Work and leisure. Sports. And much more.

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So circle February 5 and 6 on your mental calendar. And listen to the CBS Radio Network station nearest you. (You'll find a list on the following page.)

THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY. Come with us on this unprecedented broadcast journey to the next time of man.

THE WEEKEND OF FEBRUARY 5/6 ON THE CBS RADIO NETWORK

Where the listeners are.

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The Weekend of February 5/6: The Twenty-First Century. Hear this extraordinary weekend-long study of man (and woman, and child) in the future, on the following CBS Radio Network affiliated stations.

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Dothan	WOOF	560
Hartselle	WHRT	860
Mobile	WKRG	710
Montgomery	WQTY	1000
Selma	WAMA	1340
Tuscaloosa	WJRD	1150
Tuscumbia	WVNA	1590

ARIZONA

Phoenix	KOOL	960
Tucson	KOPO	1450

ARKANSAS

Fort Smith	KFPW	1230
Hot Springs	KZNG	1340
Little Rock	KLRA	1010

CALIFORNIA

Bakersfield	KBIS	970
Chico	KHSL	1290
Eureka	KINS	980
Los Angeles	KNX	1070
Palm Springs	KCMJ	1010
Redding	KVCV	600
Sacramento	KFBK	1530
San Bernardino	KCKC	1350
San Diego	KFMB	760
San Francisco	KCBS	740
San Luis Obispo	KATY	1340

COLORADO

Colorado Springs	KVOR	1300
Denver	KLZ	560
Durango	KDGO	1240
Grand Junction	KREX	920

CONNECTICUT

Hartford-Manchester	WINF	1230
Waterbury	WTBY	1590

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington	WTOP	1500

FLORIDA

Crestview	WJSB	1050
Delray Beach	WDBF	1420
Fort Myers	WINK	1240
Jacksonville	WMBR	1460
Key West	WKWF	1600
Lake City	WDSR	1340
Miami	WKAT	1360
Orlando	WDBO	580
St. Augustine	WFOY	1240
Sarasota	WSPB	1450
Tallahassee	WTNT	1270
Tampa	WINQ	1010

GEORGIA

Albany	WGPC	1450
Athens	WGAU	1340
Atlanta	WRNG	680
Augusta	WGAC	580
Brunswick	WMOG	1490
Columbus	WRBL	1420
Gainesville	WGGA	550
Macon	WMAZ	940
Rome	WLAQ	1410
Savannah	WTOC	1290
Thomasville	WPAX	1240
Valdosta	WGAF	910
Waycross	WAYX	1230

IDAHO

Boise	KBOI	670
Idaho Falls	KID	590
Lewiston	KRLC	1350

ILLINOIS

Champaign	WDWS	1400
Chicago	WBBM	780
Danville	WDAN	1490
Decatur	WSOY	1340
Peoria	WMBD	1470
Quincy	WTAD	930
Rock Island	WHBF	1270
Springfield	WTAX	1240

INDIANA

Anderson	WHBU	1240
Fort Wayne	WGL	1250
Indianapolis	WXLW	950
Kokomo	WIOU	1350
Marion	WBAT	1400
Muncie	WLBC	1340
South Bend	WSBT	960
Terre Haute	WAAC	1300
Vincennes	WAOV	1450

IOWA

Cedar Rapids	WMT	600
Des Moines	KRNT	1350
Mason City	KGLO	1300
Ottumwa	KBIZ	1240

KANSAS

Colby	KXXX	790
Pittsburg	KSEK	1340
Topeka	WIBW	580
Wichita	KFH	1330

KENTUCKY

Henderson	WSON	860
Hopkinsville	WHOP	1230
Lexington	WLAP	630
Louisville	WHAS	840
Owensboro	WOMI	1490
Paducah	WPAD	1450
Paintsville	WSIP	1490
Whitesburg	WTCW	920

LOUISIANA

Alexandria	KALB	580
New Orleans	WWL	870
Shreveport	KWKH	1130

MAINE

Augusta	WFAU	1340
Calais	WQDY	1230
Ellsworth	WDEA	1370
Houlton	WHOU	1340
Lewiston	WCOU	1240
Machias	WMCS	1400
Millinocket	WMKR	1240
Rumford	WRUM	790
Sanford	WSME	1220

MARYLAND

Baltimore	WFBR	1300
Frederick	WFMD	930
Hagerstown	WARK	1490
Salisbury	WBOC	960

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston	WEEI	590
Greenfield	WHAI	1240
Pittsfield	WBRK	1340
Springfield-Chicopee	WACE	730
Worcester	WNEB	1230

MICHIGAN

Cadillac	WWAM	1370
Detroit	WJR	760
Escanaba	WDBC	680
Grand Rapids	WJEF	1230
Kalamazoo	WKZO	590
Saginaw-Bay City	WSGW	790

MINNESOTA

Duluth	KDAL	610
Minneapolis	WCCO	830

MISSISSIPPI

Meridian	WCOC	910

MISSOURI

Joplin	KODE	1230
St. Joseph	KFEQ	680
St. Louis	KMOX	1120
Sikeston	KMPL	1520
Springfield	KTTS	1400

MONTANA

Butte	KBOW	550
Great Falls	KKGF	1310
Helena	KCAP	1340
Missoula	KGVO	1290

NEBRASKA

Lincoln	KLIN	1400
Omaha	KLNG	1490
Scottsbluff	KOLT	1320

NEVADA

Las Vegas	KLAV	1230
Reno	KBET	1340

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Berlin	WMOU	1230
Concord	WKXL	1450
Hanover	WTSL	1400
Keene	WKNE	1290
Laconia	WLNH	1350
Rochester	WWNH	930

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City	WFPG	1450

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque	KGGM	610
Clovis	KWKA	680

NEW YORK

Albany	WROW	590
Binghamton	WKOP	1360
Buffalo	WBEN	930
Elmira	WELM	1410
Gloversville	WENT	1340
Ithaca	WHCU	870
Kingston	WKNY	1490
New York	WCBS	880
Plattsburgh	WEAV	960
Rochester	WHEC	1460
Syracuse	WHEN	620
Utica	WIBX	950
Watertown	WWNY	790

NORTH CAROLINA

Durham	WDNC	620
Fayetteville	WFAI	1230
Greensboro	WBIG	1470
Greenville	WNCT	1070
Wilmington	WMFD	630

NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck	KBOM	1270
Dickinson	KDIX	1230
Fargo	KFGO	790
Grand Forks	KILO	1440

OHIO

Canton-Akron	WOIO	1060
Cincinnati	WCKY	1530
Cleveland	WERE	1300
Columbus	WBNS	1460
Dayton	WHIO	1290
Marietta	WMOA	1490
Portsmouth	WPAY	1400
Youngstown	WKBN	570

OKLAHOMA

Bartlesville	KWON	1400
Oklahoma City-Norman	WNAD	640

OREGON

Ashland	KCMX	580
Eugene	KERG	1280
Klamath Falls	KFLW	1450
Portland	KOIN	970
Roseburg	KRNR	1490

PENNSYLVANIA

Du Bois	WCED	1420
Harrisburg	WHP	580
Indiana	WDAD	1450
Johnstown	WARD	1490
Philadelphia	WCAU	1210
Pittsburgh-McKeesport	WEDO	810
Scranton	WGBI	910
Sunbury	WKOK	1070
Uniontown	WMBS	590
Williamsport	WWPA	1340

RHODE ISLAND

Providence	WEAN	790

SOUTH CAROLINA

Anderson	WAIM	1230
Charleston	WCSC	1390
Columbia	WNOK	1230
Florence	WJMX	970
Greenville	WMRB	1490
Spartanburg	WSPA	950

SOUTH DAKOTA

Rapid City	KOTA	1380
Yankton	WNAX	570

TENNESSEE

Cookeville	WHUB	1400
Johnson City	WJCW	910
Knoxville	WBIR	1240
Memphis	WREC	600
Nashville	WLAC	1510

TEXAS

Austin	KTBC	590
Corpus Christi	KSIX	1230
Dallas	KRLD	1080
El Paso	KIZZ	1150
Houston	KTRH	740
Lubbock	KFYO	790
San Antonio	KMAC	630
Wichita Falls	KWFT	620

UTAH

Cedar City	KSUB	590
Salt Lake City	KSL	1160

VERMONT

Barre	WSNO	1450
Brattleboro	WKVT	1490
Burlington	WJOY	1230
Middlebury	WFAD	1490
Newport	WIKE	1490
St. Johnsbury	WTWN	1340

VIRGINIA

Charlottesville	WINA	1070
Norfolk	WTAR	790
Richmond	WTVR	1380
Roanoke	WFIR	960
Staunton	WAFC	900

WASHINGTON

Seattle	KIRO	710
Spokane	KXLY	920
Sunnyside	KREW	1230
Walla Walla	KUJ	1420
Wenatchee	KUEN	900

WEST VIRGINIA

Beckley	WJLS	560
Charleston	WCHS	580
Fairmont	WMMN	920
Huntington	WWHY	1470
Princeton	WLOH	1490

WISCONSIN

Green Bay	WBAY	1360
Wausau	WXCO	1230

WYOMING

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Lander	KOVE	1330
Sheridan	KROE	930

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WHO CAN BEAT NIXON ?

That's the challenge of the new WHO CAN BEAT NIXON game. Great for home parties, gifts for your political-oriented friends. You'll have a lot of fun getting ready for your own primaries and then the final battle with one challenger against President Nixon for the 1972 presidential sweepstakes.

Play . . .

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Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey
Mayor John Lindsay
Gov. George Wallace
or
President Nixon himself!

WHO CAN BEAT NIXON is a contest for up to seven challengers against Richard M. Nixon for the Presidency of the United States. To win, the challenger or Nixon must be the first to gain 270 electoral votes of the 538 cast by the state electoral colleges. Players obtain electoral votes by a combination of money, media points, and the luck of the dice.

WHO CAN BEAT NIXON is full of pitfalls—for everybody. You'll land on various states and buy their electoral votes, *if* you have enough money and media support, AND *if* the state isn't pre-empted by the "home state" principle.

WHO CAN BEAT NIXON allows you to draw MEDIA cards, and you and the other candidates can be awarded—or punished—by fictitious endorsements of the press. You also draw EVENT cards—and just as in real life your fate is decided by the course of these events. In the EVENT deck are PRIMARY cards. These precipitate contests that eliminate contenders as the campaign draws to a close. Nixon, naturally, can't be eliminated by PRIMARY cards, but he does run into special problems created by the MEDIA and EVENT cards, and in unforeseen problems awaiting him on the board. Penalties set at places like CABINET SHAKE-UP, KICKBACK SCANDAL, and CREDIBILITY GAP make the going heavy. There's a place for PEACE, too, but only Nixon wins an Eastern state when he lands there!

WHO CAN BEAT NIXON is an exciting, stimulating, fun-filled game, exasperating and rewarding as a real-life campaign! It isn't rigid . . . you can change the game to suit your own ideas of how a campaign should go—just by filling out the additional blank MEDIA and EVENT cards to fit your special interests and concerns.

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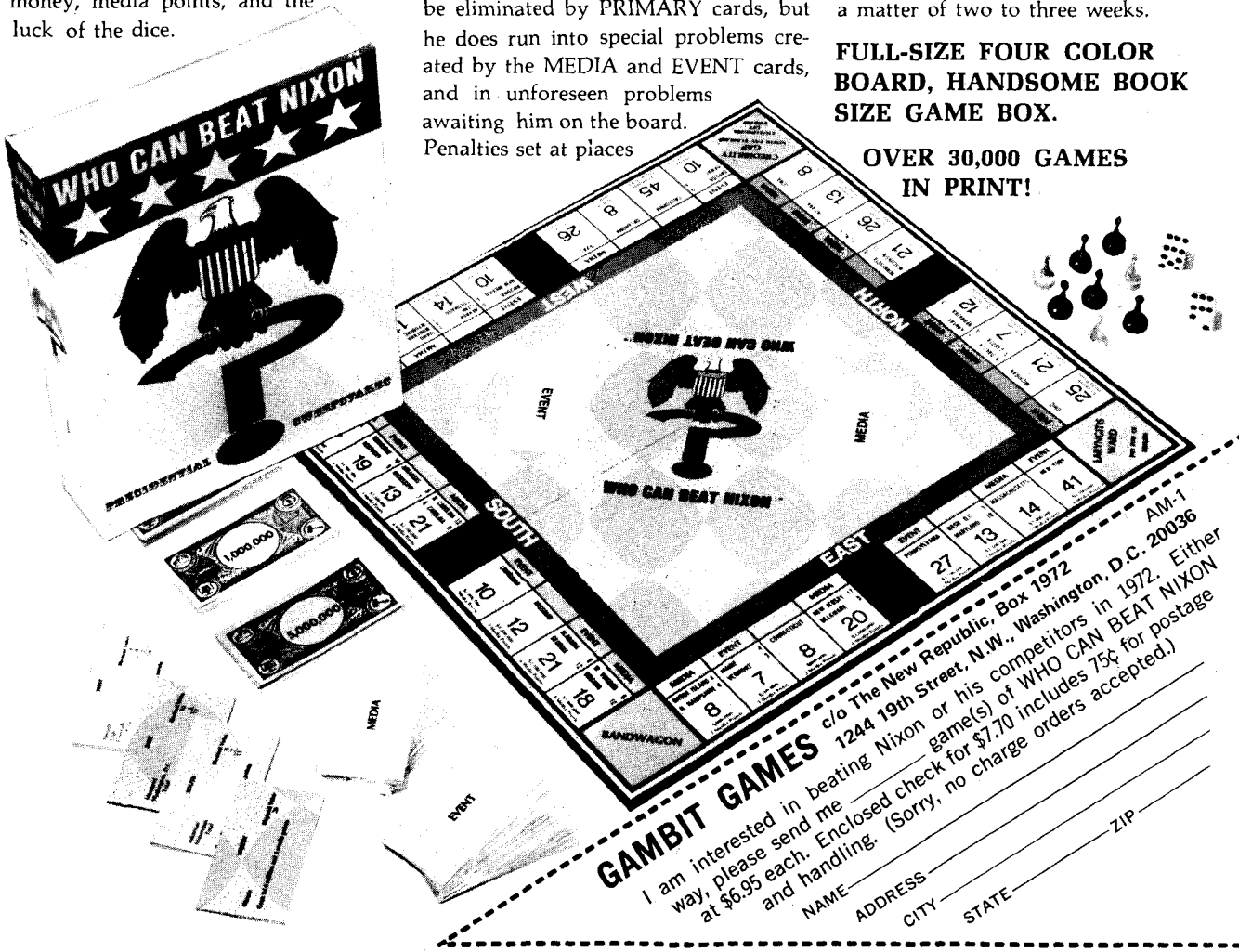

GAMBIT GAMES c/o The New Republic, Box 1972 AM-1
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I am interested in beating Nixon or his competitors in 1972. Either way, please send me _____ game(s) of WHO CAN BEAT NIXON at $6.95 each. Enclosed check for $7.70 includes 75¢ for postage and handling. (Sorry, no charge orders accepted.)

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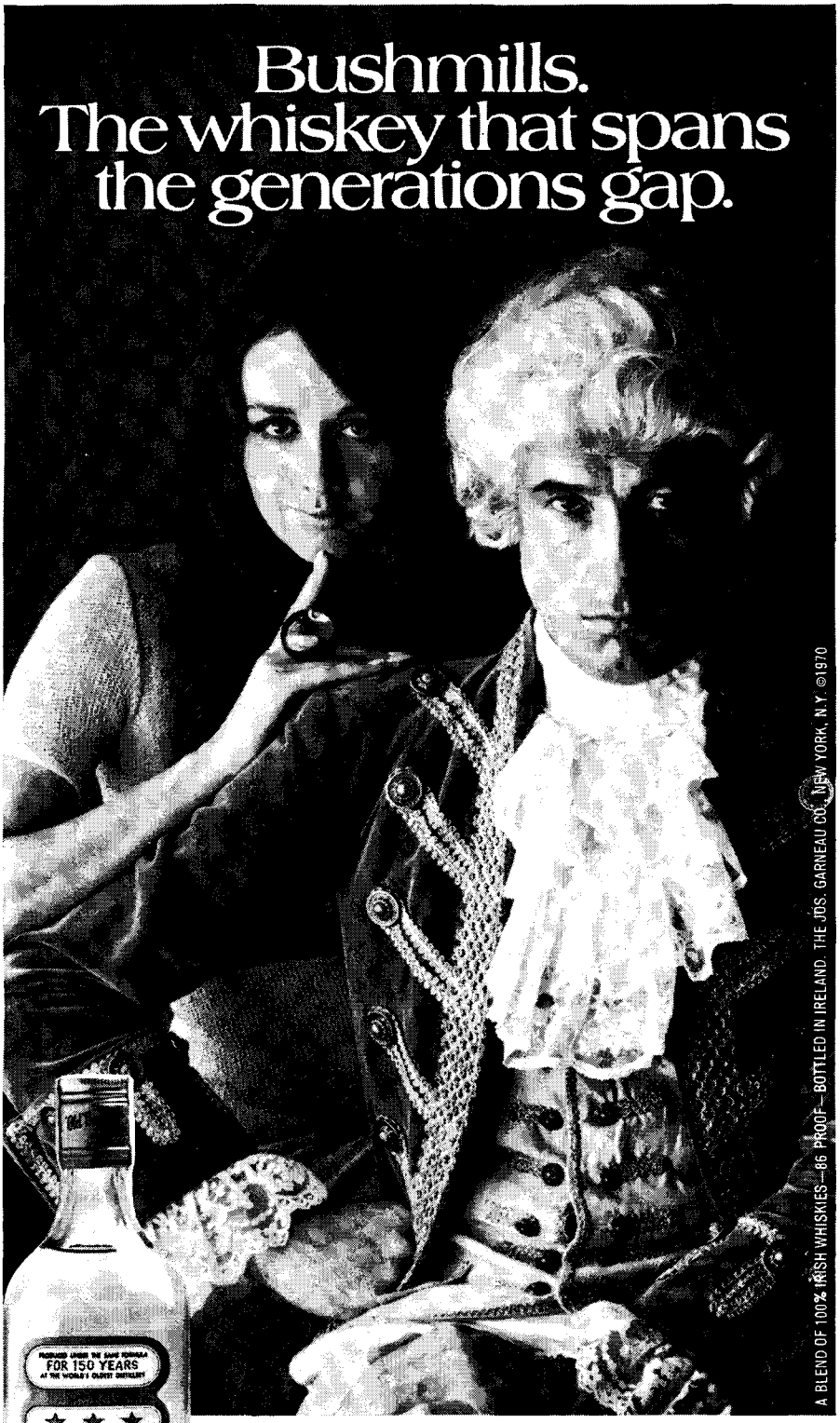

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Bushmills is unique. Reflecting the past beguilingly, with a light and lively flavor that is all today.

Compare it to your present whiskey. One sip at your favorite pub will tell you why Bushmills has intrigued so many generations. It is, simply, out of sight.

IMPORTED

BUSHMILLS

FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY.

NEW YORK POLICE

However much the folks in Seattle, New Orleans, Philadelphia (are you listening, Frank Rizzo?) would like to think otherwise, so long as anyone can buy a drink after hours, put down a bet with a bookmaker, patronize a whorehouse, or buy narcotics, some part of what he pays will find its way into the pockets of police.

The reasons why New York leads the field in terms of commissions of the Knapp type are simple enough. First, the city is singularly free of boosterism, and the booster spirit, however admirable in other ways, is apt to discourage investigations into anything so basic, so important to civic pride as law enforcement. New Yorkers are likely to be monstrously arrogant about being New Yorkers, which helps account for their popularity in the Heartland, but civic pride of the wholesome sort I'm talking about is virtually nonexistent.

Second, the very enormity of the city works against the establishment of a comfortable alliance between the police and the upper reaches of the pecking order. Those upper reaches are so densely populated that there is, in effect, no intimate club of the influential for the police to do business with. New York policemen will do favors for the powerful happily enough, but, in contrast to the practices of the clublike oligarchies of other cities, the favors they get in return do not include protection from busybodies. Thus, the cyclical rising up every twenty years of what Robert Moses used to call "Goo-goos" (goody-goody reformers) and the sharp community rap on the knuckles of those hands that get caught in the till.

The Knapp Commission could, despite the cynics, have signaled a change in the frequency of the cycle. If gambling in New York State is legalized on a broad front to include the numbers and sports betting through the one-year-old Off-Track Betting Corporation (now limited to horse racing), the major source of police corruption will have been wiped out. Prostitution and drugs—particularly marijuana—will be left as the principal money vein to be mined by the fellows who look on the badge as a license to steal.

This reduction of ground to be supervised would make life infinitely

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IF YOU THINK YOUR CAR INSURANCE COSTS TOO MUCH AND PAYS TOO LITTLE— ÆTNA AGREES.

We think "No-Fault" is better for everyone.

Today, "no-fault" auto insurance is a live issue in most state legislatures. The U.S. Department of Transportation supports it. We support it. And we think you should support it because the public deserves better than the present system can deliver.

A complete "no-fault" law means an end to the time-consuming and expensive procedures needed to settle accident claims today. It eliminates the need to establish fault before the other party's insurance can reimburse you. And it eliminates the delay and expense of lawsuits.

Under "no-fault" each person injured receives a prompt fair settlement from his *own* insurance company—for actual medical costs, wage losses and property damage. *Determining fault is expensive, and time-consuming—without it costs can be lower and payments quicker.*

From the start, Ætna Life & Casualty has been a staunch supporter of "no-fault." We think it is a basic answer to a major public concern.

First, because it seems completely reasonable that a company should reimburse its own auto insurance policyholders in the same way that fire, life, health and many other types of protection are handled.

Second, because we know that "no-fault" is an effective method of controlling rising auto premiums. In Massachusetts, where a "no-fault" law is in effect, rates have been substantially reduced.

Third, because we think the present system is unjust. We're in a position to see the inequities. When that system pays benefits for only 45% of those killed or seriously injured, we think it's time for a change.

That, at least, is Ætna's opinion. You may arrive at a different one. But we'd like you to make up your mind from a full understanding of what genuine "no-fault" is, and how it works.

We've prepared a booklet called "The Case for No-Fault," which will help you do just that.

We suggest you read it, make your own decision, and speak out. Let your legislators and others know where you stand. You can help solve a major public issue.

OUR CONCERN IS PEOPLE

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

Ætna Life & Casualty, Dept. D-A
Hartford, Conn. 06115
Gentlemen:
Please send me a copy of "The Case for No-Fault."

Name _____

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A

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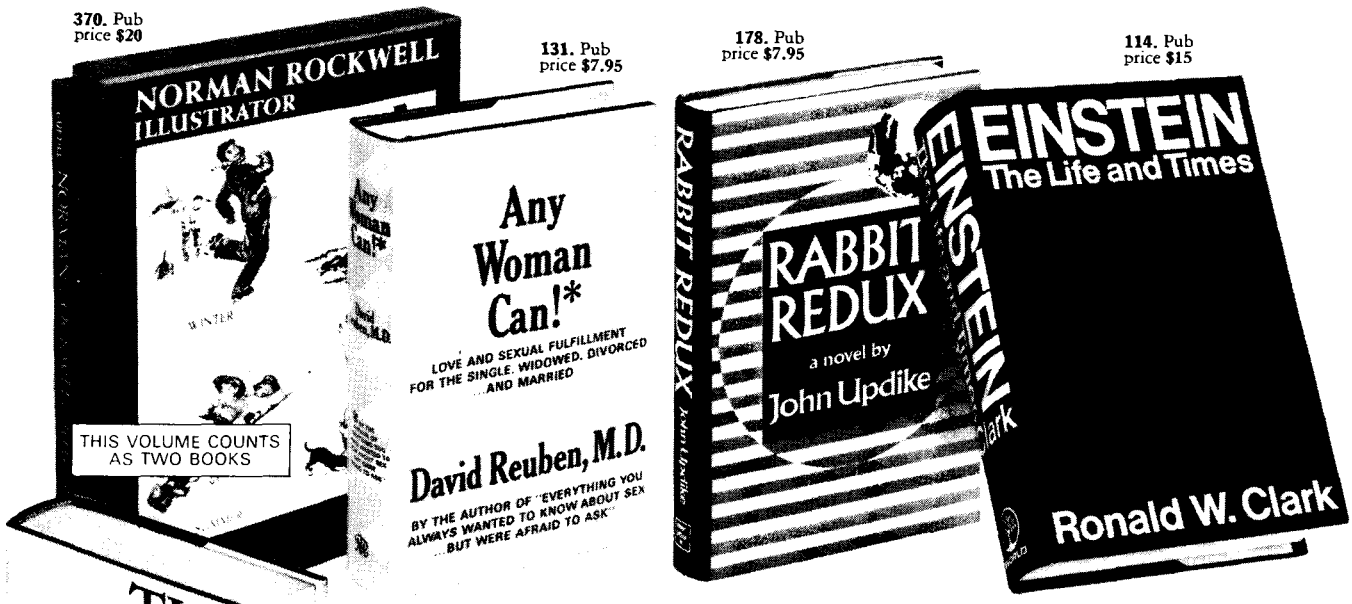
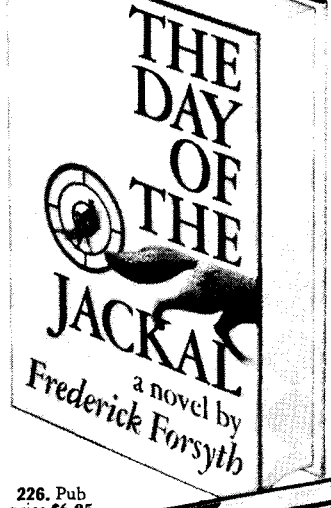
131. Pub price **$7.95**

178. Pub price **$7.95**

114. Pub price **$15**



It's so much more fun the book that started



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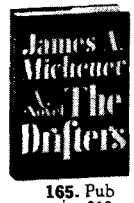

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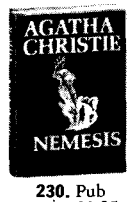

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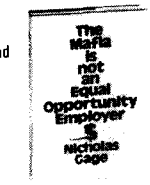

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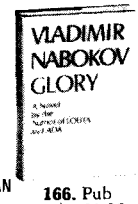

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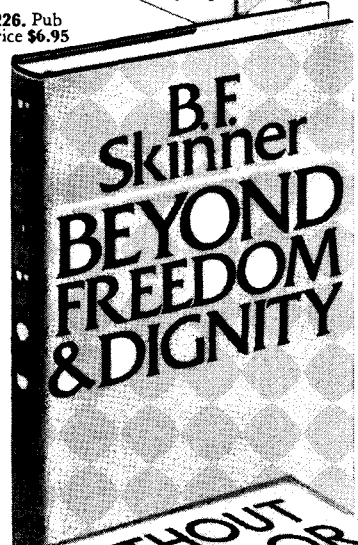

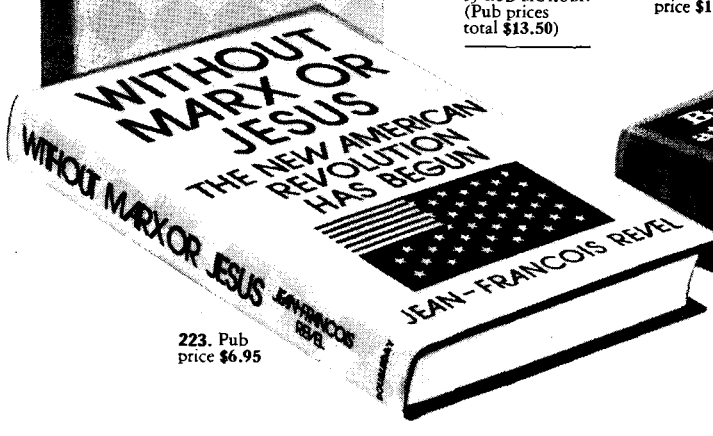

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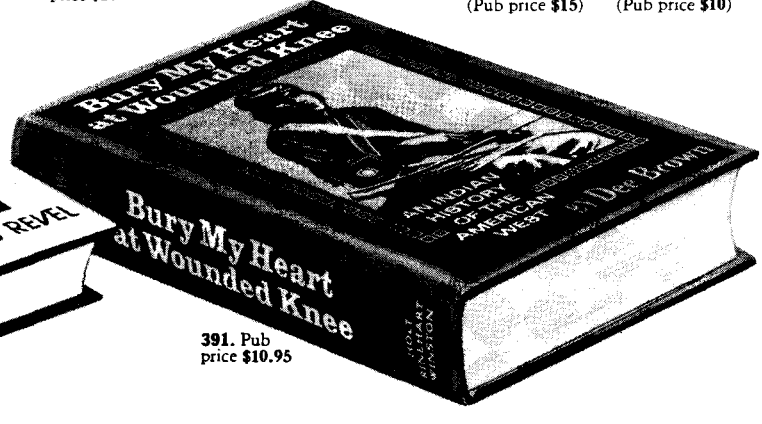

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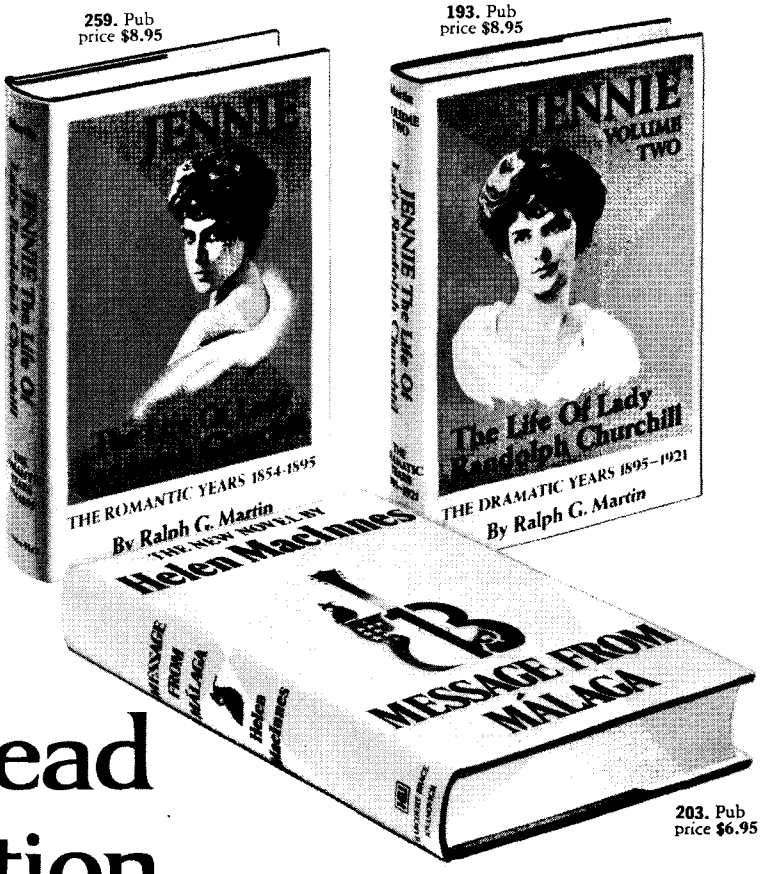

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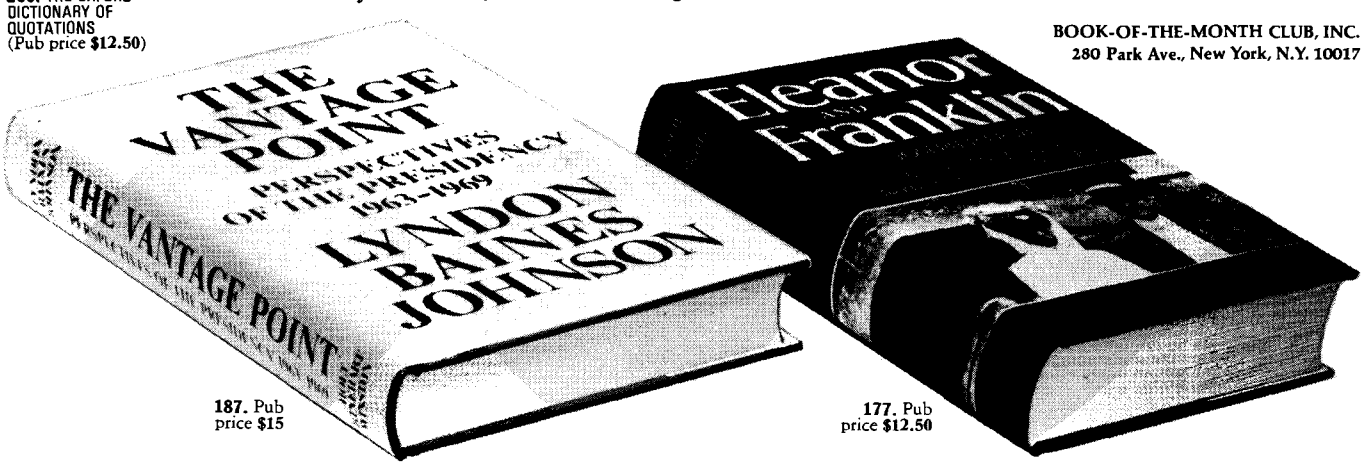

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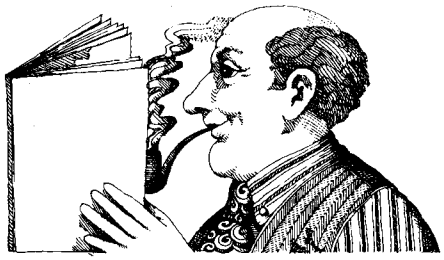

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easier for Police Commissioner Murphy, who, despite his denunciation of Phillips for morale purposes, privately welcomed the Knapp inquiry as an aid to his own impressive attempts to reform the department. And perhaps the end of moralistic legislation against gambling will lead to more enlightened approaches to marijuana and the narcotics problem, perhaps even to prostitution.

"A thing worth doing is worth doing for money," an old cop friend of mine—and an honest man himself—once told me. The corollary to that, of course, is that if there's no money in police graft, there's little point in being a grafter. Honest cops in New York? How about that? It might even spread.

—RICHARD DOUGHERTY

THE BIRTH OF BANGLA DESH

When the confrontation between India and Pakistan over the future of Pakistan's Eastern region suddenly became front-page news last December, a common American response was to observe, "Another war has broken out," and to suggest that the solution was an immediate cease-fire. Americans are committed to "peace," accustomed to thinking in terms of a world of stable nation-states. We tend to think that wars break out either by accident or by the evil design of an expansionary aggressor; and in either case, once a war has been declared, our highest priority is a cease-fire, since "nothing good is ever gained by a nation's going to war."

In reality, wars are never complete accidents, or even within the power of a few evil men (or women) to launch on their own initiative. The recent full-scale conflict beteeen India and Pakistan was, like all wars, the continuation of a deep-rooted struggle. When such a struggle breaks out into the open, the result may be an intensification of the problem, but open conflict can lead on occasion to a resolution of underlying tensions. This is especially likely if, as in the India-Pakistan war, both sides benefit by the results of the conflict.

India won in that she was successful in installing a new friendly government in what had been East Pakistan. India's motives, of course,

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were not merely altruistic. The war broke out because the Bengalis were fighting for the independence of their region from Pakistan. India—enemy of Pakistan, neighbor, and sanctuary for fleeing refugees—became a patron of the Bengali cause. As a patron, however, India interpreted the interests of the Bengalis in ways compatible with Indian interests. It might have been in the interest of the Bengalis, for example, to have been permitted to fight their battle by themselves even if this had taken several years. In the course of a protracted guerrilla struggle, organizational capacity and clarity of purpose might have developed which would have made it easier for the liberation movement to govern effectively once in power. In acting to accelerate events, India was helping the rebels gain their objective more rapidly than they could have gained it on their own.

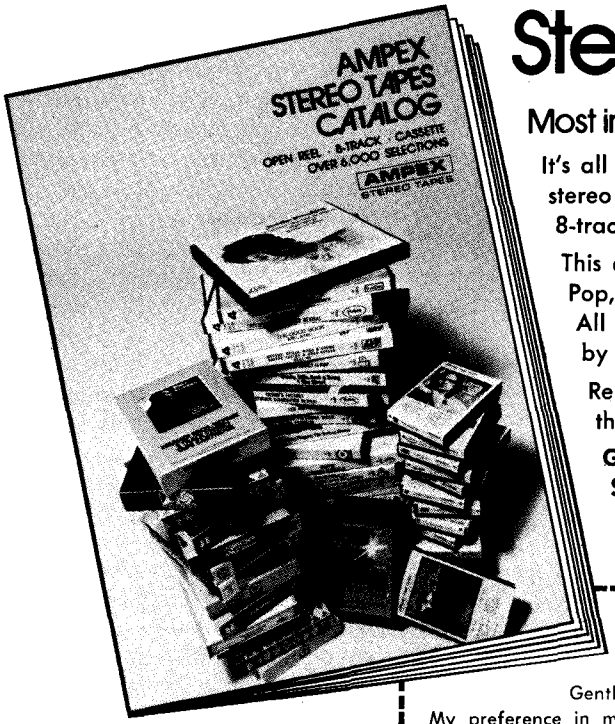
In doing so, India was motivated by her own difficulties. The burden of maintaining ten million refugees for what might have been years was more than India was willing to bear to permit the Bengalis to gain freedom on their own. The fact that India took the initiative means that she can exact gratitude because of her sacrifice and make sure that the refugee burden is, in fact, lifted. Since an overwhelming majority of the refugees were Hindus, it was not clear that they would be willing, or welcome, to return to a state with a new government which was still Muslim.

If the Hindu refugees had been permitted to stay for any length of time in India, they might have found a satisfactory new life there. In undertaking to shoulder the main burden of liberating Bangla Desh, the Indian government had in mind one condition which it would insist the new government accept: the return of the Hindu refugees.

India had reason to fear that a protracted struggle would not only saddle India with gigantic refugee costs but lead to a dangerous radicalization of the guerrilla movement itself. India's own West Bengal has been the scene of leftist insurrections against the Indian government. India was not eager to have the tables turned; after having given sanctuary to a liberation movement directed at Pakistan's Bengal, she did not wish to become the object of a liberation movement based in a hostile Bangla Desh. India had been successful in ensuring that the guerrilla movement was friendly, and not too radical; this situation might not have lasted during an extended struggle waged by a hardened, independent guerrilla force.

For the moment, the civilian leadership of the liberation movement—ensconced in comfortable offices in Calcutta—consisted of respectable middle-class professionals, while the guerrilla soldiers were dependent upon the Indian army for supplies and training facilities. For the moment, Indian coordination was welcome and necessary. Since such a state of affairs could not have been expected to last indefinitely, India was encouraged to act while things were still within her firm control.

Will this mean that the new government of Bangla Desh will simply be an Indian puppet? While the Bengalis are delighted to accept Indira Gandhi as a midwife, they have no desire for her to stay around in the



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role of stepmother of the new nation. Bangla Desh was an unusually vigorous infant even at the moment of birth because of the unusual circumstances which led up to it. Fair popular elections had been held in what is now Bangla Desh; and political leaders, military and police officers, prominent educators and lawyers were prepared to return at once to their liberated country to begin the tasks of national reconstruction. India's insistence on the return of the Hindu refugees is, moreover, a condition which the new government can accept without reluctance. The new nation of Bangla Desh is Muslim but not "Islamic" in the formal manner of the state of Pakistan. The new government proposes to be secular, on the Indian model, and will offer no strong objection to the repatriation of the Hindu refugees. The new Muslim ruling class does not want to see the return of the old Hindu middle class which fled to India in 1947; but the recent wave of Hindu refugees are laborers who pose no threat to the new Muslim elite of Bangla Desh.

Islam was the primary link between the two regions of Pakistan, but much of the tension between the two wings of the country stemmed from the different way in which Islam was viewed. In the West, Islam is usually a much more powerful component of an individual's personal identity than is the case in the East; the easygoing Bengali loves his land and his language above all else. Hindus who share these loves, and who do not present an economic threat, will be relatively easy to accept back into the new state. A much larger problem is posed by the Bihari Muslim community, which, in the recent disorders, sided with the Pakistani government and today faces the consequences of that decision.

Why did the Bengalis feel compelled to revolt against the nation of which they had been a part for twenty-four years? Why were they willing to greet with elation the liberation of their country by a state which had been continually pictured as their nation's direst foe? Why did the Bengali movement erupt at this point, and not in 1947 when the nations of India and Pakistan became independent? The movement which led to the creation of Bangla Desh is a delayed consequence of the way in which the state of Pakistan was created. Pakistan was carved out of Muslim-majority regions of the former British Indian Empire. In British Bengal, however, the Muslim majority consisted almost exclusively of peasants; the middle class were almost entirely Hindus. When India and Pakistan were created, the Hindu middle class fled to India, leaving Muslim Bengal with virtually no indigenous leadership. The result was that Muslim Bengalis came to be ruled by a new alien community; they discovered that they had exchanged rule by Hindu Bengalis for rule by Muslims from remote West Pakistan. The Bengalis were told that they were now "free" because they were ruled by men of their own religion.

The one real gain which came to Bengali Muslims because of the flight of the Hindu middle class was access to the universities of Bengal. While few opportunities opened up immediately in the military and civil services, controlled from the West, the opportunity for education led in due course to the emergence of a Muslim Bengali intelligentsia. When educated Bengali leaders began to emerge from the universities, the old Bengali pride in their distinctive cultural traditions revived, and resentment of the exploitation of Bengal in the name of Islamic brotherhood began to grate.

Pakistan's frenzy

The West Pakistani leadership, who had devoted their energies to building up the seemingly improbable state of Pakistan into a viable entity, were slow to realize that their initial definition of Pakistan's priorities might not be acceptable to a new generation of leaders who had not participated in the struggles leading to the initial creation of Pakistan. Pakistan had been created out of Muslim fear of Hindu domination. In Muslim East Pakistan, this fear had no reality for young Bengali Muslims dominated by West Pakistani Muslims. Just as many young Americans cannot understand their parents' obsession with Hitler, so many young Bengalis simply could not understand the intensity of feeling of older West Pakistani leaders about the threat from Hindu India. Why should an old danger be used as an excuse for refusing to consider new challenges on their own merits? Bengalis especially resented the effort by Pakistani leaders to eradicate all memory of the great Bengali poet Rabindranath Tagore simply because he was a Hindu and also revered in India.

While it was the Indian government which, following Mrs. Gandhi's tour last fall of foreign capitals to canvass support, initiated the actions which brought the military crisis to a head, obviously it was the actions of the military government of Pakistan's President Agha Muhammad Yahya Khan in the period following the collapse of his negotiations with Bengali leaders which induced India to act. Beginning in March, 1971, the Pakistani army unleashed a reign of terror in East Bengal which forced ten million people to flee from their homes into a foreign country, and which came close to attempted genocide, since it was directed indiscriminately at two classes of people: Hindus and Bengali Muslim intellectuals.

Yahya Khan's government was willing to commit such reckless acts of violence to preserve control of a hostile and impoverished country because the Pakistani equivalents of "Hitler" and "the Munich analogy" were still very much alive in the thinking of West Pakistan's military leaders. For them, the battle against what was patently an internal demand for greater participation seemed to be nothing more nor less than the old battle against the specter of Hindu domination. The determination with which Yahya Khan resisted Bengal's reasonable demands—and then the frenzy with which he attempted to suppress the Bengali insurrection—can be explained only by the refusal of Pakistan's leaders to admit that they had a new battle on their hands. They treated it as if it were the same old battle against India; hence, the bizarre tendency to blame Bengali restiveness on "Indian agitators," as they labeled the hapless, largely illiterate Hindu minority which had remained in East Pakistan after the partition of 1947.

Some observers have suggested an economic explanation for West Pakistan's determination to hold on to her Eastern "colony," pointing to West Pakistan's record of economic exploitation of the East, which has earned valuable foreign exchange for

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BANGLA DESH

Pakistan through sales abroad of jute and tea. Actually, the cause runs much deeper. The Pakistani government felt quite sincerely that it was fighting in self-defense, that it was fighting in the East to guarantee the very existence of the country. Pakistan's leaders felt that if they lost the East, they would not simply have lost a colony; they would have lost their own home, they would have lost the West as well. The reason for this desperate urgency traces to the founding principle of the state of Pakistan.

The name "India" immediately connotes a geographic area; "Pakistan," on the other hand (which means literally "the Land of the Pure"), has no such obvious geographic connotation. Pakistan was created to provide a home for Muslims living throughout British India who did not wish to live under the newly founded Hindu-majority government of India's Congress Party. East and West Pakistan were the two regions of British India which had Muslim majorities; these two areas were, however, separated by 1000 miles, and racially and linguistically distinct. They were united in one nation on the assumption that a common religion would serve as the basis for the creation, after the fact, of a common sense of national solidarity. Islam, of course, does provide a strong common bond; but Muslim-majority countries can be found in places as distant as Morocco and Indonesia. In the age of the nation-state, religion is a tenuous bond in the absence of common historical experience. The historical bond of having been part of the British Indian Empire provided only a negative factor: fear of Hindu-majority India.

Religion was the sole positive component of the identity of the new state of Pakistan, and the leaders of the new state were forced to try to make the most of it. If non-religious factors were admitted to be relevant, the viability of the entire state, the reasonableness of its having been created in the first place, would be under challenge. If Pakistan's leaders had to admit that the Muslim-majority region of Bengal had a right to independence, on the basis of economic grievances or linguistic or racial distinctness, they would in effect have

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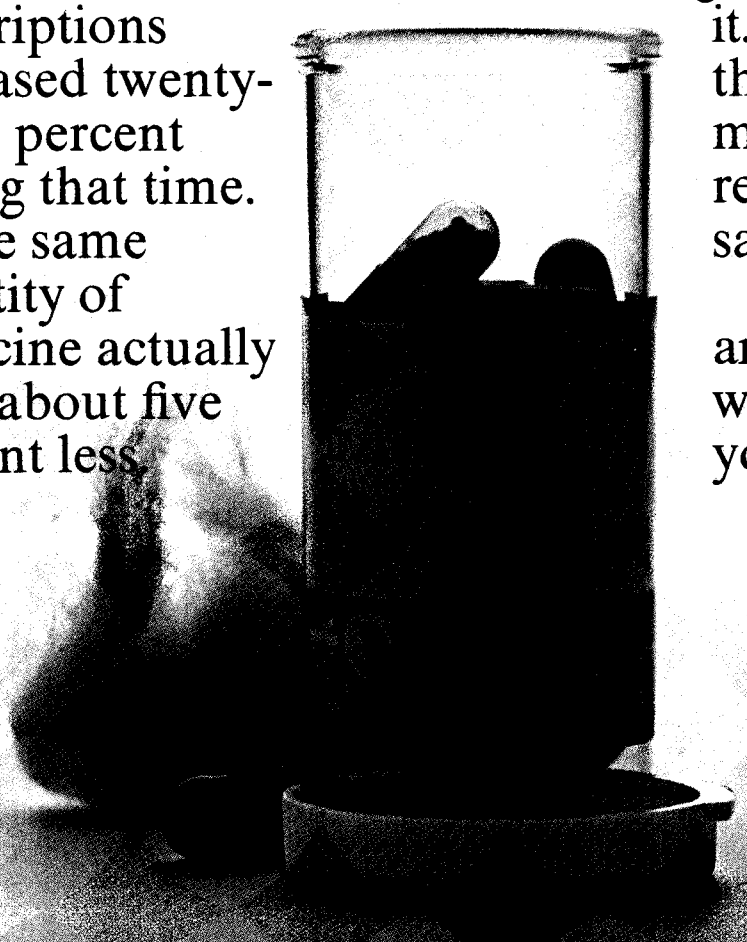

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been admitting that their nation had no right to exist. They would then have had no right to continue resisting the other significant separatist movement on the country's opposite flank: the demand for autonomy of the Pathans, who live in Pakistan's remote Northwest. Just as the East Bengalis have cultural ties with Bengalis in India, so do the Pathans have cultural ties with neighboring Afghanistan.

In losing their reason for resisting other separatist movements within Pakistan, Pakistan's leaders would simultaneously have lost their claim to acquire control of the Vale of Kashmir. The Vale is now part of India; before 1948, it was a princely state. Kashmir has never been a part of Pakistan, but the Pakistanis claim Kashmir on the basis of their assertion to be the proper home of all Muslim-majority regions formerly dominated by the British. If the Muslims of Bengal were conceded to have a right to an independent existence outside of Pakistan, the Muslims of Kashmir might logically have to be conceded the same right.

For all these reasons, the Pakistanis held on tenaciously to East Bengal; for the same reasons, the Pakistanis in the end found it easier to accept the loss of Bengal from an Indian invasion than from an indigenous guerrilla insurrection. Losing Bengal following an Indian invasion did not involve an admission that their *principles* had been refuted. Now that Bengal has been liberated by Indians, Pakistanis can continue to claim from afar the right to control East Bengal in principle—without facing the embarrassment of attempting to enforce this control. And, with a war under way, Pakistan could drive forward to acquire territory in Kashmir in order to demonstrate to the people of West Pakistan that the loss of Bengal had not been totally unrequited.

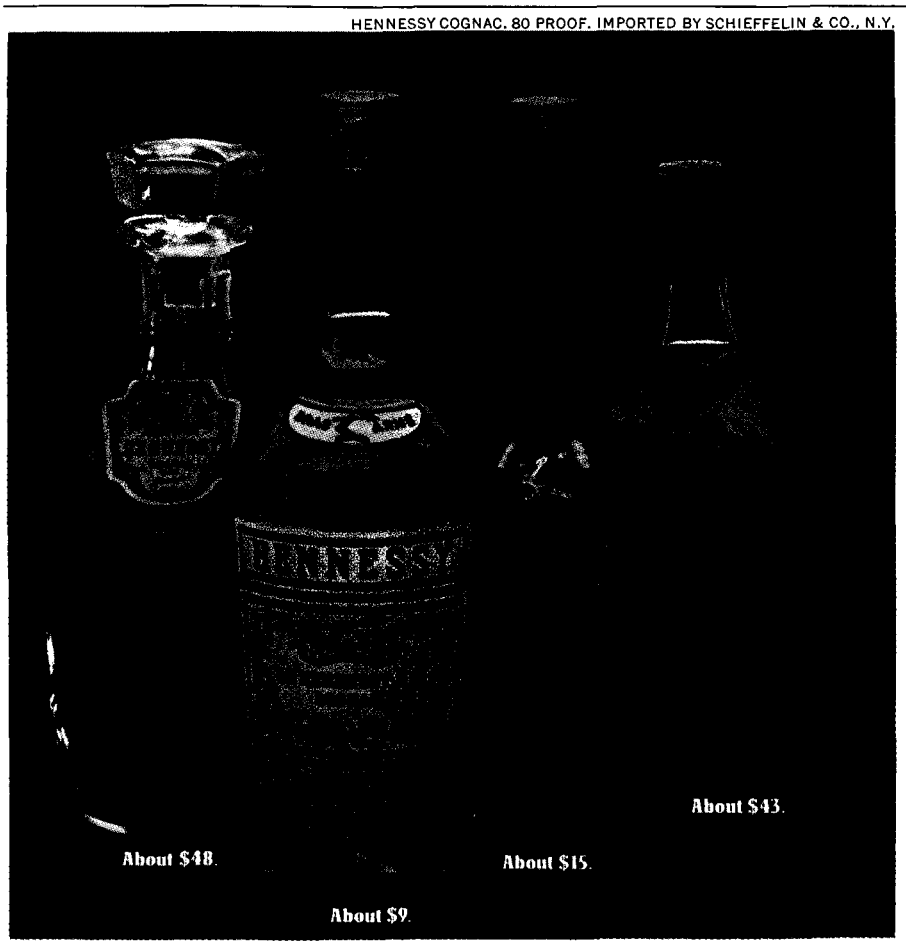
America's fretting

Many people were surprised by America's decision, once the war was declared, to back Pakistan and to denounce in strong terms India's actions as unacceptable aggression. Actually, America's role in the immediate crisis was not very significant. America did little beside issuing statements and cutting off aid, an action whose effect would not be felt until long after hostilities were concluded. Henry Kissinger revealed that India had not been impressed by the Nixon Administration's behind-the-scenes hints that Yahya might be persuaded to restore civilian rule in East Pakistan sometime in the future. Most observers, in turn, were not very impressed by this revelation either. The important thing was that the Nixon Administration did little more than fret; in consequence, India was able to move ahead rapidly to attain her objective. But, while America's role in the actual war crisis was fortunately ineffectual, American policy does bear a heavier burden of responsibility for the way in which the crisis originally developed, in the preceding eight months and over the past decade and more.

Nixon's admiration for the plain-spoken military leaders of Pakistan stretches back to his years as Vice President. He was reluctant to criticize Yahya, or even to cut off military aid altogether, even when it was clear that Yahya was using American aid to terrorize his own countrymen. Nixon's actions in this situation reveal the ominous ability of the American President to insert his subjective feelings into the formulation of national policy. In a longer perspective, however, something much more basic than Nixon's sentiments was involved.

Many of Yahya's admirers in Washington terminated their sentimental attachments to his government following the butchery of last spring. But many of these same persons had also unwittingly contributed to the growing crisis by doing nothing more sinister than sincerely advocating America's conventional postwar strategy of political and economic development for countries receiving American aid. This strategy was designed to prevent revolution; in practice, it served to make revolution more likely.

For many years American policymakers have made liberal use of phrases such as "powder keg" and "time bomb" to describe social conditions in Asia and other desperately poor regions of the world. They correctly sensed the revolutionary poten-



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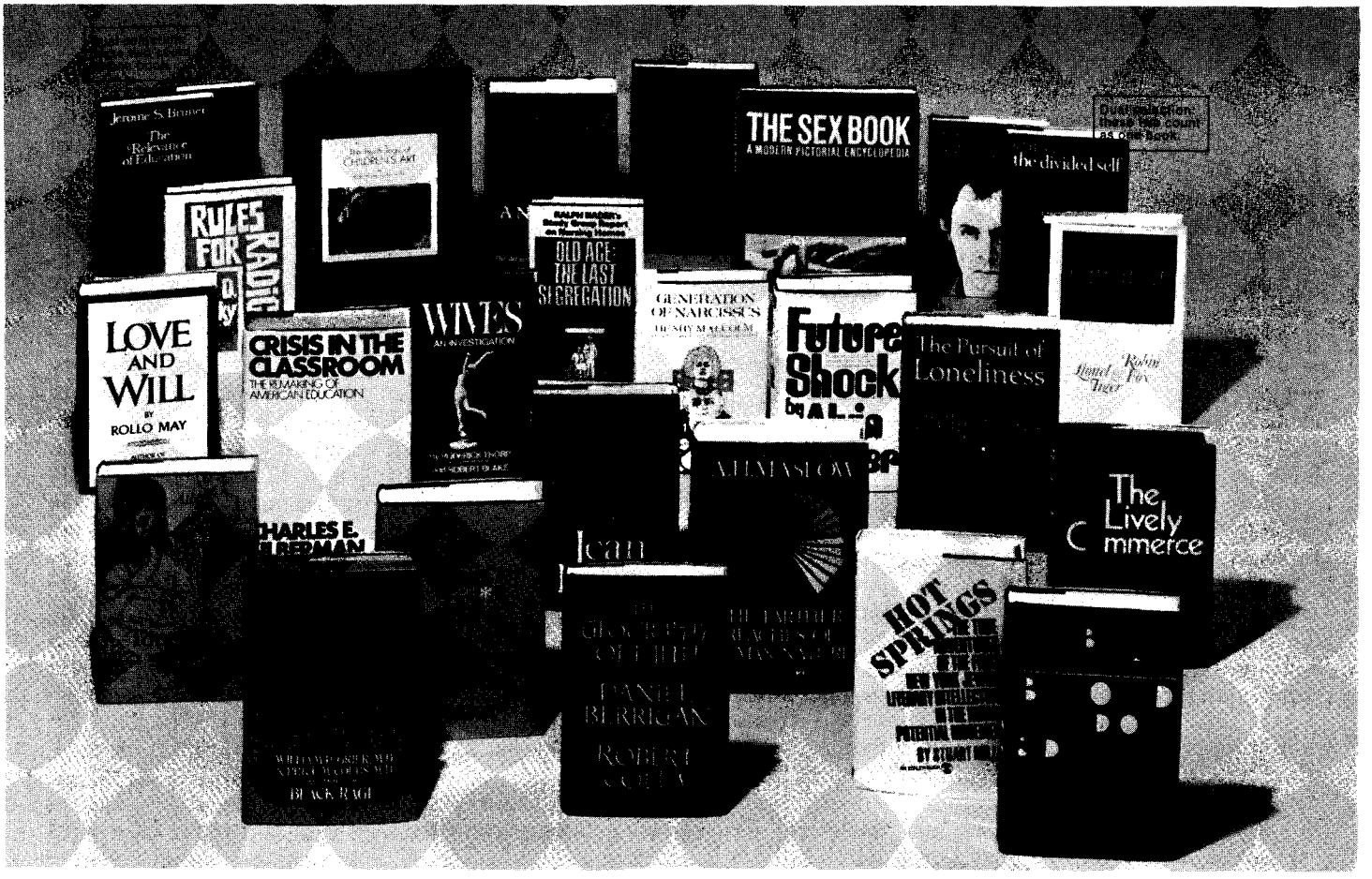

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tial of such conditions but were unable to attach their fears to any concrete analysis of indigenous causes, in large part because of the appeal of the Cold-War-spawned "outside agitator" theory of revolutionary causation. This was linked to an equally unreal theory of remedy: give aid, make people richer, remove objective physical distress, and outside agitators would get nowhere.

Of course the real causes of revolutionary insurrection are indigenous leaders who succeed in organizing cadres for revolutionary action. And indigenous leadership is motivated to action by a vision of the relative inequality within their own society, not by resentment at the overall poverty of their society in relation to societies in other parts of the world. Washington was reluctant to recognize this fact because it would have made American economic aid irrelevant, or worse.

Aid was rationalized as a way of preventing revolution by increasing a nation's wealth relative to the West; but it has often resulted in an increase in disparities of wealth within a nation receiving aid (because of the greater ease with which the elite can use and control aid), and consequently intensified the likelihood of revolution.

Pakistan for more than a decade was considered a classic success story of the American approach to development. The Pakistani elite took American aid and American advice. The Pakistanis encouraged the profit motive, and in the course of time the West Pakistani elite made sizable contributions to their region's development and their own wealth. Pakistan became richer, but disparities of wealth became aggravated. Pakistan's very success encouraged indifference to the seriousness of the challenge presented by the emergence of a political challenge in the East.

It will be months before the dust settles again on the subcontinent. Refugees must be resettled, troops and other foreign nationals repatriated, airports, roads, and bridges rebuilt. The Bengalis have nothing, but they are ready to go to work with their bare hands. It would be tragic if the Indians, the Russians, or the Americans felt impelled to take on the responsibility of rebuilding the country on behalf of the Bengalis. The Bengalis were prepared to liberate their country with their own efforts. They are prepared now to undertake the tasks of national reconstruction and do not want this challenge to be similarly pre-empted by massive foreign involvement, however well intentioned. The best thing Washington can do for the new state of Bangla Desh is to leave it alone.

—FRANCIS G. HUTCHINS

JAPAN AND THE U.S.

From Pearl Harbor to the Surcharge

"It was always my hope that the economic measures that we had taken against Japan would finally bring Japan to a position where she might come to a reasonable agreement with us." No, this wasn't said by Secretary of the Treasury John Connally, explaining why the United States had imposed a 10 percent surcharge on imports in August, 1971. It was said by former Ambassador to Japan Joseph C. Grew, explaining to a postwar congressional Pearl Harbor inquiry why the United States had imposed an embargo on Japan in July, 1941.

The words have a topical ring because the two crises—1941 and 1971—have a good deal in common. In both cases, Japan provoked U.S. action: in 1941 by occupying Southern Indochina and in 1971 by refusing to revalue the yen and abandon her protectionist policies. In both cases, Americans hoped that U.S. economic pressure would cause the Japanese to abandon their offending policies, and thus lead to eventual agreement with the United States. This hope proved unfounded in 1941, partly because we didn't understand what was going on in Japan. We can apply a good deal from that experience to the current crisis. The interim international financial agreement reached last December 18 reflects some of the lessons that we have learned.

In 1941, the American view of Japanese policy-making was simplicity itself. Americans saw the Japanese as their opponent in a large poker game. They thought of the Japanese government as a single player acting according to a single will and hence able to change its policies quickly. And they expected it, despite an occasional bluff, to advance or retreat according to rational calculations of its strength or weakness. Hence, they believed that when confronted by U.S. economic sanctions, Japan would back down instead of resort to hopeless war with America.

It now seems clear, from Japanese records and diaries, that this view had little basis in reality. The Japanese government, like most governments, was a coalition of diverse interests. The traditional Japanese insistence on consensus made it difficult for that government to do anything but ratify the lowest common denominator of these interests; hence it could not make large changes in policy very quickly. Least of all could it make changes which seemed to involve retreat under U.S. pressure; the reluctance of any government to appear weak was compounded by Japanese sensitivity on matters of honor.

Japanese policy was made in 1941, as it is probably being made today, by the interaction among different groups, none of them powerful enough to dictate a single coherent strategy, much less to get out ahead of the others in advocating a course which might seem to endanger Japan's honor. Thus a series of *ad hoc* decisions, designed more to hold domestic coalitions together than to respond to changing outside circumstances, marked the three phases through which Japanese policy passed from July to December, 1941.

Phase I saw the Japanese surprised and unnerved by the United States' imposition of sanctions in reaction to their occupation of Southern Indochina. They milled around in some confusion, and then (as is not unusual with divided governments) decided to go in two directions at once: to seek a settlement with the United States in order to get rid of sanctions, which had cut off Japan's essential oil supplies from the Dutch Indies; and to prepare for war in order to seize those oil supplies if a settlement was not achieved. Few Japanese leaders expected the terms they were offering, which involved continuing Japanese occupation of Southern Indochina, to be acceptable to the United States, and most doubted victory in war with the United States; but this was the best that they could come up with at short notice. Creating a consensus for change would take more time.

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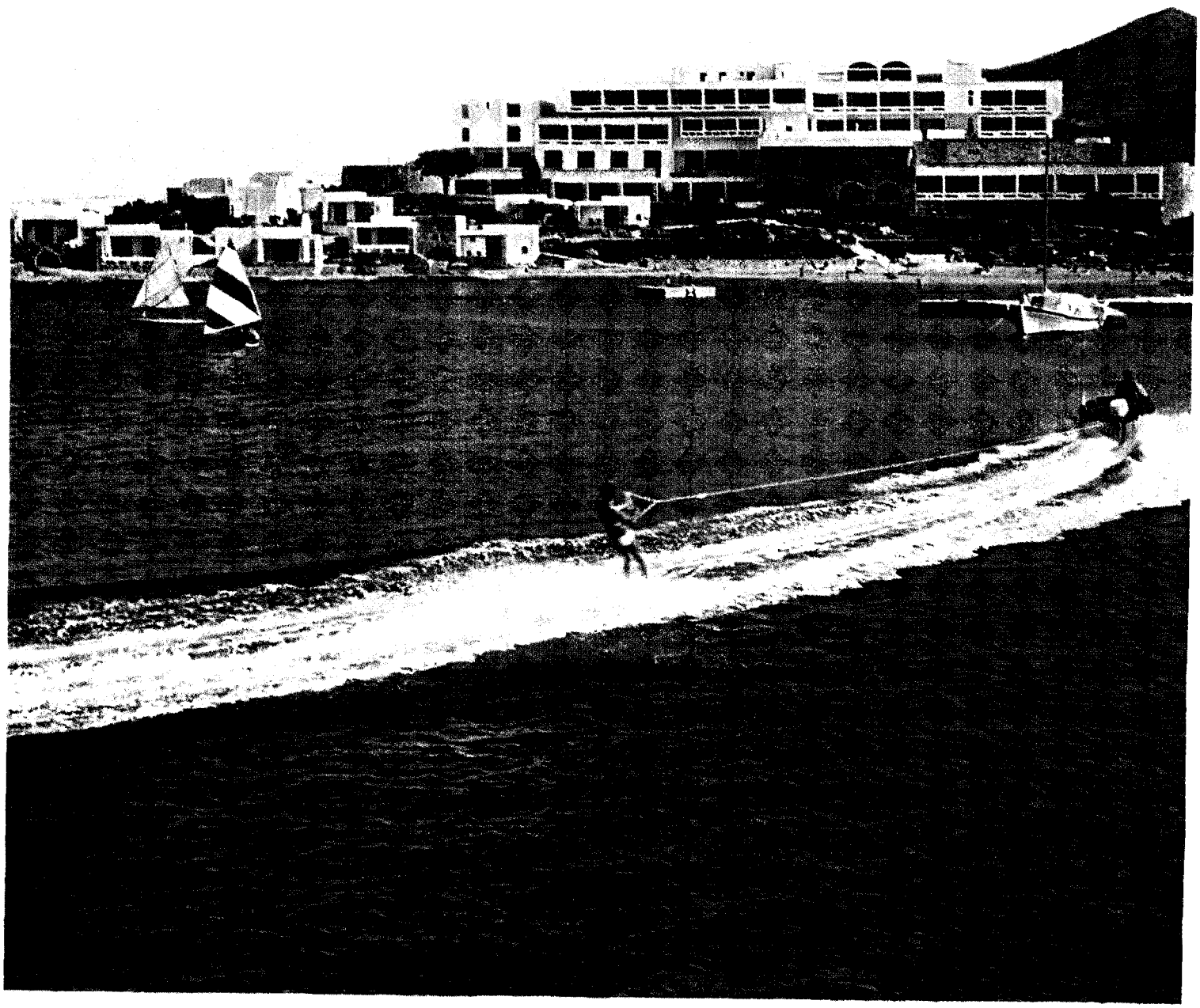

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Phase II was the forging of that new consensus. In this Emperor Hirohito played some part. When advised of the "two directions" policy on September 5, he called in the Army and Navy chiefs of staff and made clear his skepticism about prospects for military victory. Perhaps he hoped to trigger a frank discussion, in which the Navy would admit what the Emperor knew to be the case—that it shared his skepticism. But the Navy chief refused to humiliate his service by confessing weakness in front of the Army; and the Army's leaders had already indicated that they could back away from war only if naval leaders took the blame for this retreat. The next day, in a larger, more formal meeting, the Emperor pressed the service chiefs to admit that negotiation should have priority over war. When their answers were lame and halting, he made clear his disappointment by reading aloud a poem in which his grandfather (who had helped to start two wars) wondered why there was so much strife in the world. This might seem an odd way for a head of state to address his national security council, by reading poetry, but to the Japanese the signal was clear: the Emperor was worried about the "two directions" policy; he was going as far as a constitutional monarch of divine origin could go in pressing for a change of policy.

There followed several weeks of intense Japanese bureaucratic infighting about whether more flexible terms should be offered America. Prince Konoye was succeeded as Prime Minister by General Tojo, who was supposed to be able to control an increasingly restive Army. Tojo was ordered by the Emperor to fix a new policy without regard to the decisions of September 5 and 6. A new Foreign Minister was also appointed, who was committed to a settlement with the United States, even if this involved some retreat by Japan. He conceived proposal B, a limited temporary deal under which Japan would have evacuated Southern Indochina in return for the United States' lifting of sanctions, as a prelude to wider negotiations about Japan's war in China. The Army balked, and then sullenly assented under pressure from Tojo, who was no peacemonger but was sensitive to the Emperor's concerns. Proposal B included provisions which could not have been accepted by the United States, notably a U.S. pledge to stop aiding China; but the Foreign Minister was told by Tojo that he was prepared to make "further compromises" if the United States responded with a sensible counterproposal.

We'll never know whether he would, in fact, have done so. For U.S. leaders, after a good deal of soul-searching, decided that an agreement which dealt only with the immediate cause of the U.S. embargo—Indochina—and did nothing to end the Sino-Japanese war would demoralize the Chinese and arouse U.S. domestic criticism without, in fact, appeasing the Japanese military. So they answered proposal B by repeating their past demands that Japan evacuate all of China. The United States wanted a comprehensive settlement or nothing at all. Failing a settlement, the embargo would remain in force.

Phase III saw a Japanese response which surprised many Americans. When the U.S. reply reached Tokyo, the Cabinet readily agreed that the demand for total withdrawal was too humiliating; the Emperor was of the same view. No Japanese government could quickly make such a far-reaching policy change in the face of evident U.S. pressure. Although the Emperor and many ministers still doubted victory, all agreed on war.

It is, of course, possible that even a U.S. counterproposal designed to sweeten up proposal B would have been rejected by Japan. But a disinterested observer thinks not. Sir Robert Craigie, then British Ambassador to Japan, has recorded his view that a counterproposal would probably have led to an agreement on Indochina which would have averted early war and gained time in which negotiations on the underlying issue, China, could have been pursued at greater length.

Replay

Much has changed in Japan since 1941, but the Japanese insistence on consensus as a prelude to any policy change and their sensitivity on matters of pride and honor remain. Japanese policy-making in the current crisis, as in 1941, reflects the interaction among groups with widely differing views and interests: exporters and importers, strong and weak industries, foreign affairs and economic ministries, pro-American and nationalist elements in the ruling Liberal Democratic Party. As in 1941, no one of these groups can afford to get tagged as the one that wants to humiliate Japan by giving in to the United States. Thus Japanese policy seems to be passing through three phases, not unlike those which marked it in 1941.

Phase I: Surprise, shock, and confusion in reaction to the 10 percent import surcharge and other U.S. protectionist measures was evident immediately after last August 15.

Phase II: Infighting among different groups in Tokyo about the terms to be offered America in return for lifting the surtax followed shortly.

Phase III began in late 1971. It seemed to be pointing toward consensus on a limited *modus vivendi,* under which Japan would join Europe in offering the United States a major realignment of currencies in return for lifting the surcharge. This would defuse the immediate crisis and pave the way for negotiations on longer-term issues: trade, monetary reform, and sharing the defense burden.

In the period immediately after August 15, such a *modus vivendi* would have been unacceptable to the United States. The Administration was holding out for a comprehensive agreement, one which would include not only currency realignment but large Japanese and European concessions on trade, monetary reform, and burden sharing all in one fell swoop. The only result of following this course, in 1971 as in 1941, was to overload the Japanese capacity for consensus: agreement eluded us; the surcharge remained in effect. If this policy had been continued, Japan (as well as Europe) would eventually have retaliated. The result would have been a trade war—not a military conflict, but bad enough.

In late 1971, U.S. policy began to show more flexibility. In his November visit to Japan, Secretary of the Treasury Connally took pains to avoid making large and specific demands; he described the problem and left the initiative to his hosts, who appreciated his tact. At the December discussions of the group of ten finance ministers, a limited interim agreement finally emerged.

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But the U.S.-Japanese economic dialogue will continue; important long-term issues of trade and monetary reform remain to be addressed. Success in these continuing negotiations will still depend on whether we understand the Japanese political process and how it responds to external pressure and negotiation.

Conspiracy theory

This understanding will not be helped by a recently published book which has attracted a good deal of attention. In telling the story of prewar and wartime Japan, David Bergamini's *Japan's Imperial Conspiracy* (William Morrow & Co., $14.95) perpetuates the illusion of a monolithic Japan. Mr. Bergamini believes that the Emperor and his advisers were of one view in favoring war and that their disputes with each other were either staged or trivial. By implication, he suggests that they could readily have accepted U.S. terms in 1941 if they had wished to avoid war; the problem of executing a dramatic retreat under evident U.S. pressure was not insuperable. He dismisses accounts, such as those of Premier Konoye and Marquis Kido (the Emperor's special assistant for national security affairs), which do not sustain his thesis; he relies on less well known sources, such as the papers of General Sugiyama, which support it.

There's nothing wrong with choosing among sources; that is the historian's privilege. But Mr. Bergamini does not explain his selection in the detail that we are entitled to expect of a historian, even though it is crucial to his conclusion and contrary to that of most other students of this period. The manner of his writing and footnoting, which is informal and anecdotal, explains why: not only is he not a historian but he doesn't want to become one. He is a preacher; he has a point of view, and he means to persuade the reader of its validity. He has written over 1000 pages of highly readable narrative to this end.

Mr. Bergamini's book follows shortly on another which covers the same period, also in great detail, John Toland's best seller, *The Rising Sun* (Random House, $12.95). Like Mr. Bergamini, Mr. Toland is not a professional historian. And he may be biased by having a Japanese wife, as Mr. Bergamini may be biased by his wartime imprisonment at Japanese hands. Mr. Toland agrees with Mr. Bergamini that the Emperor approved all decisions taken, knew of the Pearl Harbor attack in advance, despite later protestations to the contrary, and did not dissent from the final consensus in favor of war. But he does not agree that the Emperor planned it that way. He shows us a deeply divided government whose final consensus was uncertain and depended greatly on time and events.

This account is more consistent with available information than is Mr. Bergamini's. The evidence is hard to refute that there were deep divisions in the Japanese government in 1941 and that some elements in that government preferred a negotiated settlement to war. Independent accounts by Japanese participants agree as to what the Emperor said at the meetings of September 5 and 6; the arguments within the Japanese Cabinet leading up to proposal B are a matter of record.

All this does not prove that the Japanese were great peacemakers; they had been waging aggressive war against China since 1937, and it was this war which lay at the heart of the U.S.-Japanese dispute. But it does suggest that Japanese policy-making, then as now, was characterized by a search for consensus among groups with widely differing views, and that the Japanese Emperor was no more able to force large rapid changes in Japanese policy then than that mythical combine of big business and government known as "Japan, Inc." is able to force such changes now.

Today, as in 1941, Japan needs time to turn around, to make large changes in policy. In the long-term negotiation which will follow the current interim agreement, Japan's shift from outdated and unfair protectionist measures toward more forthcoming trade and monetary policies will have to be carried out in stages. As in 1941, an attempt to force the Japanese to compress the entire process into a short time could end badly. That can be averted only if the United States understands the peculiar processes through which Japanese policy is made. That is why a careful review of the events of 1941, which Mr. Bergamini's and Mr. Toland's books describe, is now of critical importance.

—HENRY OWEN

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A Little Night Music: A Tangential Line

by L. E. Sissman

In the winter of 1966, while I was still undergoing radiation therapy for my first attack of Hodgkin's disease, I wrote, very secretly and shamefully, a poem about the experience. It was called "Dying: An Introduction"; when I had finished it, I carefully filed it away—perhaps forever—because it seemed at the time a shockingly self-pitying, self-indulgent view of the illness. In all my other relations with myself and the world, I had adopted a stoical mask; in this poem alone, I had admitted my fear and panic. The poem sat in my desk for a year. At the end of that time, I had reached an uneasy accommodation with the likelihood that the disease would recur—a sort of low-grade, back-of-the-mind queasiness not unlike the muted, manageable horror most of us felt about atomic warfare three or four years after Hiroshima—and I felt composed enough to take "Dying: An Introduction" out of its hiding place and read it again. This time, though it still seemed to embody an unwarranted admission of weakness, I felt that it belonged to an already distant period in my life and could therefore be permitted to exist. So I sent it to a magazine, saw it published, and made it the title poem of my first collection of verse, all without more than a minimal twinge of guilt at having spread this confessional *cri de coeur* upon the public record.

At the time, and as more months passed by without a recurrence of the disease, I found myself indulging in a kind of balanced doublethink, holding two contradictory propositions to be self-evident. First, I believed, more strongly with each passing month, that I would beat the system and get off scot-free without a second illness; second, I simultaneously harbored a gloomy conviction that, in accordance with the statistics, I would sooner or later fall victim, this time fatally, to the disease. I somehow managed to feel guilty about both ideas: guilty if I frivolously indulged myself, grasshopperlike, on the grounds that I would live out my normal span; guilty if I planned every action and expense, antlike and frugally, on the premise that I would soon be swept away. Actually, though, these countervailing anxieties were nowhere near as obsessive as I might have supposed; I was so busy with work and writing that they stayed, mercifully, in the back of my consciousness most of the time. In an idle moment once or twice a day, the conflicting scenarios might flash into my conscious mind, but not for long and never very painfully. I was still, of course, perfecting my stoic act, and by then I'd gotten pretty good at it, aided by the odd cachet—the fund of moral capital—which a successful brush with death provides among one's friends, or among those very few friends I'd breached security to tell about it.

So I bowled along pretty easily over the surface of life until the late summer of 1969, nearly four years after my first illness. I knew that, actuarially speaking (and according to a doctor whom I had finally pinned down on the subject), I was good for five to ten years at the outside from the date of my first attack; but, with four years safely crossed off on the jail-cell wall, I had begun to have serious hopes of beating the odds. Then, at a party, I noticed that my first sip of my first drink gave me an odd, sharp pain in the pit of the stomach; each time I drank again, the experience was repeated. After a month or two of this, I reported the pain to my doctors in the course of a routine checkup. They nodded gravely. It turned out that the pain had recently been discovered to be diagnostic of Hodgkin's in the lymph nodes of the diaphragm, near the stomach wall; the alcohol, swiftly passing through the wall, apparently enters and irritates the enlarged nodes nearby.

This time, the doctors were far more sanguine than before; they talked of "staging" the disease, of "new treatment," of the increasing likelihood that they had removed Hodgkin's from the list of invariably fatal illnesses. But now I was even less convinced; I felt that I was being blandished, that time had run out, that I simply wouldn't make it the second time around. I entered the hospital in outwardly good spirits but with an inward and unshakable belief that this was it.

The doctors—eleven of them, all told—marshaled their forces for a truly impressive attack on the disease. Everything, I felt, was meticulously planned in some War Room in the depths of the hospital: the battery of tests in just such a sequence; the alternative battle plans contingent on the outcome of the tests; the choice of weapons—radiation or chemotherapy—for the mopping-up afterward. I was impressed with their intelligence, their high degree of organization, their dedication to duty, their esprit; but none of it rubbed off on me this early in the game. I went about my business between tests, reading, writing a book review on the hospital tray table, greeting my wife and friends who loyally showed up every day (it was now January of a cold, snowy, iron-hard winter, and it took real fortitude for them to visit me); but I never believed that the doctor's big medicine would work.

The tests themselves were a grisly diversion that confirmed my fatalism: another lymphangiogram, far quicker and less painful than the last (the technique had improved in four years), to dye-mark the infected nodes; a fiendish-looking method of withdrawing a liver sample at the end of a long needle; a similar technique for securing a smitch of bone marrow for testing; and assorted other triangulations of the disease. These were all hors d'oeuvres; the entrée—and I use the word advisedly—came when my spleen, which was presumed to be loaded with the disease, came out on an absurdly narrow operating table from which I joked with the doctors, being lightheaded from the preliminary sedation, until I went under the main anesthetic. There followed a nightmare night under the eye of two cheerful, watchful nurses in the recovery room, and a groggy day in which I clung pitifully to my wife's hand when she bravely came to see me. When the sedation had cleared the following morning, I was given to understand that the spleen had been rightly judged the villain—

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"I held it in my hand," the doctor said, shaking his head at the extent of its corruption—but the great question now was whether a biopsy would show that the disease had spread to the liver. If it had, I would be out of luck, since the liver, unlike the spleen, is, of course, not expendable.

After another day of local and general discomfort and abundant gas pains, I got the good news that the liver was OK. However, there were a lot of nasty lymph nodes that could not be removed by surgery; these would have to be dealt with either by radiation or by chemotherapy. If they were confined to an area not previously treated by radiation, the X ray could be used again; if the two areas overlapped, I would have to resort to a grueling, eighteen-month course of chemical treatment which would leave me sick and debilitated throughout the period of therapy. Again, I was lucky; radiation was chosen, and the young and ebullient radiotherapist got busy drawing a map of the area to be treated and directing the building of shields to protect my vital organs. (One Saturday morning, he came bounding into my room to show me the master diagram he'd just completed, to him a work of art, to me Greek, but nonetheless a heartening evidence of his consuming interest in the case.)

Finally, in February, I left the hospital, weaker, thinner, and unconvinced that I could be cured, to convalesce at home. For the next two weeks, in the guttering dead of winter, I lay under blankets that seemed insupportably heavy, dozing, listening to classical music and reruns of Spike Milligan's *Goon Show,* and being waited on with unremitting devotion by my wife. It was then, I think, that I made up my mind that I would never make it back. I fell into the equivalent of a postpartum depression, feeling myself a dry husk already harvested to wither quietly away. This time I felt vulnerable, not stoical; for the first time in a relatively happy, relatively untroubled life, I realized that I was not stronger than dirt—or dust—and the realization robbed me of élan.

My gloom was compounded two weeks later when I rose from my bed to resume radiation treatments at the hospital. In the place of the old missile silo with its giant cyclotron, there was now a brand-new radiation clinic

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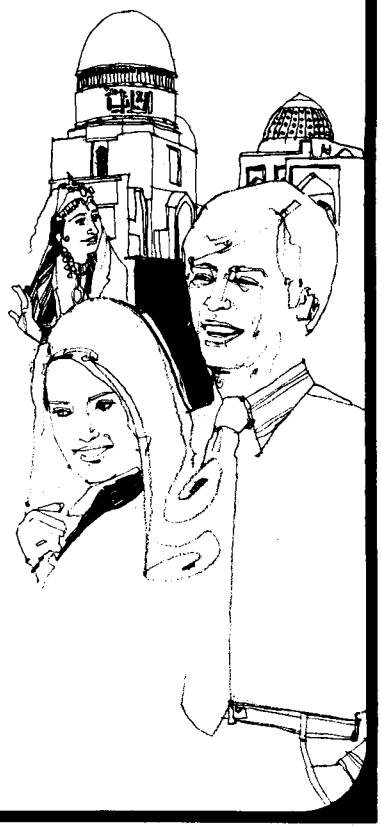

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BYSTANDER

with pastel walls, colorful hangings, Naugahyde sling chairs, and accursed Muzak. In these painfully breezy surroundings, the other patients seemed not only fated but somehow sinister; their patent weakness, their paper-white and yellow faces, their halting voices, their ominous limps seemed almost an affront to the impersonal cheeriness of the waiting room. The radiation machine itself was new, an apple-green monster built around a swinging, tilting table for the patient. Overall there was a faint, sickly, sickening smell: part electrical, part mechanical, part photographic (acetic acid for X-ray developing), part failing human being. Nothing else has ever depressed me (or literally sickened me: entering the waiting room invariably made me nauseated, which had nothing to do with the effects of the treatment) to a like extent, and I hope nothing ever will.

On April 17, 1970, I had my final treatment. That clear, brisk early-spring weekend, with my wife and a couple we knew, I went to revisit the world. We stayed at a seaside resort just open for the season; walked by the icy sea in a stiff wind; went to a cocktail party for the guests where we met nobody; tramped through an Audubon bird sanctuary; and came home. I still felt dreadfully weak. I walked and talked little. I did not take part in many conversations. I was, if anything, more depressed than ever. And without reason, for my doctors had told me that the therapy had really worked this time. With far greater conviction than they had ever displayed in the past, they predicted that I stood an excellent chance of being completely and permanently cured; it seemed as if Hodgkin's was finally being conquered, and that I might be one of the first beneficiaries. If I could go three years without a recurrence, I was home free.

As close to a clean bill of health as I could have hoped for. But the depression persisted, and I found it a genuine effort to deal effectively with routine things, with daily decisions at home and work. All through the late spring and summer, I seemed to be trundling a snowballing stone uphill; not until six months after the last of the treatments did I begin to feel that I had become fully functional again. During this period, I put together a third volume of poems with an odd mixture of fear and detestation, as if publishing another book were an act of supererogation ill-suited to my reduced emotional and physical circumstances; even my editors' enthusiasm failed to raise my spirits.

All this changed again—thankfully, for the better—over the following winter and spring. The depression occasioned by the illness melted gradually away; the vacuum it left was filled by new plans and new interests and by resumption of my older ones. I began, after a lapse of nearly a year, to write poetry seriously again, and to take something like my old interest in the world around me. This time, though, the stoic mask had gone, to be replaced by a shaken realization of mortality, a new, more realistic sizing and distancing of myself in time.

Time. It is now two years since my last illness. The latest X rays and blood tests are perfectly normal. I'm doing fine, the doctors say. I have a year to go. Early in 1973, if all continues well, I'll almost certainly be absolved of the disease. These are strange days and not unhappy ones. I'm building up my gambler's stack of one-month chips in front of me; when I have thirty-six, I will have won the game. Meanwhile, not knowing yet quite what literary use (if any) I will make of it, I have been looking down at the curvature of the earth, at the trajectory of my life and death, from a new perspective: from the perspective of a tangential line lifting, straight as a contrail, away from the earth and myself and all the other things and people. It is, and has been, a lonely journey. But so, if we only knew it, is every life.

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THE MAIL

REPORT FROM CHINA

SIR: The article by Ross Terrill in the November, 1971, *Atlantic,* "The 800,000,000: Report From China," was one of the best pieces of reportage on China that I've seen in an American periodical in recent times. I was in China at the same time as Mr. Terrill and can confirm most of his observations. Mr. Terrill, however, seems to have perceived more uniformity of thought than I did. At no time did I see any reluctance on the part of anybody to speak his (individual) mind. Can it be that such uniformity as does exist on basic issues is due to the conviction inculcated through the Cultural Revolution that the Chinese government—unlike most others—does more than pay lip service to the real needs of a backward yet rapidly advancing society?

NEIL G. BURTON
Visiting Lecturer
University of Windsor
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

SIR: Ross Terrill's article is a most sympathetic and perceptive account of social conditions in Mao's China on the morrow of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

O. EDMUND CLUBB
Palenville, N.Y.

SIR: I very much enjoyed Ross Terrill's splendid "Report From China." However, there is one matter in the article I cannot understand. The factory worker earns from Y41 to Y72 a month, the university professor about Y350. How is this spread justifiable according to the regime's policy to link education with "the world outside the classroom"? Inevitably, a status system of some sort must result, based on the same economic standard as in North America. How does the university professor spend the considerable sum left over after living expenses? Would not a factory worker aspire to become a professor simply because of the higher salary, as in the West, with all the well-known disastrous results?

DONNA BENNETT
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

SIR: Ross Terrill's article on China conveys a vivid sense of what people might be feeling as well as saying.

PROFESSOR BARUCH BOXER
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N.J.

SIR: Ross Terrill's superb piece is the best article out of China since 1949.

DENIS WARNER
Victoria, Australia

SIR: Ross Terrill's article was fascinating. Congratulations are due both you and him.

EDWIN O. REISCHAUER
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Professor Terrill's first installment from China is worth several years' subscription costs.

I hope Mr. Nixon reads it.

F. S. CARPENTER
Tolland, Conn.

SIR: Ross Terrill's article is the best thing I can recall reading on the subject of China for many years.

JOHN K. FAIRBANK
East Asian Research Center
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: The article by Ross Terrill is a superb piece of reporting. It is balanced, thoughtful, perceptive, and all the things that good reporting should be. My congratulations to you and to Mr. Terrill.

A. DOAK BARNETT
The Brookings Institution
Washington, D.C.

CANDOR AND HUAC

SIR: Jessica Mitford did a valuable service in "The Fingerers Fingered" (December, 1971, *Atlantic*), but she either missed Eric Bentley's point or was less than candid in asking whether or not the unfriendly witnesses were themselves lacking in candor.

Criticism from the left over the behavior of those who challenged the committee was not based on the lack of courage of such witnesses but on their choice of political tactic. There were even members of the Communist Party at the time who felt that the way to challenge the committee's characterization of the CP as a conspiracy whose members should automatically be deprived of all political rights was for Communists who were subpoenaed before HUAC and other such bodies to admit their membership openly and—in the prescribed Leninist manner—to use such hearings as a forum from which to expound their views.

The assumption Miss Mitford would have us accept is that a Ring Lardner, Jr., when asked if he were a member of the Communist Party, had a choice limited to refusing to answer or naming other Communists. Obviously, that is what Mr. Lardner wanted us to believe when he replied: "I could answer it, but if I did, I

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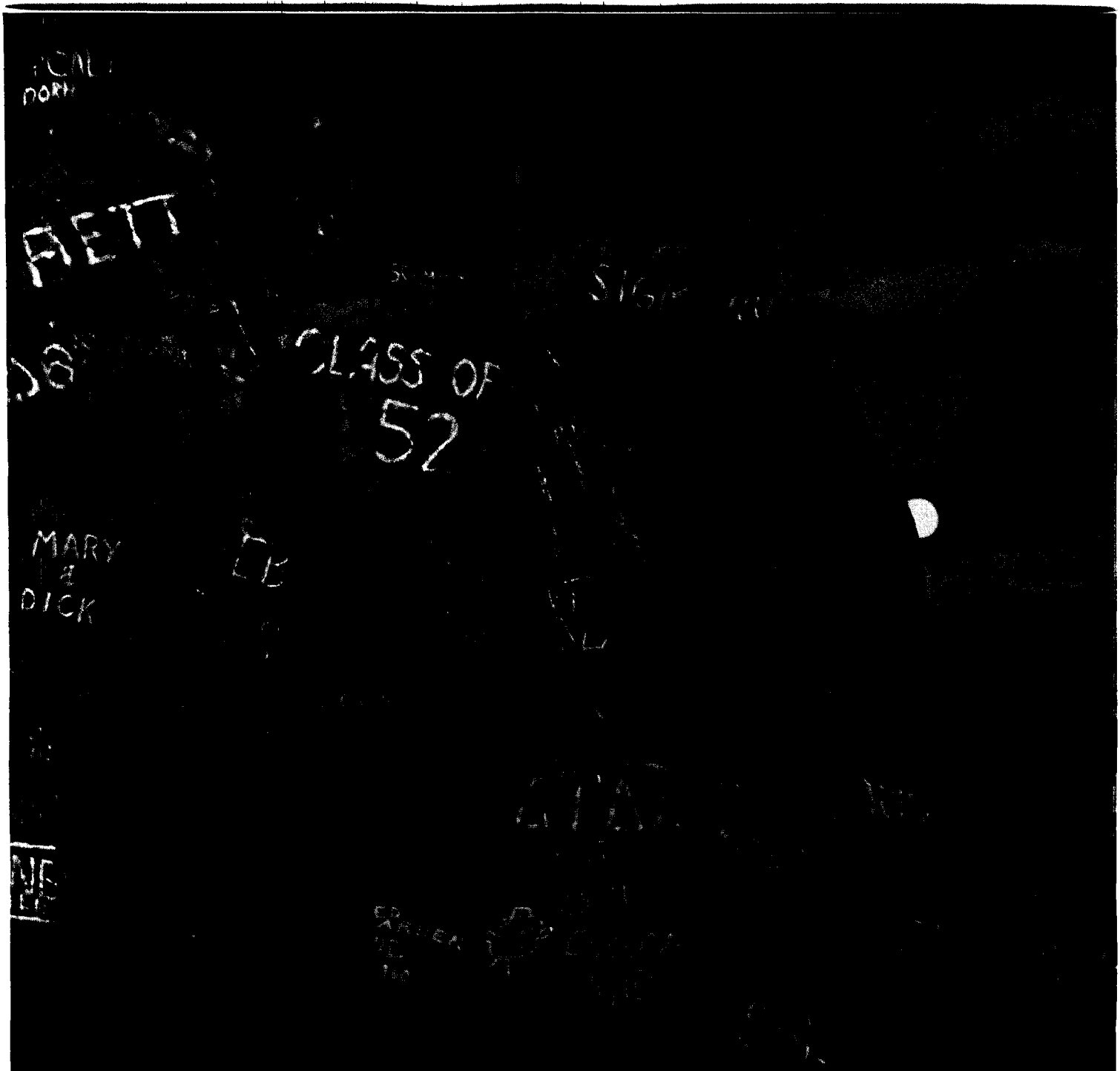

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would hate myself in the morning." Lardner could have said yes and still have refused to cooperate with the purposes of the committee. Agreed that in doing so, he would have risked jail for contempt. But he was apparently quite ready to do that. The question isn't which avenue of defiance was more risky, but which would have best explained to the public that HUAC rather than its victims was the agency most subversive of American institutions.

As it happens, this tactic was later tried, mostly by ex-Communists (notably Joe Starobin, former foreign editor of the *Daily Worker*) who no longer agreed with the CPUSA, but still did not believe that it was or ever had been the devil incarnate or that their activities as Communists had ever been dishonorable. Interestingly enough, their lawyers advised them that the First Amendment right of assembly protected them from naming others present at Communist Party meetings; despite contempt citations, none who took this position was ever jailed.

ALFRED H. GREENBERG
New York City

SIR: Perhaps I should feel flattered that Jessica Mitford finds the answers to my little Afterword in the big book that precedes it, *Thirty Years of Treason.* However, on the issues, I'd say the confusion is hers, not mine. "Courage in this kind of inquisition," she writes, "lay not in 'candor' but in defiance." But this is making candor and defiance alternatives, as if one excluded the other. I'm afraid that "in this kind of inquisition," as perhaps in any other kind, just the opposite is the case: to be more candid, you have to be more defiant. And, conversely, it is lack of defiance that entails a lack of candor. There is such a thing, too, as an empty show of defiance: many witnesses before HUAC wanted to be *considered* defiant, and struck poses. The absence of all candor from their testimony is an index of their real character.

Would Miss Mitford wish to champion the strategies and traditions of the CPUSA? It is true that I attack these in the Afterword and have as little regard for the Party's rhetoric as for that of HUAC. On the other hand, my book presents one sympathizer with the Party in a highly favorable light—Paul Robeson. One feels the reality of *this* man's defiance, but this is partly because he is more spontaneous—therefore more candid—than others one might mention. I also include in the book one witness who says of the group he belongs to: "We are Communists, and we are proud of it." Candid, huh? The context will prove to anyone who cares to check on it that this witness was also as defiant as either Miss Mitford or I could wish.

ERIC BENTLEY
New York City

ADMIRALTY ISLAND

SIR: The December article by Paul Brooks, "Warning: The Chain Saw Cometh," contains a significant amount of misinformation about the National Forest and forestry practices in Southeast Alaska. Because of your high standards of reporting, I am certain you will want to correct the record.

Mr. Brooks focuses his attention on the Forest Service's Juneau Unit Timber Sale (including parts of Admiralty Island) and makes some erroneous conclusions in the discussion. The sale was advertised more than seven years ago and was awarded to U.S. Plywood-Champion Paper Company three years ago. It was made after detailed study of the timber resource and the impact on the environment. It contains many specific provisions to assure environmental protection. The district court, in the lawsuit against the sale, which is now being appealed by the Sierra Club, concluded that the sale complied with both the Multiple Use-Sustained Yield Act of 1960 and the Environmental Policy Act of 1970.

The contention by the *Atlantic* writer that five conservation groups were refused the right to join in the lawsuit opposing the sale because of lack of "standing" is not true. The judge ruled (Finding of Fact No. 9) that the five were "fairly and adequately represented by plaintiffs of record."

Mr. Brooks insists that most of the Tongass National Forest is being planned for timber harvesting. Actually, of the 16 million acres of the Tongass, about 4.5 million acres are capable of growing commercial crops of trees. Of this area, nearly 10 percent is reserved from cutting or has cutting restrictions of one kind or another. Only on approximately 2.8 million acres (17.5 percent of the total area of the forest) is timber harvest planned as one of the multiple uses.

The possible influence of planned timber sales on the wildlife resource has been carefully considered, too. No serious detrimental effects have been identified, and some benefits will probably result. Opening up virgin timber stands increases food production and creates the "edge effect" necessary for the survival of deer and other wildlife.

Adequate cover and escape routes will be assured through the layout of cutting units, and stream courses will be protected. The Alaska Department of Fish and Game has been involved with us in studies to assure that the planned sale in the Juneau Unit does not adversely affect salmon-spawning habitat.

On another sale area, Mr. Brooks alleges that the Forest Service overestimated the volume of timber by 797 percent. This is simply not true. As a matter of fact, the volume of this Alaska Pulp Company Sale already removed under that contract exceeds the total volume such an error would permit. We are confident that the anticipated volumes can be obtained from this sale area.

On still another subject, it is true that the bulk of the timber cut in Alaska is going to Japan. The timber is at present not economically competitive in the lower forty-eight states.

Cutting this timber has these present benefits: (1) it makes an important contribution to the economy of Alaska, including the employment of Alaskan natives; (2) it reduces Japanese competition for wood and fiber in Canada, from which we import a substantial volume of timber; (3) it makes an important contribution to our balance of trade; and (4) it makes use of a deteriorating resource and at the same time puts the forest in a more productive condition to meet the future wood demands of this country.

The Forest Service is dedicated to wise use of the forest resources, but only within the framework of sensitive environmental treatment. The forests are a national heritage that must be used, improved, and conserved in a balanced way.

EDWARD P. CLIFF
Chief, Forest Service
U.S. Department of Agriculture
Washington, D. C.

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Paul Brooks replies:

Mr. Cliff's letter presents the official view of the U.S. Forest Service, of which I was well aware when I wrote my article. He is, of course, entitled to his opinion about forestry practices in Southeast Alaska, but my facts are correct. Taking his letter paragraph by paragraph:

In the lawsuit against the Plywood-Champion sale, the judge did *not* conclude that the sale complied with the Multiple Use-Sustained Yield Act of 1960. Judge Plummer's opinion reads: "The court concludes that this determination is committed to agency discretion and therefore unreviewable."

Judge Plummer *did* deny the request of five additional conservationist groups (Friends of the Earth, the Alaska Conservation Society, the Tongass Conservation Society, the Alaska Mountaineering Club, and the Southeast Mountaineering Club) who asked to be granted status as co-plaintiffs. The fact that the judge ruled that the five were "fairly and adequately represented" is beside the point. (To be legally correct, I should perhaps have used the word "status," rather than "standing.")

Of course much of the Tongass National Forest is incapable of growing commercial timber. The timber industry is willing to save what they cannot use: wilderness is what is left over. The statement of Mr. Cliff's own regional forester that 98.5 percent of commercial timber in Tongass National Forest would ultimately be harvested has never, to my knowledge, been denied.

That clear-cutting of a virgin forest will have "no serious detrimental effects" on wildlife is hard to believe. (I know that cutover land temporarily provides more browse for deer, but I am talking about the long-term result.)

I realize that the Alaska Department of Fish and Game has been involved in wildlife studies, including the effect of logging on the salmon run, but to infer therefrom that agreement exists on Forest Service policies is scarcely accurate, to put it mildly.

The source of the 797 percent overestimate by the Forest Service is a joint survey conducted by the Alaska Lumber and Pulp Company and the U.S. Forest Service in 1968, quoted in testimony by Gordon P. Robinson, Forestry Consultant, November 9, 1970.

The remainder of Mr. Cliff's letter has to do with the economy of Alaska, the balance of trade, and so on. "These too are controversial subjects; for example, is immediate profit from logging more important than long-term profit from tourism and outdoor recreation?" These matters, however, were not the subject of my article.

MORE ON INTELLIGENCE

SIR: I thought Professor Herrnstein's reply to his critics (December, 1971, *Atlantic)* was as masterly as his original article. His critics will have to come up with new findings or new interpretations of existing data if they are to match Herrnstein's argument.

Let me also record my appreciation of the courage of *The Atlantic* editor for publishing Professor Herrnstein's article. Too many leading American journals—and I need not name them here—have succumbed to the anti-intellectualism that has characterized many liberals, radicals, or militants in the past decade, refusing to publish articles on controversial matters like I.Q. and avoiding criticism of left-wing movements and black militant tendencies like the Black Studies movement.

It is most heartening indeed to know that editors of *The Atlantic* continue their faith in the marketplace of ideas.

MARTIN KILSON
Professor of Government
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: In his rebuttal to my letter (December, 1971, *Atlantic*), Professor Herrnstein says that "experiments" have proved that the I.Q. test is more than just a measure of general learning speed. I do not know whether he misunderstood me, but he ought to have cited where an I.Q. test does not mean *comparative performance rates.* A predefined test of an ability predefines that ability; the test cannot discover the kind of ability that it presumes to demonstrate. In that an I.Q. score is both relational and computed from a standard mean, individual results are always compared to a group average: hence the bell-shaped curve of distribution scores. But if the sample of people is large enough, any kind of group performance in a uniform situation gives a bell-shaped curve. It is the numerical expression of those performances that makes them mean compared rates of performing speeds.

The I.Q. score compares the rate of an individual's successful completion of test items to the group average of such completions; and the individual responds to a prescribed situation in a limited time. But it is a limitation upon the conceptual meaning of the word "test" that all tests are comparisons, all numerical comparisons of tests are rates of speed.

I criticize not the meaning of individual test items as such but the gross numerical expression—and what it means—of the test result. The intelligence quotient means only the test performance that it averages and compares, just as a sum means only what it sums. The predictive social value of the test is limited, if not made invalid, by the fact that it maps out the situation of response. The test, that is to say, never identifies an ability that is not already defined. In contrast to test situations, however, the social order is determined by influential personalities who leave socially defined courses of action to create new social directions. While they are being formed, these directions are always socially undefined, and for that reason incomparable and immeasurable.

Therefore, even if it were true that a gene determines 80 percent of an individual's intellectual ability, the direction of application would still account for 100 percent of intellectual accomplishment. In short, the way in which we apply our abilities is neither biologically determined nor intellectually controlled.

CARL SENNA
English Department
The University of Massachusetts
Boston, Mass.

SIR: Professor Herrnstein cites the failure of compensatory education as a reason for doubting that intelligence can be raised by changing a child's experiences. But the kind of compensatory education he cited is exemplified by the Head Start project, which involved little more than teaching a five-and-a-half-year-old child how to get along in school six months before he started the first grade. Benjamin S. Bloom's work

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makes it clear that experiences at age two or three carry far greater weight than experiences at age six; moreover, intervention at age ten or later would have little or no effect on intellectual capacity. The Milwaukee Project of F. Rich Heber showed that when newborn children of mothers with I.Q.'s of 70 or less are tutored, fed well, talked to, and stimulated generally, they attain average or better-than-average I.Q.'s.

Herrnstein points out that if we provide a uniform beneficial environment for a number of children, we will simply make intelligence more susceptible to hereditary influence than it would be otherwise. Admittedly, individual differences could in no way be caused by a uniform environment; whatever individual differences do arise will have to be due to heredity. It should be added, however, that a uniformly bad environment would do exactly the same—make all the individual differences in intelligence the outcome of hereditary influences. But in the first instance, cognitive abilities would fluctuate about a high average value, and in the second example, these abilities would scatter about a low average value. Surely, it would be more pleasant for the children themselves, and more beneficial to society in general, to let heredity decide differences among high ability levels than among low ones.

A related Herrnstein argument is that if all intelligence levels are raised across the board by improved educational techniques, perhaps the lower class would still be at the bottom of the social order and nobody's relative social status would be changed. Thus, it is implied, society need not try to help the under class by improving educational opportunities, for the only result would be to freeze present social arrangements. This point requires comment.

As Herrnstein himself points out, a large factor in social status is occupation. Limitations of intelligence disqualify an individual from ever becoming a good engineer, physician, or attorney, for example. We might think of a threshold I.Q. for each occupation. With a very high intelligence one has all the intellectual requirements for being everything from ditch-digger to engineer. With a very low intelligence one cannot qualify for high- or middle-status occupations. The higher the I.Q. the more occupations are available to an individual; his I.Q. comes to exceed more and more occupational thresholds. But here we arrive at an interesting point. When we consider I.Q. as an occupational requirement, the sheer ability to perform a given task, it is the *absolute* level of intelligence that matters, not the relative. If the whole I.Q. scale were lifted above the threshold for the job of power lineman, those jobs requiring less intelligence would all share the same low I.Q. status, but social class standing might no longer seem as important. Many occupational differences would not be a result of limitations of intelligence, but of differences of preference and interest, surely a more satisfying arrangement.

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ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: Has Mr. Manning changed the course of the Potomac? Or has he simply neglected to look at a map? He writes (introducing "In the City of Power," December, 1971, *Atlantic*): "The fetid section of Virginia that George Washington chose as the site for the Federal City of the new republic of the United States is today a somewhat cosmopolitan and, in places, beautiful city of nearly one million souls." He obviously refers to Washington. But what is now the District of Columbia was never part of Virginia; in colonial times it was in Maryland.

General Washington selected an area of one hundred square miles straddling the Potomac, including sixty-nine square miles from Maryland and thirty-one from Virginia. But in 1846 the section on the Virginia side of the river was returned to that state as Arlington County. It is the state of Maryland's contribution that makes up the present city of Washington.

This error is more surprising in view of Mr. Manning's knowledge of at least one aspect of Washington's history: he realizes that it was once largely a swamp.

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EDWARD WEEKS, PHOEBE ADAMS, and L.E. SISSMAN appear regularly in these pages.

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NIXON AND THE SQUARE MAJORITY

Is the Fox a Lion?

by Stewart Alsop

He didn't "bring us together." Why does 1972 look like his year?

To most people, both those who admire him and those who detest him, President Richard M. Nixon is a two-dimensional figure, a cardboard President. He is either the Trick E. Dixon of Philip Roth's brutal satire, or the statesman and peace-bringer of the Republican campaign handouts.

The purpose of this report is to suggest that, behind the cardboard facade, President Nixon is a very odd and interesting man—one of the two or three most genuinely idiosyncratic human beings ever to have occupied the Oval Office; and that the qualities that make him so unusual deeply affect, both for better and for worse, his conduct of the presidency.

There are four odd facts about Mr. Nixon that tell a good deal about the man. First, he is the kind of man who, before putting his legs up on a silk-covered stool or ottoman, goes into the bathroom and gets a towel to put under his legs. Second, as a Navy lieutenant in World War II, this young and presumably unworldly Quaker played such brilliant poker that he came home with a nest egg of around $10,000. Third, although most people think of him as the archetypal Wasp, he is very much an Irishman and, on his father's side, that special breed, a Black Irishman. Fourth, on his mother's side, he is a descendant of a line of successful itinerant lady preachers.

The first of these odd facts about Mr. Nixon was discovered by one of his numerous aides. (He has more aides than even that avid people-collector, Lyndon Johnson.) The aide had been summoned to the President's hideaway office in the rococo old State Department building, to deliver a draft of a paper to the President. He found Mr. Nixon seated in an armchair, nibbling on his eyeglasses and scribbling notes on one of the two yellow-lined pads that serve him as security blankets (he used to use one pad, but since he became President, he needs two). The President had his legs stretched out in front of him on a big, silk-covered footstool, and underneath his feet was a bath towel.

What was the towel doing there? the aide asked himself. The answer was obvious. The President had gone into the bathroom to get the towel and had put it on the ottoman to protect the government-issue silk before putting his feet up. What other President, the aide later found himself wondering, would have bothered to get that towel? Certainly not Johnson, or Kennedy, or Eisenhower—perhaps no President at all, right back to George Washington.

The towel is a useful symbol. It says something about a certain instinctive cautiousness in the man, a carefulness that rules out spontaneity. More important, the towel is a symbol of the President's relentless middle-classness. The antimacassar used to be the hallmark of the respectable middle-class American home, and the President's towel was a sort of surrogate antimacassar. The towel, in short, is a symbol of the President's squareness. He is not just square—he is *totally* square.

In an interview with me when he first ran for President, Mr. Nixon provided a vivid glimpse of this quality of total respectability, of utter squareness:

NIXON: I believe in keeping my own counsel. It's something like wearing clothing—if you let down your

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hair, you feel too naked. I remember when I'd just started law practice. I had a divorce case to handle, and this good-looking girl, beautiful really, began talking to me about her intimate marriage problems.

ALSOP: And you were embarrassed?

NIXON: Embarrassed? I turned fifteen colors of the rainbow. I suppose I came from a family too unmodern, really.

The President's political strength relates directly to that embarrassed young man. If antimacassars were still being used, it would be accurate to say that the antimacassar vote was the President's basic constituency. His political strategy is based on the assumption that a majority of the American electorate consists of people like himself—middle-class squares.

Economically, at least, this is by no means an irrational assumption. According to the 1970 census, the median income for a family of four in this country is $11,167. An income of $11,167 is a solid middle-class income, even allowing for inflation, heavy taxes, high interest rates, and all the other economic slings and arrows that afflict Americans. By previous standards, it is even a rather high middle-class income—a Trollope or Jane Austen character with that kind of income might have qualified for the lower gentry. Moreover, the social mores and political views of the middle-class American majority are certainly much closer to those of Mr. Nixon than to those of readers of the *New York Review of Books*—or, one suspects, of this magazine.

All sorts of ingenious theories have been put forward to explain Mr. Nixon. For example, a recent article by a couple of Berkeley academics propounded the interesting thesis that Richard Nixon is explicable only in terms of the fact that he is "an anal-compulsive character." Surely it is simpler to start with the assumption that Mr. Nixon is what he so obviously is—a shy and inward-looking man, from "a family too unmodern, really," who grew up believing strongly in the middle-class values of his boyhood in Yorba Linda and Whittier, California.

This background, as the episode of the towel suggests, still deeply affects Mr. Nixon's style, his whole approach to life. By the time they have reached their upper fifties, for most people the attitudes of their youth are dim, and scuffed badly around the edges. Mr. Nixon's are virtually pristine.

To cite two examples, it really is astonishing to him that a good many Americans are not much interested in making the effort necessary to assure that this country will remain "number one in the world." And the President was genuinely surprised when he made his famous dawn expedition to the Lincoln Memorial during the Cambodian crisis, and found that the young protesters who gathered around him simply weren't interested in talking about football.

Here again, it would be a mistake to underestimate the political impact of the President's squareness. A healthy majority of the President's fellow squares want their country to remain number one in the world, and, also like the President, interest themselves passionately in football. But the President's squareness in such respects is not a political put-on. He certainly recognizes the political usefulness of being known as a sports fan—he obliquely acknowledged the political impact of football last fall when he came out foursquare for Washington's beleaguered Redskins, despite "the fact that there are no votes in Washington." But his football obsession, like his true-blue, Whittier-style patriotism, comes entirely naturally to him.

To Mr. Nixon—as to many millions of his fellow squares—the point of a game is to win. A football team should strive with all its might to be number one in its league, and the United States should strive with all its might to be "number one in the world." For that matter, a Navy lieutenant should strive to win every winnable hand at poker, and a President of the United States should strive not only to win reelection, but to win it by the biggest possible majority. A desire to win, however, is not an ideology. In his first three years in the White House, President Nixon has amply demonstrated that he has no ideology.

Here we come to the second of those odd facts about him. No doubt the avaricious poker players in the Pacific rear areas where Lieutenant Nixon served out his war thought that this young Quaker would be a nice fat pigeon. Instead, he soon turned out to be one of the most aggressively successful poker players in the Navy. Today, his lack of any overburdening ideology makes it possible for him to use the talents which made him a brilliant poker player to their fullest, unencumbered by ideological convictions. It makes it possible for him to "finesse" (this favorite Nixonian verb, rather surprisingly, is borrowed from bridge, not poker) his natural enemies, the liberal Democrats.

Since he became President, he has finessed the Democrats again and again. His central vulnerability when he took office was, of course, Vietnam. The Democratic dove-liberals, both in politics and in the media, were positively licking their chops at the prospect of destroying Nixon as Lyndon Johnson had been destroyed, using Vietnam as their blunt instrument.

The President's basic technique for dealing with this danger has had a lot to do with the technique of a poker bluff. He emitted great clouds of rhetoric about how he would "not be the first American President to preside over a defeat," and at the same time initiated what was the greatest retreat short of victory in American history.

The danger was obvious from the start—that the retreat would turn into a rout, and thus result in that

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overt and unconcealable defeat over which the President had said he would never preside. His formula for averting the danger was "Vietnamization," but as the withdrawals continued, it became increasingly clear that "Vietnamization" could not possibly work unless the war's established ground rules were changed. The old ground rules permitted the Communists to attack at will from Laos and Cambodia, without fear of ground counterattack in Laos, or any kind of counterattack in Cambodia. The President took a poker player's bold chance, and changed the ground rules, first in Cambodia, then in Laos.

He paid a high price. After Cambodia especially, it seemed possible that he would be destroyed by Vietnam, as Johnson was destroyed. But on balance, the President's gamble seems to have paid off. It is a considerably better-than-even bet that by election day that unconcealable defeat, with the VC flag fluttering over Saigon, which was the chief risk involved in "Vietnamization," will not have occurred.

If the President, as seems likely, leaves behind a small, all-professional, all-volunteer residual force, as re-insurance against that kind of defeat, the Democrats will certainly make the residual force an issue. There is no doubt that most of the voters are sick unto death of the Vietnam War. But Mr. Nixon has often said in private that if the Democrats want to make Vietnam the major issue, he will be delighted. And surely it will not be altogether easy for the Democrats to attack a President who has withdrawn half a million men without disaster from a war they cranked up. Some shrewd Democratic professionals—Hubert Humphrey, for instance—believe that it would be smart politics for the Democrats to pretend that Vietnam never existed.

Elsewhere on the foreign-policy front, the President is busily burnishing his image as a blessed peacemaker, and his trips to Peking and Moscow, while they are unlikely to result in any diplomatic triumphs, will make the image shinier. A President is always a creature of destiny, of course, and some major disaster abroad could deburnish the image in a hurry. But on balance, Mr. Nixon's conduct of foreign policy should be a net plus next November.

Economic disaster at home would be far more surely fatal to the President's re-election prospects than disaster abroad. But the President's sudden reversal of economic policy in August was a tribute to the political usefulness of being unencumbered by ideology. One thing is sure: Mr. Nixon will do absolutely everything in his power to make good on his endlessly repeated prediction that 1972 will be "a very good year." And at least one Democratic issue that could have been decisive—the charge of flaccid inaction in the face of unemployment, inflation, and the international enfeeblement of the dollar—has been finessed.

Other issues have been finessed. Repeatedly, the liberal Democrats have reached for a stick with which to beat the President, only to have him snatch it away from them. In technical-political terms, it has been a skillful performance, fascinating to watch.

Take, for example, the issue of environmental pollution. Senator Edmund Muskie is an authentic expert on pollution—he became deeply interested in the subject long before it became a fashionable issue. It was interesting to watch Muskie's face as President Nixon, delivering his 1970 State of the Union message, launched into a passionate peroration on the need for a multibillion-dollar program to "improve the quality of life." Muskie's expression was a bit like that of the small boy who has lost the game but has been told to be a good sport about it.

Muskie's countermove, moreover, neatly illustrated the dilemma into which the President's technique of finessing the issues has propelled the liberal Democrats. Muskie called a press conference, denounced the President's program as a cheap fraud, and called for spending a great deal more money to deal with the pollution problem.

As Senator Hugh Scott, the Senate Republican leader, likes to point out with a small, contented smile, the Democrats are, in this respect, in a worse bind than the Republicans were when they were labeled "the me-too party." "At least the Republicans were promising to do a better job for a lot less," Scott says. "Now the Democrats have to promise to do a better job for a lot more." The promise to spend a lot more money is not universally appealing in a time of inflation and high taxes.

That is the weakness of the issue Senator Edward Kennedy has chosen as his major issue—universal medical insurance. The merits of the matter aside, a program which has a $70 billion price tag hung on it is not easily salable, especially when the Administration has finessed the issue with a much cheaper program of its own.

Other issues have been similarly finessed. The Democrats were all set to make the "question of national priorities"—meaning less money for defense and more for social programs—a central issue. With the help of that dove-in-hawk's-clothing Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, plus a lot of built-in increases in HEW spending, plus some phony bookkeeping, the President was able to boast that, in fiscal 1971, spending for social needs would exceed military expenditures for the first time in twenty years.

Tax reform, which was one of Robert Kennedy's favorite issues, and draft reform, another favorite issue of Edward Kennedy's, were similarly finessed. The liberal Democrats were just beginning to think hard about proposing a floor under incomes of the poor when, lo and behold, the Republican President proposed precisely that, over the objections of all but two or three of his advisers. Again, the Democrats were reduced to saying, "me too, only more."

All this finessing has shoved the Nixon Administration a good deal further to the left than most Nix-

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onologists would have believed possible when the President took office. But the President has been able, with an assist from Spiro Agnew, to appease the right-wing ideologues with his rhetoric—rhetoric always means more to ideologues than real issues—and with his conservative appointments or attempted appointments, especially to the Supreme Court. There are, of course, loud anti-Nixonian mutterings among the right ideologues, but their voting strength is negligible. What matters a great deal more to Mr. Nixon is the voting strength—and the electoral college strength—of the South.

The nominations of Clement Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court were, of course, aimed at the South. They did the President some harm in the North, but memories fade fast (quick now, who was Francis Xavier Morrissey?). The names of Haynsworth and Carswell are already fading in Northern memories, but they still are vividly remembered in the South. To judge by the polls, the famous "Southern strategy" is working, and working rather well, thanks to such nominations, plus Spiro T. Agnew's oratory, plus an attitude of benign neglect on civil rights. Nixon runs far ahead of all the liberal Democrats in tests of Southern sentiment, and he also runs ahead of George C. Wallace, even in the Deep South.

George Wallace is the chief threat to Nixon's strategy of co-opting the square majority. In 1968, Wallace took 13 percent of the vote, and he might have taken a lot more if the labor chiefs had not made a Herculean effort to cut Wallace down to size in the last few weeks of the campaign. In the next election, the labor leaders may not be so eager to hold Wallace down, for it is now obvious that most of the Wallace vote, North and South, will come out of Mr. Nixon's hide. For Wallace, like Nixon, is the candidate of the squares. He is the candidate of a special segment of squaredom, the angry squares—the disaffected middle-class and lower-middle-class voters, who are furious at the radical young and the militant blacks, and who represent a far bigger minority than either.

Wallace is by now a professional presidential candidate. But more polls showing the President beating Wallace on his own turf just might dry up Wallace's financial sources and force him out of the race, perhaps with some sort of quid pro quo from the Administration or from the fatter cats among Mr. Nixon's supporters. This was one reason why the President was so furious at the Democratic dollar-a-voter tax bill rider, for it virtually guaranteed a Wallace candidacy. Again, he took an aggressive poker-player's chance, and forced the Democrats to back down on the rider with his threat to veto the whole tax bill.

Partly with Wallace in mind, the President has done his best to finesse what may be the ugliest and most emotionally charged issue of the campaign—the issue of busing for racial balance. Here he has the Democrats at a disadvantage, for a liberal Democrat cannot oppose busing without risking his black constituency, and his liberal-intellectual constituency too. The liberal intellectuals are notably not a Nixon constituency, and neither are the blacks: "The blacks are not where our votes are," presidential aide John Ehrlichman once remarked in a moment of candor.

Polls show whites opposing busing for racial balance by four-to-one or more, and even blacks split about even. Moreover, this is the guttiest kind of gut issue. While the liberal Democrats (except, perhaps, Henry Jackson) have nervously straddled the issue, the President has ordered his subordinates to enforce the Supreme Court's busing edict "to the minimum required by law." This is a difficult finesse—a sort of double finesse, in fact—since the unanimous Supreme Court ruling on busing was written by the President's own appointee as Chief Justice, Warren Burger, and since the President is sworn to enforce the law as interpreted by the Court. But on balance the political advantage clearly lies with Mr. Nixon.

In all these ways (despite the bridge analogy), the President has been playing political poker, and playing it with cool competence. Here it is necessary to be fair, which it is sometimes difficult to be with Mr. Nixon, as it was with President Johnson. President Nixon certainly wants to go down in history as a good, and if possible a great, President, although with less anguished eagerness than the ill-starred Johnson. He is aware that the best way to do so is to do what is good for the country, and that this is also a good way to win re-election. These considerations certainly affected, to cite four examples, his decisions to initiate a controlled retreat from Vietnam, to establish contact with Peking, to reverse his economic policy, and to ask a minimum income for the poor. But there was really no more ideological passion in such moves than a good poker player might bring to a hard-played session of the game.

A British general, Sir Robert Thompson, remarked after an interview with Mr. Nixon that he was "America's first professional President." The remark may exaggerate the case, but there is something to it. Only the most passionate Nixonophiles—a rare breed—would claim that he has offered the country inspiring leadership. But at least he has so far avoided disaster, and at least his lack of ideological baggage has permitted him to do some things that badly needed to be done—and spinach to Republican orthodoxy. In this writer's opinion, he has been a better President than his long years as an aspirant to the presidency could have led a prudent man to expect. He has done a better job as a President than as a politician who wanted to be President.

Yet Mr. Nixon remains an eminently defeatable President. This is strange, for incumbent Presidents are very hard to beat—only two have been defeated in this century. It is easy to imagine another sort of man—Nelson Rockefeller, say—doing essentially the

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same things that Nixon has done, and having, by this time, such an armlock on the presidency as to make the Democratic nomination hardly worth accepting.

The reason Richard Nixon does not have an armlock on the presidency is that he was not designed by God to be a politician. True, he is a brilliant politician in one sense: he has displayed great skill in using the powers of his office, plus his own lack of ideological baggage, to forestall and enfeeble the opposition. But that is only one function of a politician. The other function of a politician is to get people to like him, so that they will vote for him.

Most major politicians are likable fellows—if they hadn't been, they would not have become politicians. Nixon went into politics the way other young men home from the wars went into construction, or merchandise, or whatever—for lack of anything better to do. If he had not answered the famous ad by the Whittier Republican Committee seeking a candidate to oppose Congressman Jerry Voorhis, Nixon might now be a fat-cat California lawyer.

Most politicians are born, whereas Richard Nixon is a made politician. He once remarked to me: "I just can't be a buddy-buddy boy." Natural politicians are buddy-buddy boys by instinct—they are bonhomous fellows, always ready with the smile and the slap on the back. Richard Nixon has never slapped a back in his life, and his smile often seems a difficult muscular exercise. He is so totally non-bonhomous that his small talk, as on that occasion at the Lincoln Memorial, can be agonizingly embarrassing. Nowadays, for the ceremonial and social occasions at which a President is expected to display bonhomie, aides prepare for the President suggested topics of meaningless conversation plus a selection of small jokes.

Here we come back to the third and fourth odd fact about Mr. Nixon. His grandmother and his great-grandmother on the Milhous side were both successful and regionally famous lady preachers, who roamed the Midwest to preach the gospel and oppose sin (his grandmother, like Nelson Rockefeller's, was a founder-member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union). This highly unusual genetic inheritance explains a lot about Nixon as politician.

Nixon belongs to the minority strain of the *genus politicus Americanus*—like Woodrow Wilson, he is of the preacher-politician strain. The genetically inspired urge to preach comes over him regularly. One example was his televised broadcast explaining his decision to send troops into Cambodia. The first two thirds of the speech was a sensible explication of the military rationale of a rather minor military operation. But then the President's distaff genes took over, and the last third of the speech was a self-righteous sermonette, in which the President compared his decision with the great decisions of Wilson, Roosevelt, Eisenhower, and Kennedy, and offered up his own political future to the righteousness of his cause. He thus grossly inflated the significance of the operation, and ensured that the nationwide protest that duly ensued would be as bitter as possible.

This preachiness, this sense of his own righteousness is as genuine as his football obsession. It is far more genuine than those who see him only as Trick E. Dixon have ever recognized. The quality helps to explain why those who dislike him detest him so heartily. They are infuriated by what one senator calls his "goddamn holier-than-thou pose"—above all in a man they see as an aggressive and duplicitous politician. Yet it is important to realize that this sense of his own righteousness, which is part of his Quaker heritage, is perfectly real in Nixon.

So is his aggressiveness. Nixon is Irish on both sides, but from all accounts, his father belonged to the special breed of fighting, or Black, Irish. Those who recall Mr. Nixon Senior use words like "cantankerous," "aggressive," and "irritable" to describe him. Nixon himself has said that his father had "a hot temper," adding, "I learned early that the only way to deal with him was to abide by the rules he laid down. Otherwise, I would probably have felt the touch of a ruler or a strap as my brothers did."

Nixon is his father's son. "When I am attacked," he once told me, "my instinct is to strike back." He has a compulsion to accept a challenge, however politically unwise it may be to do so. In 1960, he was certainly unwise to accept the challenge to debate with the much less well known Kennedy. A more recent example was his decision to go to Miami in November to play Daniel in the den of the labor-union lions gathered for the AFL-CIO Convention.

His advisers unanimously urged him not to go, to send instead some bland message of appeasement to Miami; adviser George Shultz, it is said, almost went down on his knees to beg Nixon not to go. But the President's Irish blood was up. He had been attacked, and rather brutally attacked, by George Meany, and his "instinct to strike back" prevailed.

There are those—and there are plenty of labor men among them—who are sure that this was a typical ploy by that duplicitous fellow, Trick E. Dixon, playing for sympathy and putting labor on the spot. Labor's treatment of "the President of all the people" did annoy a lot of the people, and the episode may have been worth a point or two in the polls. But it was bad long-run politics all the same.

Labor's enthusiasm for most of the liberal Democrats, including Nixon's most likely opponent in 1972 (whom George Meany refers to as "Shmuskie"), is pallid in the extreme. By no stretch of the imagination would labor have supported Richard Nixon in 1972. But labor might not have fought him very hard—and that could have made all the difference. Labor's belated effort to go all out for Hubert Humphrey in 1968 came amazingly close to electing Humphrey. Now the President can be sure of one thing: the labor men, who are furiously angry, will go

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all out for his opponent, whatever his name—even if his name is John Lindsay, Meany's most unfavorite candidate. Labor's undying enmity is a big political price for the President to pay for giving his Black Irish "instinct to strike back" a run in the yard.

The plain fact is that the President is not really a very good politician when he is playing the essential role of the politician-as-candidate. In his younger days as a candidate, his "instinct to strike back" led him to stage what he called "rocking, socking" campaigns. In these campaigns he was quite capable of striking back before he was struck, and striking some very low blows into the bargain.

The low blows consisted of scoring sleazy debating tricks off his opponents. Any Nixonologist can produce a long list of low blows from the early Nixon period. A prime example is the question he asked, ostensibly in a spontaneous aside, in a television broadcast in the 1954 campaign: "And isn't it grand at last to have a Secretary of State who isn't taken in by the Communists?" This oblique attack, of course, was directed at Dean Acheson and George Marshall. It had all the earmarks of the classic Nixon low blow—a rhetorical question, delivered with carefully calculated spontaneity, suggesting a falsehood without actually stating it.

There are plenty of other examples of Nixon's tendency in those days to "make the worse appear the better reason," notably in the famous "Checkers Speech." As in that speech, the technique of *suggestio falsi* could be highly effective temporarily. But again, it was bad politics. It left a bad taste in the mouths of many uncommitted voters who might otherwise have voted for Nixon, and that bad taste was certainly one major reason why Nixon missed the White House in 1960.

Nixon is not a fool. As he grew older and wiser, he came to realize that although those "rocking, socking" attacks might win him the plaudits of the committed, the bad taste in so many uncommitted mouths was bad politics. After about 1956, it is hard to find a really vintage Nixonism, though there have been occasional echoes. His 1968 campaign consisted largely of distaff-style sermonettes, with very little rocking or socking. The result was blandness, with cosmetic touches supplied by his retinue of P.R. experts. By November—as a result of national tedium—he had almost completely lost his big early lead.

The fact is that as a candidate for office, Nixon has consistently been a thoroughly second-rate politician. He is a second-rate politician simply because he is not a natural politician, because he was made, not born. It took an amazing concatenation of circumstances, from Lyndon Johnson's withdrawal to Rockefeller's tergiversations to Humphrey's disaster at the hands of the left in Chicago, to make him President. But Richard Nixon *is* President, and there is a vast difference between the situation of a politician who has not been elected President and wants to be, and a politician who already is President and wants to go on being President. It is an old rule of American politics that the best way to get elected President is to be President already.

Being President already is an even bigger asset to Richard Nixon than it is to most Presidents. As President, Nixon doesn't have to try to be a buddy-buddy boy anymore—and he doesn't try. "The dignity of the presidency is a very big thing with him," says an aide. "Even before he was inaugurated, the word went out that we were *always* to wear a coat and tie in his presence. And of course we still do."

One of the President's favorite passages is General de Gaulle's disquisition in his autobiography on the need for a national leader to maintain distance, mystery, and aloofness. Richard Nixon is no De Gaulle, but he clearly enjoys the distance the office of the presidency puts between him and other people.

"None of us is really close to him," says an aide. "He's like a polite but distant hermit—he emerges every once in a while from his cave, blinks in the light, and then goes back in again. There's a kind of *inwardness* about the man."

Nixon likes guarding his own inwardness: he feels comfortable with himself, according to those who see him daily, and more and more so as the years of his presidency have passed and no great disaster has overtaken him. He feels now *bien dans sa peau* ("well in his skin"), as the French say, in a way that he never did during his long, hard crawl to the top. The Bible warns that a man cannot, by taking thought, add a cubit to his stature. But there is one way a man can add a cubit to his stature—by getting elected President.

Nixon clearly hopes to add another cubit by getting re-elected, this time by a safe majority, and presiding triumphantly over the American bicentennial. He remains a defeatable incumbent, essentially because he is so unnatural a politician and therefore so unlovable a public figure. But most political pros, Democrats included, would give him a slightly better-than-even chance to be re-elected. In that case, we are likely to find out at last what manner of man this odd and idiosyncratic person really is. Perhaps we will find out even before next November.

Except for Dwight Eisenhower, a lucky man, every President in recent history has faced his testing time. If Richard Nixon serves a full eight years, his test seems almost mathematically sure to come. It could come abroad, of course, in a confrontation with the Soviets in the Middle East or elsewhere. It seems more likely to come at home. And it seems most likely to involve the centrifugal force which is operating so powerfully in this country.

"What has been pulling us apart?" Daniel Patrick Moynihan asked in his leaked memorandum to the President. "One wishes one knew." Mr. Moynihan's answer is hardly satisfactory, but his question is the central question that confronts the country.

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American society has always been fragile. Europeans who talk about American "conformism" have been exposed only to a small minority of such wide racial and social diversity, and the country's very bigness and industrial complexity add always to the threat of internal conflict. Indeed, except in rare moments of a universally perceived external threat, as after Pearl Harbor, the United States has never achieved more than a surface appearance of unity. Abraham Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt, perhaps the two greatest Presidents in our history, both presided over a nation rent and riven by disunity.

The United States is not going to turn into one big happy family, even when the Vietnam tragedy is at last behind us. The danger is that the pulling-apart process may get out of hand, and that the President, whom Walter Lippmann once described as a naturally divisive politician, will be tempted to encourage and exploit the process.

The liberal intellectuals of academia and the media are for the most part isolated from certain harsh realities of American politics. It comes as a shock to them when, for example, the 1968 polls show the public overwhelmingly in favor of Mayor Daley's cops and against "the kids" in Chicago; or when a *Newsweek* poll shows the public blaming the students rather than the National Guard for the Kent State tragedy by a margin of three to one; or when the evidence mounts that both busing for purposes of racial balance in schools and "scatter housing" are so bitterly unpopular among middle-class whites as to risk widespread violence.

The people who favored Daley's cops or blamed the students at Kent State or march in protest against busing or housing projects are, by and large, Mr. Nixon's people. They are part of the square majority which is his natural constituency, and which he intends to grapple to his bosom with hoops of steel.

Mind you, it is the object of the great game to seek a majority, and when Franklin Roosevelt, for example, was seeking his majority, he was not particularly forebearing toward the "money changers in the temple" and his other favorite enemies. It is silly to expect a Republican President to talk and behave like a liberal Democrat, as so many liberal Democratic commentators seem to expect him to do. Moreover, Richard Nixon has been a better politician-as-President than his record as a politician-as-candidate might have led one to expect.

And yet . . . and yet. One senses that a time may be coming when the fragile political and social structure of this country may be threatened as rarely before, and however fair one may wish to be, it is impossible not to worry about how Mr. Nixon might react to such a crisis, especially if he himself were in political trouble. There is that lack of any deep ideological commitment, that instinctive conviction that to win is everything. There is the self-righteousness, the genetic urge to preach, the "instinct to strike back."

Especially if the economy began to go really sour, and he himself were under bitter attack from the left, the President would be subjected to a powerful temptation to exploit the furies and frustrations of the square majority by directing that majority's wrath against the unsquare minority. It may be said that he has done so already, notably in the 1970 campaign. But in general, as President, he has played within the very flexible rules of the political game.

To an extent astonishing in retrospect, a mere senator—Joe McCarthy—almost tore the country apart when he refused to play by the rules of the game in exploiting the fears and frustrations of the square majority. Vice President Richard Nixon, after all, never repudiated or even criticized McCarthy, and there is enough McCarthyism of the left to give him self-righteous excuses for playing the game the same way. A President who played that sort of game might break the whole American structure apart.

"The prince must be a lion," Machiavelli wrote, "but he must also know how to play the fox." Mr. Nixon knows how to play the fox, all right. This is not said in denigration—to lead this stubborn country, a President must also be a shrewd and sometimes duplicitous politician. Lincoln and Roosevelt were among the shrewdest and most duplicitous.

The question remains: Can the fox also play the lion? In the time of domestic crisis that may lie ahead, can the President summon up in himself the large-mindedness and courage to withstand the opportunity to exploit the centrifugal force in our society to his own advantage, and instead to make whatever political sacrifice may be necessary to control the process which threatens the fragile American political and social structure?

No one can make any firm prediction, of course. But my own instinct is that the answer to that question would almost certainly be "yes"—if Mr. Nixon had once been safely re-elected to a second and last term. Then Richard Nixon would never have to worry again about being a buddy-buddy boy or maneuvering for the votes of people who do not much like him. The danger is in the immediate future, in the coming campaign. If the election is close, and Mr. Nixon senses that he is in deep trouble, then the country could be in deep trouble too.

President Nixon's testing time, in short, may be in the presidential election months which lie immediately ahead. Indeed, his time of testing may have started already. If so, it will be interesting to see whether this strange man can bring himself to realize that the point of the game is not always only to win. □

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LBJ AND THE KENNEDYS

by Michael Janeway

Carrying on a family matter.

So much went wrong between Lyndon Johnson and the American people that it has seemed best for everyone's peace of mind to compress it all into truisms. File (under *T* for *Tragedy,* see *Vietnam, War in*) and forget. One day, when historians get around to it, and if the guards at Pharaoh's pyramid cooperate, some intriguing riddles of the man's life and time could become the subject of a rich and fascinating revisionist discussion. Then perhaps we can look at the Johnson story in a clean, well-lighted place, and see beyond truisms to some truth about his troubles and his complexity.

Truth is very dimly visible in Lyndon Johnson's memoir, *The Vantage Point: Perspectives of the Presidency, 1963-1969.** As the critics have shown, it is a guarded, self-serving wax museum of a memoir. It lacks his country-slicker wit, a genre of which he is a master. With some notable exceptions, we do not hear the voice of the needful, driving "President of *all* the people," who wanted not just our votes but our worship and love. He tries hard to help us forget the "arrogance of power" that disturbed even his old and close friends. An ever-so-reasonable, almost primly discreet statesman in retirement is the author of *The Vantage Point.* He lifts a bit of the brocade curtain here, and just a little there. Yet, in spite of the excessive interior and exterior decoration, it is an intriguing book on several counts, if one has the patience to read between Lyndon's lines.

He has tried to put it all right with the world in his book, and it doesn't quite fit. John F. Kennedy began, and Lyndon B. Johnson continued. The Continuer healed the nation's wounds, abolished poverty, brought the Emancipation Proclamation to life, created the Great Society, and saved the Free World from the dark threat of unchallenged aggression on the banks of the Mekong, though not without cost. He discusses costs, but strictly on his ear-blocked terms: "A certain degree of violent disagreement with our Vietnam effort was inevitable, but I am convinced that it passed the bounds of reasonable debate and fair dissension. It became a self-inflicted wound of critical proportions. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that this dissension prolonged the war, prevented a peaceful settlement on reasonable terms, encouraged our enemies, disheartened our friends, and weakened us as a nation." Those who sabotaged his effort to (and I quote) "escalate peace," and who insisted on inflicting wounds upon themselves, could just find themselves another healer. He had done his best. Johnson City was glad to see him, and he it. Farewell to the weakened nation.

But a specter is haunting Johnson City: the specter of illegitimacy. Johnson knows as well as he knows anything that political legitimacy is not just the stuff of bloody history and great plays. How does the sovereign come to power? What doubts (fair or unfair) do people have about his rule now or his aquisition of power in the past? How does he react under the pressure of those public doubts? What does he take his compact with the people to be? Does it include sending men to die in battle? By whose leave and by what sanction was that part of the compact established? These are all questions that bear on the degree of political legitimacy a sovereign enjoys.

We think of political legitimacy in its strictest sense as rule by hereditary right. When the hereditary line was broken or in doubt, trouble ensued. Divine right of kings gave way to rule according to laws and constitutions. When the laws or constitutions are tampered with, trouble also ensues. If the tampering is not brazen or palpable, but merely suspected and argued about, then the trouble could be as minimal as yesterday morning's "tut-tut" from Walter Lippmann. But when there is a long and complicated background of suspicion of tampering, when foul play is in the air, when the plot includes something

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like a medieval set of elements: assassination, resentful surviving kin, and a furtively conducted war of dubious origins and purpose, then we are talking about questions of political legitimacy as relevant in the last decade as in Machiavelli's time, or Shakespeare's. Indeed we have been talking about them for years now, but it has been a very superficial discussion of surfaces and shadows, of "credibility" and "charisma."

Some of these questions bothered the electorate. Some of them nagged at Johnson. The doubts rolled back and forth across the line of compact whereby sovereignty passes from the people to one man. At a certain moment in early 1968, the line broke down; Johnson sensed something like a national uprising, and he yielded to it.

The Tet Offensive of early 1968 was the beginning of the end. Johnson maintains a looking-glass view of that crucial last chapter in his effort to hold the eyes of the public on the alleged light at the end of the tunnel. "I announced," he writes, "that Tet had been a military failure for the enemy," but warned of "their second objective . . . a psychological victory. . . the defeat the Communists suffered did not have the telling effect it should have had largely because of what we did to ourselves." The "self-inflicted wound," "what we did to ourselves": wearing these blinders, Johnson can face the mirror and see a President who did not falter, and a people who did.

In the wake of the "Glorious Revolution" of 1689, arguing against fears of "mischief" if "rulers should sometimes be liable to be opposed when they grow exorbitant in the use of their power," John Locke wrote: "I grant that the pride, ambition, and turbulency of private men have sometimes caused great disorders in commonwealths, and factions have been fatal to states and kingdoms. But whether the mischief hath oftener begun in the people's wantonness, and a desire to cast off the lawful authority of their rulers, or in the rulers' insolence, and endeavors to get and exercise an arbitrary power over their people; whether oppression or disobedience gave the first rise to the disorder, I leave it to impartial history to determine." Locke was talking about tyranny and rebellion as they were then practiced. We are talking about a dual collapse of political confidence, that of the people in their President and the President in the people. We are also talking of pride, ambition, turbulence, factions, mischief, and disorder; but not, I think, so much of the ruler's insolence or arbitrary exercise of power as of his fears about the legitimacy of his rule. This is hard to see, for the popular picture of Johnson is the simplest version of the Lockean one: the ruler went too far, and the people put a stop to it. But Locke (or Machiavelli, anyway) would have asked, "How did the ruler come to power?"

When John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, both Mr. and Mrs. Johnson could hardly have been more sensitive to the situation they faced. Johnson writes in *The Vantage Point* that "a troubled, puzzled, and outraged nation wanted to know the facts" about the assassination. Then Ruby shot Oswald and "the outrage of a nation turned to skepticism and doubt. The atmosphere was poisonous and had to be cleared. I was aware of some of the implications that grew out of that skepticism and doubt. Russia was not immune to them. Neither was Cuba. Neither was the State of Texas. Neither was the new President of the United States.

"Lady Bird had told me a story when I finally arrived at our home in northwest Washington on the night of November 22. She and Liz Carpenter had driven home immediately after our arrival at the White House, while I stayed on to work. On their way to our house, Liz had commented: 'It's a terrible thing to say, but the salvation of Texas is that the Governor [John Connally] was hit.'

"And Lady Bird replied: 'Don't think I haven't thought of that. I only wish it could have been me.' "

It was a most hideous beginning for Johnson's presidency. He was as aware as anyone of the flood of conspiracy theory and counter-theory that followed the assassination. Then, too, it was not the first crisis of political legitimacy he had survived, but only the most awful one.

These experiences, and the effects they had on Johnson personally, constitute the source material for some future "secret history," the barest outline of which is discernible in *The Vantage Point.* It is the secret history of Lyndon Johnson's private wars with his Texas constituency, with the Kennedy family, with public opinion, and with himself.

To summarize the early chronology: in 1941, LBJ was first counted in, and then out, in a special election for a vacant U.S. Senate seat. It is generally understood in Texas that his conservative opponent stole the election. In 1946 Johnson faced his first serious opposition for the congressional seat he had held for five terms. The opponent made an issue of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's expanding business interests and claimed that Johnson was misusing his office in pursuit of wealth. It was the first but by no means the last time Johnson would hear that charge, buttressed with ever-more-specific details. In 1948, he won his Senate seat, but by a margin of only eighty-seven notorious votes. It was always awkward, to say the least, for him to justify what happened in 1948—each side claimed the other stole or rigged votes—on the grounds that after 1941 he had a turn coming to him. The impression that "Something Is Rotten in the State of Texas" (the title of a 1951 *Collier's* article on the subject) dogged him down through the years.

A pattern set in early: be careful what you run for. Above all, never again fall into a race like that of 1948. Build a fort to retreat to; even be prepared for "them" to wipe you out (Mr. Johnson's intimates often speak of his "Alamo complex"). Don't appear to

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want to make a race. Make your supporters force you to run, thus binding them to you while leaving you the last option of pulling out if the candidacy looks threatened. Don't reach until the reaching is safe; wait for the cinch play; then perform as only you can.

His leadership of the Senate Democrats in the 1950s was such a cinch play. It was as if the opportunity had been set up for Johnson's particular skills: a volatile mixture of activism tempered by caution, and altruism marinated over a period of years in a most persuasively articulated self-protective opportunism. He played the role brilliantly. It was a performance bested only by that in his first year and a half as President for expertise, accomplishment, exuberant pleasure in achieving great ends, and pure *tour de force.* The focus of that period was one of the most fabulous cinch plays any politician ever enjoyed: the 1964 campaign.

I am ahead of the story. Johnson's constituency was cranky in the 1950s, and he fretted about it constantly, seeing menaces everywhere, exaggerating them, and appeasing them. This was the period in which his liberal critics added a new nickname, "Lying-down Lyndon," to the one with which he emerged from the 1948 race, "Landslide Lyndon." He knew that the Senate leadership job at once protected him from potential conservative opposition in Texas and made him tempting prey. His two predecessors as Senate Democratic leader and his senior Texas Senate colleague had each been recently retired by homegrown challengers. Challenge didn't come when he expected it, in 1954, and safely reelected, Senate Minority Leader Johnson became the Majority Leader as a result of Democratic gains in the 1954 elections. Adlai Stevenson was the front-running candidate for the 1956 Democratic presidential nomination.

Enter former President Lyndon Johnson, author of *The Vantage Point.* In 1955, he records at the outset, "Senator Kennedy's father . . . called me at my ranch. He said that he and John Kennedy wanted to support me for President and would like to work for my nomination at the 1956 Democratic Convention if I would run. I thanked him but said that I did not wish to be a candidate. As it later developed, my name *was* placed in nomination, but purely for reasons of local Democratic politics. . . . [As a favorite-son candidate] I cast the vote of the Texas delegation for John Kennedy for the Vice Presidential nomination at that convention.

"A few days later, after I had returned home, I wrote the following letter to Joe Kennedy:

August 25, 1956

Dear Joe:

For a week now I have been taking care of Lyndon Johnson—sunning, swimming and sleeping as much as my folks would let me. But in addition, I have been thinking of a lot of things, one of them being that phone call from you in October of last year.

You said then that you and Jack wanted to support me for President in 1956 but that if I were not interested, you planned to support Adlai Stevenson. I told you I was not interested and it occurs to me that you may be somewhat mystified about my activities in Chicago last week. When I see you I will explain how they involved a local political situation here in Texas and were not inconsistent with what I told you last October.

But this note, Joe, is being sent your way to tell you how proud I am of the Democratic Senator from Massachusetts and how proud I am of the Texas Delegation and other Delegations from the South for their support of him in Chicago last Friday afternoon. In my opinion, that session of the Convention lighted the brightest lamp of hope for a truly great Democratic Party. I hope we can talk about this sometime when you are in Washington.

With all good wishes and warmest regards, I am

Sincerely,
Lyndon B. Johnson

What is this curious letter, rich in flavorful allusions, doing in this book? It is one of the very few documents from Johnson's files to wind up here on view. Pursue the narrative a few steps further. Several chapters along, discussing his attitude toward the presidency, Johnson writes, ". . . in 1955 I suffered a serious heart attack. I recovered, but the experience left me deeply aware of my physical limitations. There was also the problem of geography. I frankly did not think that anyone from the South would be nominated, much less elected, in my lifetime."

Pieces of the story of how Johnson wound up on the 1960 ticket as Kennedy's candidate for Vice President have been told in carefully researched fashion elsewhere. The version Johnson offers is doctored and sketchy, but does note the difficulties caused him by Robert Kennedy's riddlesome efforts to suggest that maybe Johnson wasn't welcome on the ticket after all. Johnson records that after he and John Kennedy came to their agreement, Speaker Rayburn learned that "a wild story was making the rounds to the effect that Mr. Rayburn and I had threatened John Kennedy with defeat if he did not put me on the ticket. A number of people were convinced that Bobby had leaked the story to satisfy those to whom he had given assurances that I would not be selected.

"Mr. Rayburn told me he was going to nail this lie right away. He apparently did so with a single telephone call to the candidate. The newspapers the next morning carried Senator Kennedy's forceful denial that there was any truth to the story. Kennedy and I went on from that day to join forces, and campaign and win."

Johnson's account passes in silence over two relevant circumstances of that day in 1960. The first is that Kennedy invited Johnson onto the ticket in spite of Johnson's acid personal attacks on JFK and on Joseph Kennedy before and during the convention in

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which LBJ, too, sought the presidential nomination. The second circumstance was that Ambassador Kennedy was one of those voices, and perhaps the key one, urging his son to take Johnson on the ticket, though the sound of LBJ's attack on the Ambassador's pre-World War II sympathies was barely still.

The first circumstance doesn't fall in with the drift of what Johnson is telling us, but the second does (assume for the moment that the discrepancy will help make a more colorful story when it is finally told in full). Johnson is suggesting that he, Joseph Kennedy, and number-one-son, John, "put something together," as it were, as early as 1955: an understanding that together, Johnson, with his Southern Protestant base, and Kennedy, with his Northern urban Catholic base, could do for each other what neither could do alone—combine to make a truly potent team that would effectively overcome the regional or religious prejudices that each would arouse in the electorate if he stood alone. That is what Johnson meant in his 1956 letter to Joseph Kennedy (". . . lighted the brightest lamp of hope for a truly great Democratic Party"—this in the wake of the convention that nominated Stevenson and Estes Kefauver and was surely going down to defeat). Johnson is suggesting that he was at the center of "The Founding Father's" strategy for making his son President. Johnson was no power-hungry usurper, no unwanted albatross to the Kennedy ticket. Why, he didn't even want the 1960 presidential nomination, he says again and again in *The Vantage Point;* it was just that Speaker Rayburn and others "kept pressuring me." As for those attacks on Joe at the convention, well, Joe and Lyndon were shrewd, foxy-grandpa types, not pretty boys. *If* there was an understanding, it would have been broad enough to cover a number of contingencies.* It could well have been broad enough to allow for all-in-the-game personal attacks of the kind Johnson made and permitted his staff to make, especially if an important part of the exercise was to make Johnson's presidential bid credible. (Alas, I can only offer it as spicy hearsay, though my source was, in 1960, one of Johnson's most trusted aides and had it from LBJ, but Joseph Kennedy is supposed to have told Johnson during a golf game in the late summer of 1960 that inasmuch as "these kids" weren't going to be equal to the task of running the United States government, a great deal of the job was going to devolve upon Joe and Lyndon, and therefore it was a good thing all around that they could get along.)

Bearing in mind that we're talking not about any documented, historical God's truth but about Johnson's suggestion of his version of it, recall what happened next. Johnson's vice presidential years were miserable. "Never once in those three years [1960-1963] did I have any reason to believe that John Kennedy looked upon me as a liability," writes Johnson, but the fact is that in the fall of 1963 the Bobby Baker case was becoming a major embarrassment to Johnson and thus to Kennedy. Baker's name does not appear in *The Vantage Point;* Johnson refers only to "reports circulating in Washington that I was going to be 'dumped' from the ticket in 1964. . . . I believed those reports to be rumors and nothing more." He does not mention here what he told any number of people at the time, and what has been reported in some detail since: that he believed that Robert Kennedy was masterminding the Baker case as an instrument for getting him off the 1964 ticket.

But what Johnson omits is well known.Taken together with what he now brings to the record, it adds up to this message: one interested party wasn't in on the Joe-Jack-Lyndon "understanding," and he must have resented deeply the way his father and brother not only dealt him out of it but dealt Lyndon in as the heir in case anything happened to Jack. Of course, John Kennedy had to have *some* Vice President and it couldn't be Robert Kennedy, but the point is that something did happen to Jack, and Lyndon took over, and he and Bobby . . . Well, that's a long story. Robert Kennedy is portrayed in this book as the spoiler, the moody, resentful second son, lying in wait for Johnson, ready to challenge him for betraying his brother's memory whichever way the new President turned. Johnson, in turn, portrays himself as enduring all this like Job, aware that in the end it might just be his own fervent loyalty to John Kennedy's memory that drove Robert Kennedy to as much fury as if Johnson had, in fact, betrayed it.

Legitimacy, hereditary legitimacy, thy name is Joseph, father of John Kennedy, who made his son President and Lyndon Johnson his son's heir. (Making John President was no easy trick, for it involved money and votes, in the spring, summer, and fall of 1960, that aroused questions comparable to those that LBJ had lived with since 1948. It is another story, but a relevant one. Johnson has nothing to say about it in *The Vantage Point.* It cannot have added to his sense of security about his past, present, or future. And, by contrast to Johnson's insecurities and his tendency to show them, there was the example of John Kennedy's confident nonchalance toward the stories of chicanery at the Los Angeles Convention in 1960 and at the polls in November. In the absence of clean-as-a-whistle political legitimacy, "grace under pressure" and pure gall can carry the day.)

With those allusions he does make, Johnson endeavors to draw legitimizing lines through all that has been thrown into doubt about his relations with the Kennedy family, his designation as Vice President in 1960, the scandal lapping near him in 1963,

*Was a Johnson-Kennedy ticket as acceptable to both sides as a Kennedy-Johnson ticket and let the best man take top spot? Was Johnson seriously trying for the presidency in 1960, or just making a race to wind up where he did? His closest confidants can argue it both ways, and have.

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the sudden assassination of the President in Dallas in the company of the Johnsons and the Connallys, and last but hardly least, the war in Vietnam.

"Rightly or wrongly, I felt from the very first day in office that I had to carry on for President Kennedy. I considered myself the caretaker of both his people and his policies. He knew when he selected me as his running mate that I would be the man required to carry on if anything happened to him. I did what I believed he would have wanted me to do. I never wavered from that sense of responsibility, even after I was elected in my own right, up to my last day in office."

Johnson cites any number of remarks by Kennedy to show that the fallen leader "believed in our nation's commitment to the security of Southeast Asia. . . . Our policy would be 'steady on course.' At a joint session of Congress on November 27, 1963 . . . I gave my solemn pledge to the Congress and to the people of the United States: 'We will keep our commitments from South Vietnam to West Berlin.' " The last statement appears three times in the first fifty pages of the book.

But Johnson has a second point to make about the origins of his Vietnam policy, and he is frank to the edge of rawness about it. He recounts how, at his first meeting on Vietnam after the assassination, Henry Cabot Lodge spoke about the role of the Kennedy Administration in encouraging the coup against Ngo Dinh Diem. Johnson writes: "I told Lodge and the others that I had serious misgivings. Many people were criticizing the removal of Diem and were shocked by his murder. . . . I thought we had been mistaken in our failure to support Diem." Controversy over whether or not to support him "led to a crucial decision that never received the serious study and detached thought it deserved. Too much emotionalism was involved . . . a message prepared in the State Department was sent to Saigon on August 24. In effect, it told Ambassador Lodge to advise Diem that immediate steps had to be taken to meet the outstanding Buddhist demands. If Diem did not act promptly, the Ambassador was instructed to advise key Vietnamese military leaders that the United States would not continue to support the Saigon government militarily or economically. This ultimatum meant the removal of Nhu and his politically active wife. . . . If Diem refused, the United States could no longer support him. If the military leaders then took over, we would support them.

"This hasty and ill-advised message was a green light to those who wanted Diem's downfall. Once the Ambassador acted on his instructions, preparations for a coup were stimulated. In my judgment, this decision was a serious blunder which launched a period of deep political confusion in Saigon that lasted almost two years. . . .

"There were profound regrets in Washington [about Diem's murder] as there should have been. . . . One of his [President Kennedy's] final acts concerning Vietnam was to order his principal advisors and the top echelon of our Mission in Saigon to conduct a full-scale review of all aspects of the situation. . . . Fate decreed that their report would come to me and not to the man who had requested it. Vietnam and the consequences of Diem's murder became mine to deal with."

The steady implication through this narrative is that Johnson inherited not only the Kennedy commitment in Vietnam, which the new President was pleased to honor, but a mess. "Too much emotionalism," "hasty and ill-advised message," "serious blunder": these are the strongest words Johnson uses just about anywhere in the book in comment on anyone but outright enemies of his policies abroad and at home. As other records show, the message to Saigon was the work of Roger Hillsman, Michael Forrestal, and Averell Harriman, though their names do not appear in Johnson's account of the incident. All were very much of the Kennedy Administration (though as it happens Hillsman was already on the skids before Kennedy's death, and Harriman later served Johnson well). The telegram to Saigon was dispatched on a day when John Kennedy, Dean Rusk, and Robert McNamara were all away from Washington, and these circumstances* combine to permit Johnson to place the blame for the Vietnamese disaster squarely in the Kennedy Administration's lap, while simultaneously exonerating John Kennedy, Dean Rusk, and Robert McNamara personally. Nonetheless, President Kennedy permitted some second-level bureaucrats to make a mess, and "the consequences of Diem's murder"—most especially escalation to "keep our commitments"—followed from that.

Johnson's tone is a good deal more restrained when he writes, some pages later, of Robert Kennedy's offer in June of 1964 to become Ambassador to South Vietnam: "He said that the Vietnam situation was 'obviously the most important problem facing the United States' and he wanted me to know that if I felt he could help, he was at my service. . . .

"I did not accept his offer because I feared, as did Secretaries Rusk and McNamara, that the potential danger to the late President's brother was too great. But it was a courageous offer for him to make."

Johnson's straight face is set at two Delphic levels in this passage. First, given all that had passed between him and Robert Kennedy by that time (the President was just then preparing his heavy-handed suppression of RFK's own vice presidential boom), could Johnson have heard Kennedy's offer and not wondered what was behind it? These were the months, after all, in which Johnson was most divided in his mind about what to do in Vietnam, and most sensitive to the dangers of escalation; months when

*Chester Cooper's authoritative account in his *The Lost Crusade* states that Kennedy and Rusk knew a good deal about the cable, but that McNamara didn't. At any rate, the principals *were* away from Washington.

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Robert Kennedy's thinking was still close to that of his friends Robert McNamara and Maxwell Taylor. This was the period in which Johnson had good reason to ponder whether, if he failed to follow the tough policy being urged on him, Robert Kennedy and his associates, in search of vulnerable points in Johnson's armor, would not pick the most obvious one: Johnson doesn't know anything about foreign affairs; he lacks the nerve and ability to play the international game. Johnson has run out on my brother's commitment to the gallant people of South Vietnam. . .

But that is all for the future "secret history." For now Johnson finds it sufficient to say that he, Rusk, and McNamara feared for Kennedy's life if he went to Vietnam, and he completes the circle he is drawing around the Kennedys' responsibility for the mess in Vietnam with the implication that the fear was based on anticipation of understandable Vietnamese attitudes toward the President's brother in the wake of the Diem murder. After all, in June of 1964, we were in neither a shooting nor a bombing war.

Johnson concludes his references to Robert Kennedy this way:

"During the four and a half years of my Presidency I had never been able to establish a close relationship with Bobby Kennedy. It was not so much a question of issues; on most matters of national importance we had similar views, after he became a Senator. We even agreed on Vietnam for a long time. We did not come to any sort of parting of the ways on that question until 1966. Perhaps his political ambitions were part of the problem. Maybe it was just a matter of chemistry. I honestly do not know. I recognized and admired his leadership qualities. . . .

"When tragedy struck him down, I was glad that my last meeting with Bobby Kennedy had been friendly." The notes and transcript of that meeting, held on April 3, 1968, and reproduced in the book, include these lines: "He [LBJ] never wanted to be President and had been counting the days to the end of the term ever since the beginning.

"He had never thought of his Administration as just the Johnson Administration, but as a continuation of the Kennedy-Johnson Administration. It was carrying on a family matter."

The distance between Lyndon Johnson's public words and private sentiments became so great by the end of his presidency that it is difficult now for the discerning reader to know which is which. There are and always have been several Lyndon Johnsons. One of them went before an audience in New Orleans at the peak of the 1964 campaign and pursued an all-out civil rights speech through "less than overwhelming" applause to a truly audacious conclusion, the point of which was to express his disgust with the politics of racism, to Dixie's face, in the very language of racism which he publicly and privately abhorred, and at the risk that his use of that language might be misunderstood: "I told the New Orleans assembly a story about Senator Joe Bailey, who was reared and educated in Mississippi and elected to the House and then the Senate from Texas. Bailey had been talking to Congressman Sam Rayburn about the economic problems of the South and had mentioned the great future the South could enjoy if it could develop its resources.

" 'I wish I felt a little better, Sammy,' Joe Bailey said to Mr. Rayburn. 'I would like to go back to Mississippi and make them one more Democratic speech. . . .'

"I looked over the members of the audience, then gave them the old Senator's final words to Mr. Rayburn on that occasion: 'Poor old Mississippi, they haven't heard a Democratic speech in thirty years. All they ever hear at election time is "Nigger, Nigger, Nigger." ' "

Five months later, Johnson told Congress, in an address almost as moving to read now (whether or not he has mixed in some corn in the retelling) as it was to watch over television then:

> "I speak tonight for the dignity of man and the destiny of democracy. . . . At times history and fate meet at a single time in a single place to shape a turning point in man's unending search for freedom. So it was at Lexington and Concord. So it was a century ago at Appomattox. So it was last week in Selma, Alabama.

"I could feel the tension in the Chamber. I could hear the emotion in the echoes of my own words. . . .

"I looked up at the Presidential box. I could barely distinguish the faces of Lady Bird and our daughter Lynda. But I felt them with me. Then I looked straight ahead in the Chamber at my Southern friends. I knew that most of them were not with me. I went on.

> "But even if we pass this bill, the battle will not be over. What happened at Selma is part of a far larger movement which reaches into every section and state of America. It is the effort of American Negroes to secure for themselves the full blessings of American life.

"I paused for breath. In that fleeting moment my thoughts turned to the picket lines in Birmingham, the sit-ins in North Carolina, the marches in Selma. A picture rose before my eyes—a picture of blacks and whites marching together, side by side, chanting and singing the anthem of the civil rights movement.

"I raised my arms.

> "Their cause must be our cause too. Because it is not just Negroes, but really it is all of us who must overcome the crippling legacy of bigotry and injustice. And . . . we . . . shall . . . overcome."

That was one Lyndon Johnson. The other one really did feel doubts about his occupancy of the White House. The critics find these implausibly

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stated in *The Vantage Point,* and so they are when he goes off to the garden to eat worms: "One reason the country could not rally behind a Southern President, I was convinced, was that the metropolitan press of the Eastern seaboard would never permit it." Nobody loves me. (Once he asked Dean Acheson why. "Because, Mr. President," Acheson replied, "you are not a very likeable man.") Never permit it? The press helped build Johnson up in 1964 and 1965, though it poked in his closet and watched him for warts. The Southern issue was a real one, but not, after the Selma speech, the one that divided Johnson from the press or the country. But his harping on it is a measure of his concern about more profound insecurities.

Johnson is more plausible when he writes of his March, 1968, decision to quit: "A great misconception has been built up by the press that I was a man who was hungry for power, who would not conceivably give up power willingly. Those who believed this estimate did not understand that power can lose its charm when a man has known it as many years as I had." And when the doubts the public felt about the man came to be focused on a war that looked like his nasty, stealthy, deceptive piece of work, and when Camelot, now represented by the heir who would never accept "the Kennedy-Johnson Administration," glowed brighter as Robert Kennedy's inevitable challenge came nearer—then it was time to go.

No more 1948s. No more 1963s. No more metropolitan press of the Eastern seaboard. No more advisers urging you on, then running out on you when the "orchestration" of escalation doesn't go according to war-game plans. Let Bobby have it, and let the myth of Camelot float down to gritty, mean realities.

The first wave of revisionist reconstruction of what actually happened in the evolution of our Vietnam policy has helped show what Johnson takes pains to argue here: that he inherited not just a war but a messy administration of it. Johnson doesn't have to worry about that part of his story. The Pentagon Papers have helped make it clear that for a long while during his first months in office the Kennedy group pressed him on, and he held back. His post-assassination fears about his legitimacy in the eyes of "Kennedy Opinion" blended in with his older, Texas-based fears of conventional anti-Communist public opinion (more accurately, his fear of how susceptible that public opinion was to right-wing demagogues, and MacArthur-style generals "going public"). That he therefore accepted his inherited advisers' recommendations and pursued their dangerous policy to its bloody wasteland of an end—all that is another story. When it is told in detail we will come to a deeper awareness of what sort of a man Lyndon Johnson was, and what we have been through with him, and just what sort of "tragedy" his presidency was. Why did the brave man who told the "Nigger, Nigger, Nigger" story to the New Orleans campaign crowd, who cried "We shall overcome" to Congress and the nation, overcome so little, in the end, of his fears about his legitimacy as our President? Why did he waste so much that was good in him and in this country in Vietnam? Johnson feared what people thought of him. For a while in 1964 and 1965, Vietnam was part of a cinch play. ("The Big Stick" in Vietnam buys protection for New Deal politics at home; it ties up the Kennedy faction, and Curtis LeMay.)

Johnson's "tragedy." The truth is that it was not Lyndon Johnson who was illegitimate, but rather the war in Vietnam, deception by deception, from our adoption of the bankrupt French colonial enterprise, through the stealthy escalation, to "Vietnamization." But by the time the public found out about the war, the "Kennedy-Johnson Administration" was in every sense the Johnson Administration. The more Johnson tried to make acceptable and legitimate that which was neither, the deeper into his trap he burrowed. The Viet Cong, the North Vietnamese, Eugene McCarthy, Robert Kennedy, Clark Clifford, Mrs. Johnson, the American press, and "public opinion" combined to change the rules Johnson established in 1964 and 1965. Together these players helped him or forced him to make a new beginning, setting the country on the long journey back from futile escalation and bloodletting. Johnson can't see that, or won't, and his book ends in a poignant but pathetic effort to argue that Vietnam and his presidency came out as he had planned, no thanks to anyone but himself, Dean Rusk, and our fighting forces. History will probe more deeply. The outcome of Johnson's Vietnam policy involved not the public's self-inflicted wounds but those that Johnson had been inflicting on himself all along. This was a brave, wise man when he knew his mind, found his moment and his cinch play, and felt his strength. But those moments were too few. □

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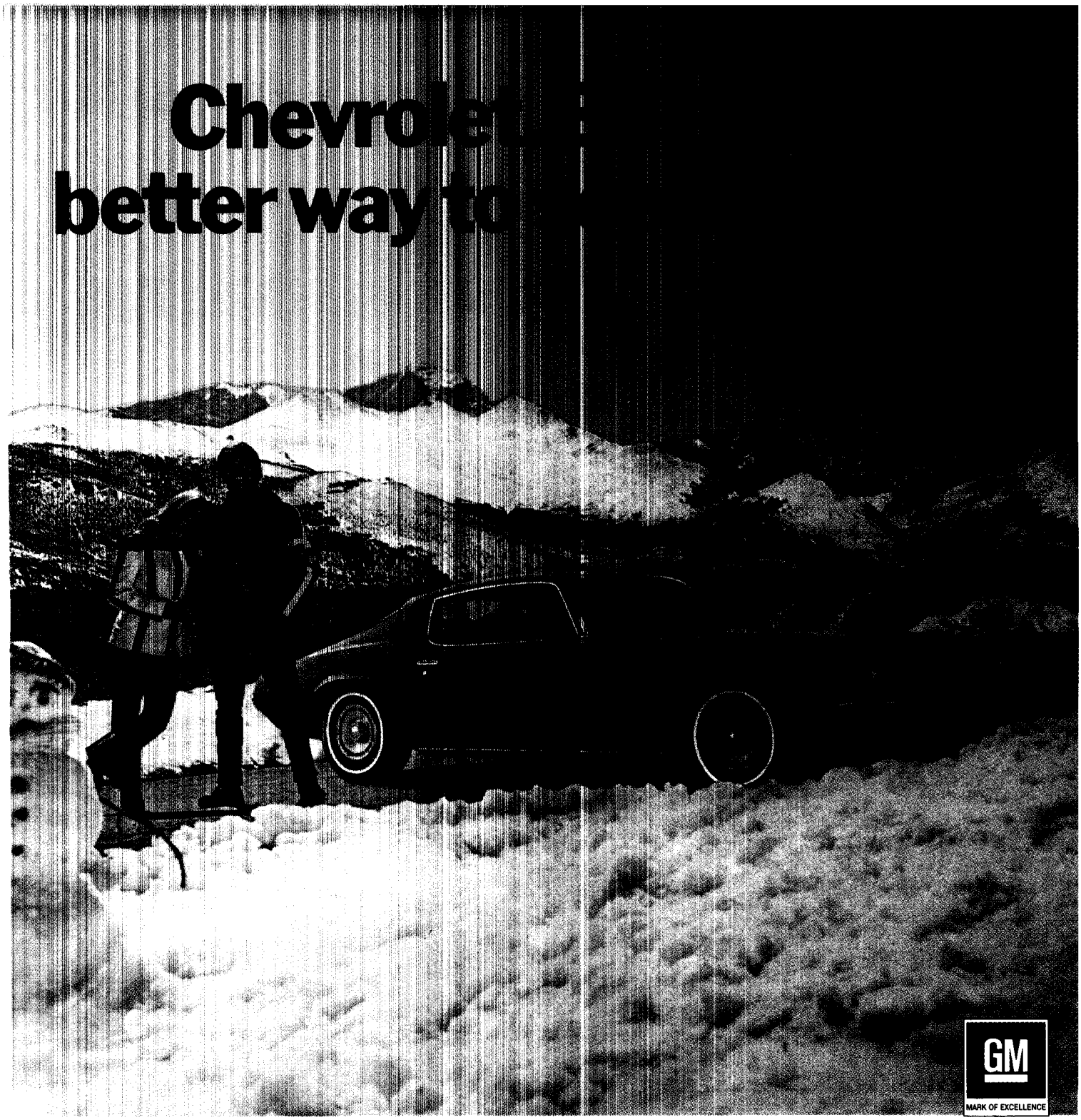

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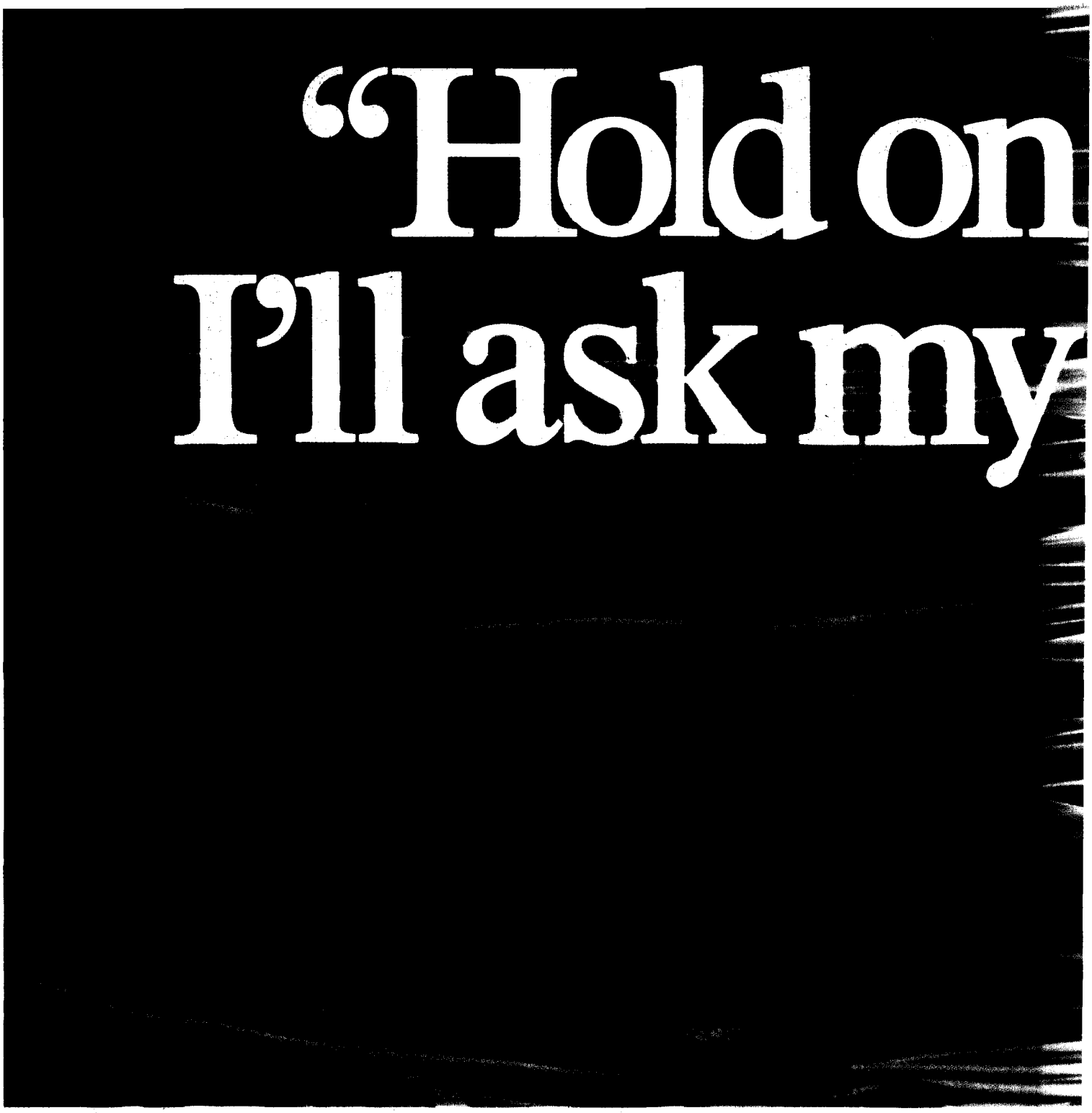

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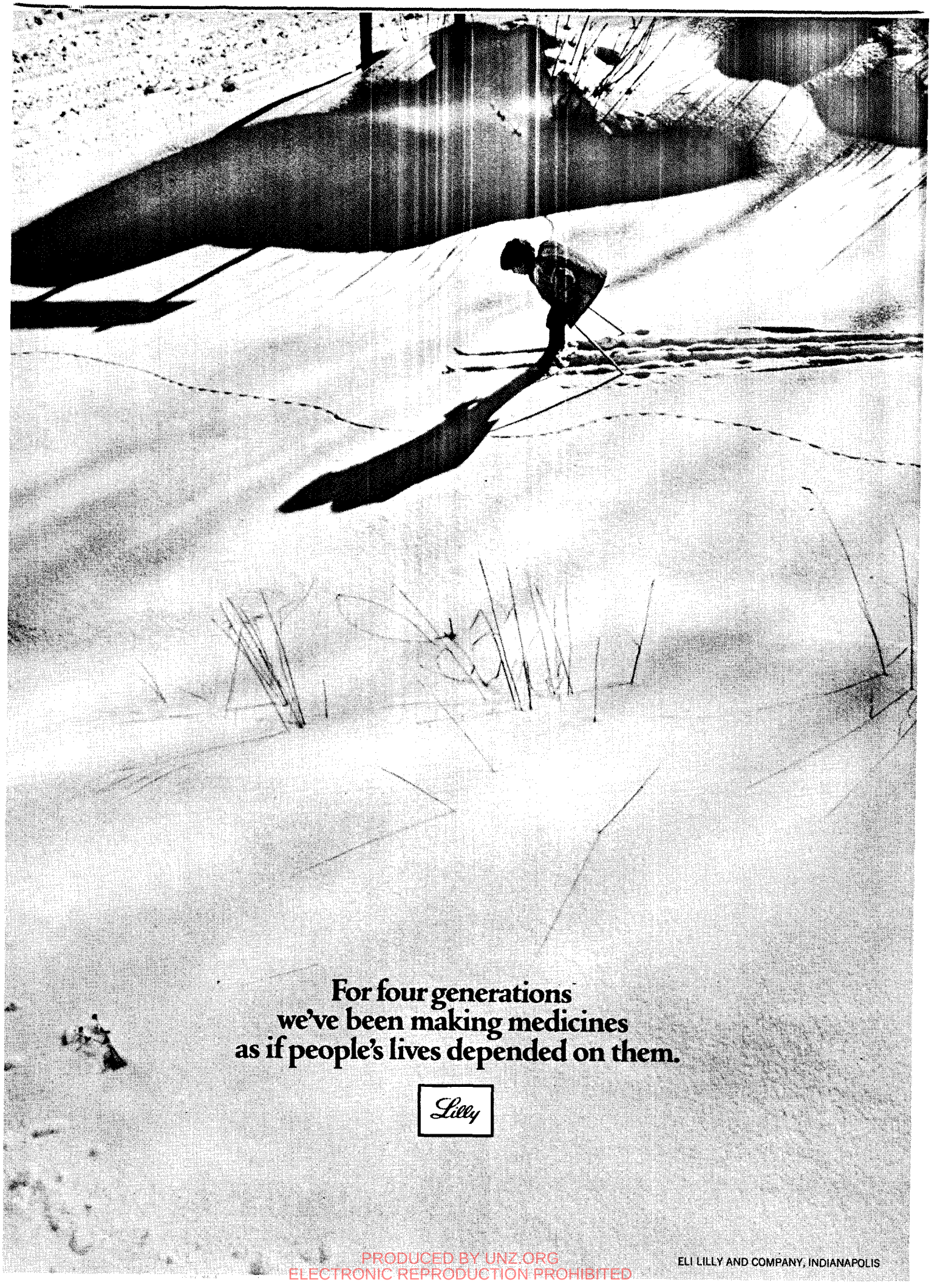

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GOD'S WRATH

A story by Bernard Malamud

Glasser, a retired sexton, a man with a faded beard and rheumy blue eyes, lived with his youngest daughter on the top floor of a three-story, red-painted house on Second Avenue near Sixth Street. He hated going up and he hated going down; he felt tired, irritable. The oak doors of the old synagogue in the neighborhood had been nailed shut, its windows boarded up; and the white-bearded rabbi had gone off to his son in Detroit. The sexton, sixty-five, received social security and a small pension from the synagogue he had served faithfully for thirty-four years. Lucille, the only child of his recently deceased second wife, a heavy-breasted girl of twenty-six who called herself Luci on the phone, was an assistant bookkeeper in a linoleum factory during the day. She was by nature a plain and lonely girl. The telephone in the house rarely rang.

After his shul had closed its doors, the sexton rode twice a day on the subway to a synagogue on Canal Street. On the anniversary of his first wife's death he said kaddish for both wives and barely resisted saying it for his youngest daughter. He was at times irritated by her fate. Why is my luck with my daughters so bad?

Still in all, though twice a widower, Glasser got along, thanks to God. He asked for little and was the kind of man who functioned well alone. Nor did he see much of either of his daughters from his first marriage, Helen, forty, and Fay, thirty-seven. Helen's husband, a drinker, supported her badly, so Glasser contributed a few dollars now and then; Fay had a goiter and five children. He visited both his married daughters every five or six weeks.

Lucille he had more affection for, and sometimes she seemed to have affection for him. Sometimes not; it was his second wife's doing: she had been a dissatisfied woman. The girl did little for herself, had few friends—once in a while a salesman asked her out—and it was quite possible, even likely, she would in the end be left unmarried. No young man with either short or long hair had asked her to live with him. The sexton would have disliked such an arrangement, but had resolved, if ever the time came, not to oppose it. If God, in His mercy, winks an eye, He doesn't care who sees with two. What God, in His mystery, won't allow in the present, He may permit in the future, possibly marriage for Lucille. Glasser remembered friends from the old country, some were Orthodox Jews, who had lived for years with their wives before marrying them. It was a way of life. Sometimes this thought worried him. If you opened the door of the house a crack too much, the wind might take over the bedroom. The devil might hide in a cold wind. Glasser shivered. Still, better a cold bedroom than one without a bed. Better a daughter ultimately married than an empty vessel all her life. The sexton had seen some people come to happier fates than had been expected for them.

At night after Lucille returned from work, she prepared supper, and Glasser cleaned up the kitchen alone so she could study, or go to her classes. He also thoroughly cleaned the house every Friday; he washed the windows and mopped the floors. Being twice a widower he was not bothered by having to do domestic chores. What had deeply disappointed the retired sexton in his youngest daughter had been her lack of ambition. She had wanted to become a secretary after finishing high school and was, five years later, an assistant bookkeeper. About a year ago, he had said to her, "You won't get better wages if you don't have a college background." "None of my friends go to college anymore," she said. "So how many friends do you have?" "I'm talking about some people I know who started and stopped," Lucille said; but Glasser finally persuaded her to register at Hunter College at night, where she took two courses

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a term. Although she had done that reluctantly, now, once in a while, she talked of teaching.

"Someday I'll be dead," the sexton remarked, "and you'll feel better off with a profession."

Both of them knew he was reminding her she might be an old maid. She seemed not to worry, but he heard her, through the door, later, crying in her room.

Once, on a hot summer's day, they went together on the subway to Manhattan Beach for a dip in the ocean. Glasser wore his summer caftan and a black felt hat of twenty years; he had on white cotton socks, worn, bulbous black shoes, and a white shirt open at the collar. Part of his beard was faintly brown and his complexion was flushed. On the train Lucille wore tight bell-bottom white ducks and a lacy, short blue blouse whose sleeves could be seen through; she wore clogs and had braided her dark hair to about six inches of pony tail, which she tied off with a green ribbon. Her father blushed at an inch of bare midriff and the tightness of her pants, but said nothing. One of her troubles, he thought, was that however she dressed, she had little to say, and he hoped the college courses would help her. Lucille had gold-flecked grayish eyes, and in a bathing suit showed a plumpish but not bad figure. A yeshiva bocher, dressed much like her father, stared at her from across the aisle of the subway train, and though Glasser felt she was interested in him, her face self-consciously stiffened. He felt for her affection and contempt.

In September Lucille delayed, then would not register for night college. The sexton argued kindly and furiously, but she could not be moved. After he had shouted for an hour she locked herself in the bathroom and would not come out when he swore he had to urinate. The next day she returned late from work, and he had to cook an egg for himself for supper. That ended the argument; she did not return to her classes. As though to make up for that, the phone in her room began to ring more often, and she called herself Luci when she picked up the receiver. Luci bought herself dresses, leotards, two leather skirts, new sandals and shoes, and wore them in combinations and bright colors he had never seen on her before. He did not protest because he thought she was determined to get married. And though no one ever appeared at the door to call for her, she seemed to be going out more often. So let her go, Glasser thought. He watched television and was usually asleep when she got home from a date. "So how was your evening?" he asked in the morning. "That's my own business," said Luci. When he dreamed of her he was usually upbraiding her for her short dresses; when she bent over you could see her behind. And for the disgusting costume she called hot pants. And the eyeliner and violet eyeshadow she now used regularly.

One day when the sexton was dovening in the shul on Canal Street, Luci moved out of the house on Second Avenue. She had left a brown-ink note on lined paper on the kitchen table saying she wanted to live her own life but would phone him once in a while. He telephoned the linoleum office the next day, and a man there said she had quit her job. Though deeply shaken at her leaving the house in this fashion, the sexton felt, with God's help, it might come to some good. If she were living with someone, all he asked was that it be an honest Jew.

On Third Avenue, one night on his way home from Helen's house, he passed a prostitute in the street. She was a heavily made up woman of thirty or so and did not attempt to solicit him. She glanced at the old man and walked on, but at the sight of her he became instantly nauseated. Glasser felt a weight of sickness on his heart and was moved to cry out to God, but could not. For five minutes, resting his swaying weight on his cane, he was unable to walk. The prostitute had taken a look at his ashen face and had hastened away. If not for a young man who had held him firmly against a telephone pole until he flagged down a police car that drove the sexton home, he would have collapsed in the street.

In the house he pounded clasped hands against the wall of Luci's room, bare except for her bed and a chair. He wept, wailing.

The sexton telephoned his eldest daughter and cried out his terrible fear.

"How can you be so positive about that?"

"I know in my heart. I wish I didn't know, but I know it."

"So in that case she's true to her nature," Helen said. "She can't be otherwise than she is, I never trusted her."

Glasser hung up on her and called Fay.

"All I can say," said Fay, "is I saw it coming, but what can you say about such things?"

"What should I do?"

"Ask for God's help, what else can you do?"

The sexton hurried to the synagogue and prayed for God's intervention. When he returned to his flat he felt unrelieved, humiliated, miserable. He beat his chest with both fists. He blamed himself for not having been stricter with her. He felt he had affronted God; he was enraged with Luci for being the kind she was and sought ways to punish her. Really, he wanted to beg her to return home, to be a good woman, to ease the pain in his heart.

The next day he woke in the dark and determined to find her. But where do you look for a daughter who has become a whore? He waited a few days for her to call, but when she did not, on Helen's advice, he dialed information and asked if there was a new telephone number in the name of Luci Glasser.

"Not for Luci Glasser but for Luci Glass," said the operator.

"Give me this number."

The operator, at his impassioned insistence, gave

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him an address as well as a telephone number, a place on midtown Ninth Avenue. Though it was still September, the sexton put on his winter coat and took his rubber-tipped heavy cane. He rode, whispering to himself, on the subway to West Fiftieth Street, and walked to Ninth Avenue, to a large new orange apartment house.

All day, though it rained intermittently, he waited across the street from the apartment house until his daughter appeared, late at night; then he followed her. She walked quickly, lightly, as though without a worry, down the avenue. As he hurried after her she hailed a taxi. Glasser shouted after it, but no one looked back.

In the morning he telephoned her, and she did not answer, as though she knew who was calling. That evening Glasser went once more to the orange apartment house and waited across the street. The sexton had considered going in and asking the doorman for her apartment number, but was ashamed to. At eleven that night Luci came out. From the way she was dressed and had made up, he knew at once he had not been mistaken.

She turned down Forty-eighth Street and walked to Eighth Avenue. Luci sauntered calmly along the Avenue. The sidewalks were crowded with silent men and showily dressed young women. Traffic was heavy and there were lights everywhere, yet the long street looked dark and evil. Some of the stores, in their spotlit windows, showed pictures of men and women in sexual embrace. The sexton groaned to himself. Luci wore a purple silk sweater with red sequins, almost no skirt, and tight black net stockings. She paused for a while on a street corner, apart from a group of girls farther up the block. She would talk to some of the men passing by, and one or two would stop to speak with her, then she waited again. One man spoke quietly to her for a while as she listened intently. Then she went into a drugstore to make a telephone call, and when she came out, her father, half dead, was waiting for her at the door. She walked past him.

Incensed, he called her name, and she turned in frightened surprise. Under the makeup, false eyebrows, gaudy mouth, her face had turned white, eyes anguished.

"Papa, go home!" she cried in fright.

"How can a Jewish girl do such a terrible thing to her father?"

"Papa, go home!"

"What did I do to you that you did this to me?"

"It was nothing to do with you. I do it because I like the life. It's not as bad as people think."

"If it's not bad it's worse, it's filthy."

"Not if you don't think it is. I'm not lonely like I used to be. I meet all kinds of people—some Jewish."

"A black year on their heads."

"You live your life, let me live mine."

"God will curse you, He will rot your flesh."

"You're not God," Luci cried in sudden rage.

"Cocksucker!" the sexton shouted, waving his cane.

A policeman approached. Luci ran off. The sexton, to the man's questions, was inarticulate.

When he sought her again Luci had disappeared. He went into the orange apartment house, and the doorman said Miss Glass had moved out, he could not say where. Though Glasser returned several times the doorman always said the same thing. When he telephoned her number he got a tape recording of an operator saying the phone had been disconnected. The sexton walked the streets looking for her, though Fay and Helen begged him not to. He said he had to. They asked why. He wept, enraged. He sought her among the streetwalkers on Eighth and Ninth Avenues and on Broadway. Sometimes he went into small cockroachy hotels and gave her name, but nobody knew her. A month passed. Late one October night he saw her on First Avenue near Twenty-third Street. Luci was standing in midblock near the curb, and though it was cold she was not wearing a coat. She had on a heavy white sweater and a mirrored leather miniskirt. A round one-and-a-half-inch mirror in a metal holder was sewn onto the back of her skirt above her plump thighs, and it bounced on her buttocks when she walked. There was another round mirror in front, at her crotch, and a line of small heart-shaped mirrors around the hem of her skirt.

Glasser crossed the street and waited through her fright of recognition.

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"Lucille," he begged her, "come home with your father. We won't tell anybody. Your room is there."

She laughed angrily and walked off. She had gained weight, grown heavy. When he followed her she called him dirty names. He hobbled across the street and waited in an unlit doorway.

Luci walked along the block, and whenever a man approached she spoke to him. Sometimes the man stopped to speak to her. Then they would go to a run-down, dark, squat hotel on a side street nearby, and a half hour later she returned to First Avenue, standing between Twenty-third and -second, or higher up the Avenue near Twenty-fourth.

The sexton followed her and waited on the other side of the street by a bare-branched tree. She knew he was there. He waits. He counts the number of her performances. He punishes by his presence. He calls down God's wrath on the prostitute and her father. □

THE DREAM OF ROUSSEAU

by Lawrence Raab

Does she only pretend to sleep
and what does the lion think
sniffing at her neck

and then what happened?

The moonlight continued to fall
on the silver river and on the silver hills
and across each color of the gypsy's dress
like the songs her lute
propped between pillow and jug
might remember

Inside another dream

Yadwigha gently sleeping
Heard the sounds of a pipe
Played by a sympathetic charmer

while the moon touches each leaf and
each extravagant flower
pretending to be the color of daylight
as gentle as the velvet on the couch
even the serpents listen and the two lions
look a little surprised
at the sudden peace

Sir: "I am answering your kind letter immediately
in order to explain to you
the reason why the sofa in question is included.
The woman sleeping on the sofa
dreams that she is transported into the forest,
hearing the music of the snake charmer's instrument.
This explains why the sofa is in the picture.
I thank you
for your kind appreciation."

Later you told a friend
the sofa was there because of
a need for its color

You might have said
that the leopard and the man
struggle because
they happen to be there

Because they are there they understand
each other
and share the same dream
which holds them together for all
of their lives

in the middle of a jungle no one
could journey to
among those huge blossoms
no one has ever named
beneath that red sun
rising or going down
in the center of all that we can see

But no one wakes up
to find a lion leaning down
with the moon in his eyes
or a dark charmer finishing his song

and no one dies

as long as this light continues
to fall from the surface of the sky
touching evenly the edge of each leaf and

everything holds
its breath forever

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THE DARK LADY OF AMERICAN LETTERS

An Interview With Joyce Carol Oates

by Joe David Bellamy

"I am really transcribing dreams, giving them a certain civilized, extended shape, clearing a few things up, adding daytime details, subtracting fantastic details . . ."

"I feel a certain impatience with generalizations, especially my own," Joyce Carol Oates wrote in her reply to my preliminary questions, mailed off to her just a few days before, "but I'll try to think out coherent answers to your questions.

"Art is mostly unconscious and instinctive; theories obviously come later in history, in personal history, and are therefore suspicious. Any kind of verbal analysis of any kind of impulsive art is dissatisfying. This isn't a way out of answering difficult questions—though I am always eager to find a way out of questions of any kind—but something I believe in very strongly."

Unlike her previous letter, written out in her careful, elegant hand—in which she gave her consent to this interview-by-mail—this letter was crowded onto the page, typewritten single-spaced in shotgun style with "X"ed-out corrections, almost without margins, as if the pages themselves had seemed scarcely large enough to the writer to contain the potential deluge of language—or so I imagined.

This was not the first time I was to be surprised by the promptness of her replies. I was undecided whether to be gratified by this swiftness or simply flabbergasted. Surely she had more pressing things to do than to write to me. Surely she was attending to those pressing matters, whatever they were, in addition to writing these letters. Such productivity struck me as mildly terrifying.

Though hardly out of character. Winner of the 1970 National Book Award for fiction, as well as numerous other prizes for her writing through the years, Joyce Carol Oates has been producing work (especially fiction, but also poetry, plays, criticism, and reviews) at an astounding rate since the publication of her first collection of stories, *By the North Gate,* eight years ago: five novels published, three more collections of stories, two books of poetry, two plays produced off-Broadway, a book on tragedy, on and on.

The interview which follows is an edited version of our correspondence, including all material that seemed pertinent to a consideration of the writer and her work. Aside from a few minor alterations made for the sake of greater coherence or accommodation of the material into an interview format, the questions and answers are reproduced as originally written.

JOE DAVID BELLAMY: What are your writing habits? What times of day do you like to write? How many pages do you average—if there is an average? How do you manage to write so much? Is this simply natural facility, or have you cultivated it in some unusual way?

JOYCE CAROL OATES: I don't have any formal writing habits. Most of the time I do nothing, and the fact of time passing so relentlessly is a source of anguish to me. There are not enough hours in the day. Yet I waste most of my time, in daydreaming, in drawing faces on pieces of paper (I have a compulsion to draw faces; I've drawn several million faces in my life, and I'm doomed to carry this peculiar habit with me to the grave). We live on the Detroit River, and I spend a lot of time looking at the river. Everything is flowing away, flowing by. When I'm with people I often fall into a kind of waking sleep, a daydreaming about the people, the strangers, who are to be the "characters" in a story or a novel I will be writing. I can't do much about this habit. At times my head seems crowded; there is a kind of pressure inside it, almost a frightening physical sense of confusion, fullness, dizziness. Strange people appear in my thoughts, and define themselves slowly to me: first their faces, then their personalities and quirks and personal histories, then their relationships with other people, who very slowly appear; and a kind of "plot" then becomes clear to me, as I figure out how all these people came together and what they are doing. I can see them at times very closely, and indeed I "am" them—my personality merges with theirs. At other times I can see them from a distance; the general shape of their lives, which will be transformed

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into a novel, becomes clear to me; so I try to put this all together, working very slowly, never hurrying the process. I can't hurry it any more than I can prevent it. When the story is more or less coherent and has emerged from the underground, then I can begin to write quite quickly—I must have done forty to fifty pages a day in *Expensive People,* though not every day. Most of the time only fifteen to twenty pages a day. In *Wonderland* (published in October, 1971) I did about the same number of pages on certain days; in fact last summer, working in a kind of trance, elated and exhausted, for many hours at a time. I wasn't creating a story but simply recording it, remembering it. This is true for all of my writing; I have never "made up" a story while sitting at the typewriter.

BELLAMY: What are you working on now?

OATES: I am putting together a group of short stories called *Marriages and Infidelities,* which include stories that are re-imaginings of famous stories (for instance, "The Dead," "The Lady With the Pet Dog," "The Metamorphosis," "Where I Lived and What I Lived For," "The Turn of the Screw"); and my thoughts are much with this book, when I am able to get them free of *Wonderland.* ("The Dead"—retitled by the editors of *McCall's*—was published in the July issue of that magazine. "The Turn of the Screw" will be out soon in *Iowa Review.*) These stories are meant to be autonomous stories, yet they are also testaments of my love and extreme devotion to these other writers; I imagine a kind of spiritual "marriage" between myself and them, or let's say our "daimons" in the Yeatsian sense—exactly in the Yeatsian sense, which is so exasperating and irrational!

Now I am in a state of spiritual exhaustion, I think, from the last novel I did, *Wonderland,* a novel about brains—the human brain—which was my most ambitious novel and almost did me in. I had to read a great deal about the human brain, particularly the pathology of the brain; I don't recommend it for anyone. Just going through the galleys brought back to me in a flash all the excitement and dread and exhaustion of those long days last summer when I wrote the novel. I couldn't do it again. It might be my last novel, at least my last large, ambitious novel, where I try to re-create a man's soul, absorb myself into his consciousness and co-exist with him. In my ordinary daily life I am a very conventional person, I think—I hope; but while writing *Wonderland* I found it difficult to keep up the barriers, to keep myself going as Joyce Smith, a professor of English, a wife, a woman, with certain friends, certain duties. It is sometimes such a *duty* to remain sane and accountable. Any study of the human brain leads one again and again to the most despairing, unanswerable questions . . . there is no way out of the physical fact of the brain, no way *out* of this confinement. Yet it can't be measured or adequately explained, at least not the relationship between the brain and the "mind" it somehow generates. It has been months since I've finished *Wonderland,* but I can't seem to get free of it. I keep reliving parts of it, not in the way I still relive *them* (I was very fond of Jules Wendall, the hero of *them*), but in another way. It's like a bad dream that never came to a completion. It's the first novel I have written that doesn't end in violence, that doesn't liberate the hero through violence, and therefore there is still a sickish, despairing, confusing atmosphere about it. . . .

BELLAMY: *Wonderland* sounds most intriguing. I was interested in what you said about the ending, how there seems to be a connection between its coming back to haunt you and the fact that it *doesn't* end in violence, doesn't "liberate the hero through violence." Do you have any idea why this is so? Or, for that matter, why violence in general characterizes so much of your work?

Related to this, more specific situations occur to me too—for example, a situation in your work where a man is following a woman or where a woman fears or imagines or even possibly hopes a man is following her (but is at the same time repelled); or a situation where a character might be thinking impulsively of suicide. Why do such situations tend to recur? They are inherently dramatic, obviously. Maybe this is a question you don't care to think about, to become conscious about. I'm asking you to do the critic's job really—or even the psychoanalyst's job—on your own work. That's probably not fair. But I do tend to be curious about it.

OATES: I can't do justice to your question about violence; I can't add much to my fiction on this subject. I don't know. Am I personally haunted by the fear of violence, the need for violence, or do I reflect everyone else's feelings about it? I sense it around me, both the fear and the desire, and perhaps I simply have appropriated it from other people. My own life is quiet, very ordinary and conservative; on a scale of 1 to 10 my own energies (id or otherwise) must be around 2, hovering feebly. I sometimes think of how strange it must be to be a man, burdened with biologically determined energies that no one in his right mind would choose. . . . This is the era of Women's Liberation, but I really must say that I think men have a far more difficult time, simply living, existing, trying to measure up to the absurd standards of "masculinity" in our culture and in nature itself, which is so cruel.

BELLAMY: Coincidentally, I did read your story after "The Dead" in the July *McCall's.* I did catch the Joyce echo, at the end especially, with the snow falling. It is a strong, intriguing, impressive story. (Since Ilena is a writer and so many of the peripheral details of her life seem similar to your own, I did feel some-

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what troubled [actually "embalmed" comes to mind] to learn about her weariness in answering questions about her "writing habits.")

Also, the whole atmosphere of autobiographical confusion, that is, of the mixture of fiction with details that suggested some autobiographical accuracy, was constantly frustrating and amazing and oddly gratifying to my imagination. I suppose it's inevitable that readers develop a sense of curiosity about the personal lives of writers they admire (what else is biography for?). (The question I want to ask here is not, I think, ultimately embarrassing.) Some writers, once they become famous enough (Norman Mailer comes to mind), learn to make good dramatic use of characters similar to or possibly identical to, or even quite different from (but apparently similar to—the reader never knows), themselves. Do you think you were doing something of that sort in this story? (I hope that's a fair question.)

OATES: Some of the details in the story are authentic, some slightly invented, but the general tone of busyness is real enough; except I haven't the aloneness of the character in the story, her freedom to simply be alone once in a while, even if only to think dark thoughts and recall with amazement simpler times.

My use of myself in stories—well, it has always been there, the use of emotions I've felt. I should be a rational, contained person, I guess, but really I am very emotional—I believe that the storm of emotion constitutes our human tragedy, if anything does. It's our constant battle with nature (Nature), trying to subdue chaos outside and inside ourselves, occasionally winning small victories, then being swept along by some cataclysmic event of our own making. I feel an enormous sympathy with people who've gone under, who haven't won even the small victories. . . .

BELLAMY: Questions about writing habits *are* probably futile. The implication behind the questions is usually: "Tell me your secret. If I know how to do it, maybe I will be able to do it." All of this preliminary is unnecessary. I want to ask you a few more simple-minded, possibly boring questions about your writing habits, and then I won't bring up the subject again. (a) Do you drink coffee before or while working? If so, how much? (b) Do you sleep well? How many hours a night on the average? Do you remember your dreams well—your nighttime dreams, I mean? (c) Have you ever tried amphetamines or other sorts of stimulants to help you work better? (I'm thinking of Ilena in the *McCall's* story and also of John Barth, who said he sometimes uses a very mild form of speed to help him work better.)

OATES: [This is] a very normal question, which you needn't apologize for, [about] the use of drinks, drugs, coffee, and so on. I don't take drugs of any kind, or even drink, or smoke (I'm so dull—see Alfred

Kazin's essay on me in the August *Harper's*), or even drink coffee; it's just the way I happened to grow up, nothing essentially puritanical and certainly not moral about it. But I have the idea that I could very easily become addicted to nearly anything—drugs, for instance—because they are a way of taming the emotions, of calming things down, of controlling—at least temporarily—the uncontrollable. I understand absolutely why there are so many people addicted to drugs or alcohol; it would be a surprise if there weren't so many people like this. I am addicted to work, which is to say the expulsion of built-up ideas and formless forms, the need to get rid of little stories that crowd my head. Alfred Kazin was quite right in saying that I sometimes write as if to relieve my mind of things that haunt it, not to create literature that will live. (But I don't think many writers really work consciously to create literature that will "live"—that will be monumental, like *Ulysses*. I think most writers write out of an interior compulsion, hoping that it will add up to an artistic statement of some worth.) . . . About my dreams: I seem to be always dreaming, awake or asleep, though when I'm awake I *know* I'm awake. I wonder if this is normal . . . ? My hus-

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band evidently doesn't experience this. Asleep, I dream about anything, just like anyone else; but I have terrible nights of insomnia, when my mind is galloping along and I feel a strange eerie nervousness, absolutely inexplicable. What a nuisance! Or, maybe it isn't a nuisance? An ideal insomnia allows for a lot of reading. When the house is dark and quiet and the entire world turned off for the night, it's a marvelous feeling to be there, alone, with a book, or a blank piece of paper, even a blank mind, just sitting there alone. Such moments of solitude redeem all the rushing hours, the daylight confusion of people and duties. I like to write, but I really love to read: that must be the greatest pleasure of civilization.

BELLAMY: What *do* you read?

OATES: I read constantly, in three areas—the rereading of old works (I'm now going through *Ulysses* again), the reading of an avalanche of literary quarterlies, magazines, reviews, and so on, that come into our home steadily (some magazines are not read but devoured: *New American Review, Tri-Quarterly,* for instance, incredibly good magazines), and new novels. There is a vigor and an excitement in contemporary writing that I think is remarkable. I have only to reach out for any current magazine—let's say *New American Review,* which is handy, issue #10—to discover at least one story that is striking, maybe even a masterpiece. In this issue of *NAR* it is Philip Roth's "On the Air," Kafka and Lenny Bruce and pure Rothian genius, very hard, bitter, terrifying stuff.

BELLAMY: What about the future of fiction in general? Do you think the novel may be dead or dying?

OATES: The novel can't be dead or even close to dying if an American publisher can bring out one good novel a year, just one: let's say Bellow's *Mr. Sammler's Planet* last year and Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel* this year. We would hope for more, and we usually do get more.

BELLAMY: What sort of possibilities do you see for those fiction writers who are trying to break out of the conventions of the so-called realistic tradition? Are you one of these writers?

OATES: Fiction writers have broken out of the "conventions of the so-called realistic tradition" years ago, decades ago; it's a commonplace of critical thought to point all the way back to *Tristram Shandy* as a convention-breaking work, but even (even!) *Tom Jones* is rather iconoclastic. There has never been a novel so fantastic as *Remembrance of Things Past.* It is all things, a complete life, an extended thought, an arrangement and rearrangement of reality that is much more believable than the reality of most lives lived daily, at least in my part of the world. July 10, 1971, was Proust's one hundredth birthday, and he is very much alive. Another iconoclastic novel is *Dr. Faustus.* What an accomplishment! I am always rereading Mann in utter admiration, in love. Ah, to be able to write like Thomas Mann . . . or even to write a novel that Mann might approve of, even mildly . . . . When I write a story or a novel I don't feel that I am any particular person, with a particular ego. I seem to share, however vaguely, in the "tradition"—the tradition of literature, of all that has been done that I know about and love. Each story has a form and a style that is best suited for it, and all I do is wait around until these things come together—the people in my imagination who are to be the "characters" in the formal work, the form, the style, the language, the setting (which is another character), the mood, the year. So I don't think of myself as "one of those writers who is trying to break free of conventions." There aren't any conventions really. And if *Middlemarch* is a conventional novel, how wonderful it would be if contemporary novelists could write anything comparable! There are no conventions or traditions, only personalities.

BELLAMY: Your statement "There are no conventions or traditions, only personalities" I find very liberating and helpful. But I still worry about that question. Of course, fiction writers broke away from the conventions of the so-called realistic tradition years ago; and, of course, the history of the novel can be seen as a series of rebellions against previously "established" forms all the way back to the very beginning. But aren't those rebellions still going on? And if it isn't one writer rebelling against a "tradition," maybe it's a personality rebelling against another personality; or simply any writer working to find something new to keep from boring herself or himself to death.

Maybe what I should have asked was, What sort of presently occurring formal innovations interest you the most? Or, Wouldn't you agree that the electric media, for example, have had various sorts of unprecedented influences on contemporary writing? I mean something beyond bothersome prophecies of its demise—formal influences, time-and-space influences? And haven't these affected you? In your own work there seems to be a greater interest in formal experimentation. "The Turn of the Screw" might be one example. In *The Wheel of Love,* stories such as "How I Contemplated the World" and "Matter and Energy," or even "The Wheel of Love" or "Unmailed, Unwritten Letters" (which is much more than a simple epistolary story), seem more formally innovative to me than any of the earlier stories, say, in *By the North Gate.* Why is this?

OATES: I am interested in formal experimentation, yes, but generally this grows out of a certain plot. The form and the style seem naturally suited to the story that has to be told; as in "Matter and Energy"

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(a story I feel very close to), where the young girl's present life is entirely conditioned by what happened in the past, and her love for a man entirely conditioned—ruined—by her love for her mother, a rotten, hopeless love. Think of the horror, of existing always with the memory of such a mother, committed to an insane asylum—while "you" are free, evidently, to walk around and to act normal, to try to love, to act out a certain role. One always thinks of a few other people, day after day; there's no escape. A father, a mother, a few beloved people—that is the extent of the universe, emotionally. And if something has gone wrong inside this small universe, then nothing can ever be made right. (This story is based on the anguished recollections of a student of mine, whose mother is in an asylum and who tried to kill him, many years ago. He is now an adult, an earnest and intelligent young man, but at the same time he is still that child; he is *still* coming home to that mother, to that event.) So the form of that story grew naturally out of its subject matter. In "The Turn of the Screw," the use of journals is a kind of Victorian cliché; among other things, I wanted to suggest how interior lives touch upon one another in odd, jagged, oblique ways, without communicating any essential truth, in fact without communicating truth. In "Unmailed, Unwritten Letters" (which is perhaps my favorite story, at least emotionally), the epistolary form is a way the heroine has of sending out cries for help, not meant to be heard; simply a way of articulating private bewilderment. Not that I want to dwell upon this story, but it seems to have touched some common chord in people—I've received a number of letters from other writers/critics/men of letters of a type, who seem to like it. What does this mean about our American marriages. . . ?

BELLAMY: What is your concept of characterization? Or what are your ideas about characterization? This is overly general perhaps (and maybe less coherent than one might hope for). How about this: Do you think "hardened" character such as the kind in Victorian novels is real or valid?

OATES: Your questions about characterization are quite coherent questions, yet I can't answer them because—as you might gather from what I have already said—I don't write the way other people evidently write, or at least I can't make sense of what they say about their writing. My "characters" really dictate themselves to me. I am not free of them, really, and I can't force them into situations they haven't themselves willed. They have the autonomy of characters in a dream. In fact, when I glance through what I have tried to say to you, it occurs to me that I am really transcribing dreams, giving them a certain civilized, extended shape, clearing a few things up, adding daytime details, subtracting fantastic details, and so on, in order to make the story or the novel a work of art. Private dreams have no interest for other people; the dream must be made public, by using one's wit.

People say that I write a great deal, and they are usually curious about when I "find time." But the odd thing is that I waste most of my time. I don't think I am especially productive, but perhaps other writers are less productive. In the past, however, writers like Henry James, Edith Wharton, Dickens (of course), and so on and so forth, wrote a great deal, wrote innumerable volumes, because they were professional writers and writers write. Today, it seems something of an oddity that a writer actually writes, and some writers or critics who don't spend much time writing seem to resent more productive writers. Someone said that John Updike publishes books as often as John O'Hara did, but thankfully his books weren't quite as long as O'Hara's. . . . This is an attitude I can't understand. Any book by Updike is a happy event. The more, the better. If any critic imagines that he is tired of Updike, then he should not read the next Updike novel and he certainly should not review it.

. . . I don't know that the above will strike you as good enough, or that I have answered your questions. I know one thing, though: I would never have thought of some of these things in a person-to-person interview. The whole *social* aspect of such interviewing gets in the way of ideas.

You are kind in the many things you say about my writing and about me (you probably do know me quite well, because I've told you things that acquaintances and social friends of mine would never be told, not in dozens of years)—it may be that I am mysterious, in a way; certainly there are things about myself that don't make sense to me and are therefore mysterious, to me; but the main thing about me is that I am enormously interested in other people, other lives, and that with the least provocation (a few hints of your personal life, let's say, your appearance, your house and setting), I could "go into" your personality and try to imagine it, try to find a way of dramatizing it. I am fascinated by people I meet, or don't meet, people I only correspond with, or read about; and I hope my interest in them isn't vampiristic, because I don't want to take life from them, but only to honor the life in them, to give some permanent form to their personalities. It seems to me that there are so many people who are inarticulate, but who suffer and doubt and love, nobly, who need to be immortalized or at least explained.

Here in Windsor, life is filling up with people: parents coming to visit, trunks to be packed, last-minute arrangements to be made, a dozen, a hundred chores, such as what to serve for dinner tonight. But thank God for trivial events! They keep us from spinning completely off into the dark, into the abstract universe.

I hope these answers make some kind of sense to you. Much of this I haven't thought out, until now; it sounds bizarre but is very honest. □

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FOUR POEMS

by Pablo Neruda

Translated by Donald D. Walsh

THE QUEEN

I have named you queen.
There are taller ones than you, taller.
There are purer ones than you, purer.
There are lovelier than you, lovelier.

But you are the queen.

When you go through the streets
no one recognizes you.
No one sees your crystal crown, no one looks
at the carpet of red gold
that you tread as you pass,
the nonexistent carpet.

And when you appear
all the rivers sound
in my body, bells
shake the sky,
and a hymn fills the world.

Only you and I,
only you and I, my love,
listen to it.

IN YOU THE EARTH

Little
rose,
roselet,
at times,
tiny and naked,
it seems
that in one hand of mine
you would fit,
that I am going to clasp you thus,
and carry you to my mouth,
but
suddenly
my feet touch your feet and my mouth your lips,
you have grown,
your shoulders mount like two hills,
your breasts wander over my chest,
my arm can scarcely encircle the thin
new-moon line that your waist has:
in love you have loosened yourself like seawater:
I can scarcely measure the sky's most spacious eyes
and I lean down to your mouth to kiss the earth.

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Night on the Island

All night I have slept with you
next to the sea, on the island.
Wild and sweet you were between pleasure and sleep,
between fire and water.

Perhaps very late
our dreams joined
at the top or at the bottom,
up above like branches moved by a common wind,
down below like red roots that touch.

Perhaps your dream
drifted from mine
and through the dark sea
was seeking me
as before,
when you did not yet exist,
when without sighting you
I sailed by your side,
and your eyes sought
what now—
bread, wine, love, and anger—
I heap upon you
because you are the cup
that was waiting for the gifts of my life.

I have slept with you
all night long while
the dark earth spins
with the living and the dead,
and on waking suddenly
in the midst of the shadow
my arm encircled your waist.
Neither night nor sleep
could separate us.

I have slept with you
and on waking, your mouth,
come from your dream,
gave me the taste of earth,
of seawater, of algae,
of the depths of your life,
and I received your kiss
moistened by the dawn
as if it came to me
from the sea that surrounds us.

The Mason

All your body has
a fullness or a gentleness destined for me.

When I move my hand up
I find in each place a dove
that was seeking me, as
if they had, love, made you of clay
for my own mason's hands.

Your knees, your breasts,
your waist
are missing parts of me like the hollow
of a thirsty earth
from which they broke off
a form,
and together
we are complete like a single river,
like a single grain of sand.

From The Captain's Verses (1951)

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UNDERGROUND

A story by Jean Goldschmidt

They want me. Why? What did I do to them? Hands tremble, holding my picture. "Get this one. Get her." Agents glide out of the room, their faces like simple sketches with lines for mouths and eyes. Have they a clue? They have the power. But they will not find me if I move as in a dream.

The world breaks in on me in bits: I have trouble remembering yesterday. Right now, I'm aware of cracked pavement, scattered garbage, stains; I know I am alone, in motion, walking toward the river. Eyes glance off me into the street.

The ones whose house I stayed in last night wrote some names on a card: Judy and Red, and an address, another link in the chain of trust, another leap. It's like driving at night; you trust the road that you can do eighty, you'll not encounter a cliff or a sudden wall just past the headlights.

It's a factory district—where are the houses? Or is it a wrong address? I thread my way among huge trucks, some idling, some maneuvering intently in the narrow streets, all blowing plumes of exhaust to hang in the air, catch at the throat. Old Glory everywhere, aggressively flown. Wouldn't be hard to grab a wanted radical here, wouldn't be hard to find an abandoned warehouse and have your way—the river is like gray glass, with chunks of floating ice and scum. Another place. Going underground was like passing through a round mirror, a giant zero, and now, on the other side, everything is different yet the same.

I'm to stay here tonight, then word will come down on my next move. Is it possible arrangements have been made for me? Will I wake up tomorrow in a workers' paradise? Not likely. Some others are more important, and they say it's easier for a woman to lie low.

On the sides of warehouses slogans appear, some worn, some wet to touch.

AMERICONG ARE EVERYWHERE
BUILD THE RED ARMY
DO IT

Must be getting there.

Judy and Red are awkward, afraid to seem too curious. All the usual questions take on a dreadful weight: Where you from? What you been doing? For the risks they're taking, they deserve a story, the Feds crashing down the door and me out the window, over the rooftops under the moon. To them it must seem an admirable life, no daily grind, lots of scene changes, new faces, the tang of paranoia: a TV series, the Young Fugitives. They're burning up with curiosity: Did I do it? and what? It's a kid's game, for God's sake, how can we take it serious? But it knocks us out, it's so serious. Come out with your hands up!

After a silent dinner, for want of better we watch the astronauts on a color tube ripped off, Judy hastily explains, by a warehouse connection. Hint of apology to me, the heavy: you see, we're not like them, we live on their shards, their droppings. Here's the moon at last, too plain, like a video backdrop, surprisingly fuzzy. Escape, it's always beautiful, to break the law of gravity and leave the whole muck heap behind. But those moon men have less freedom

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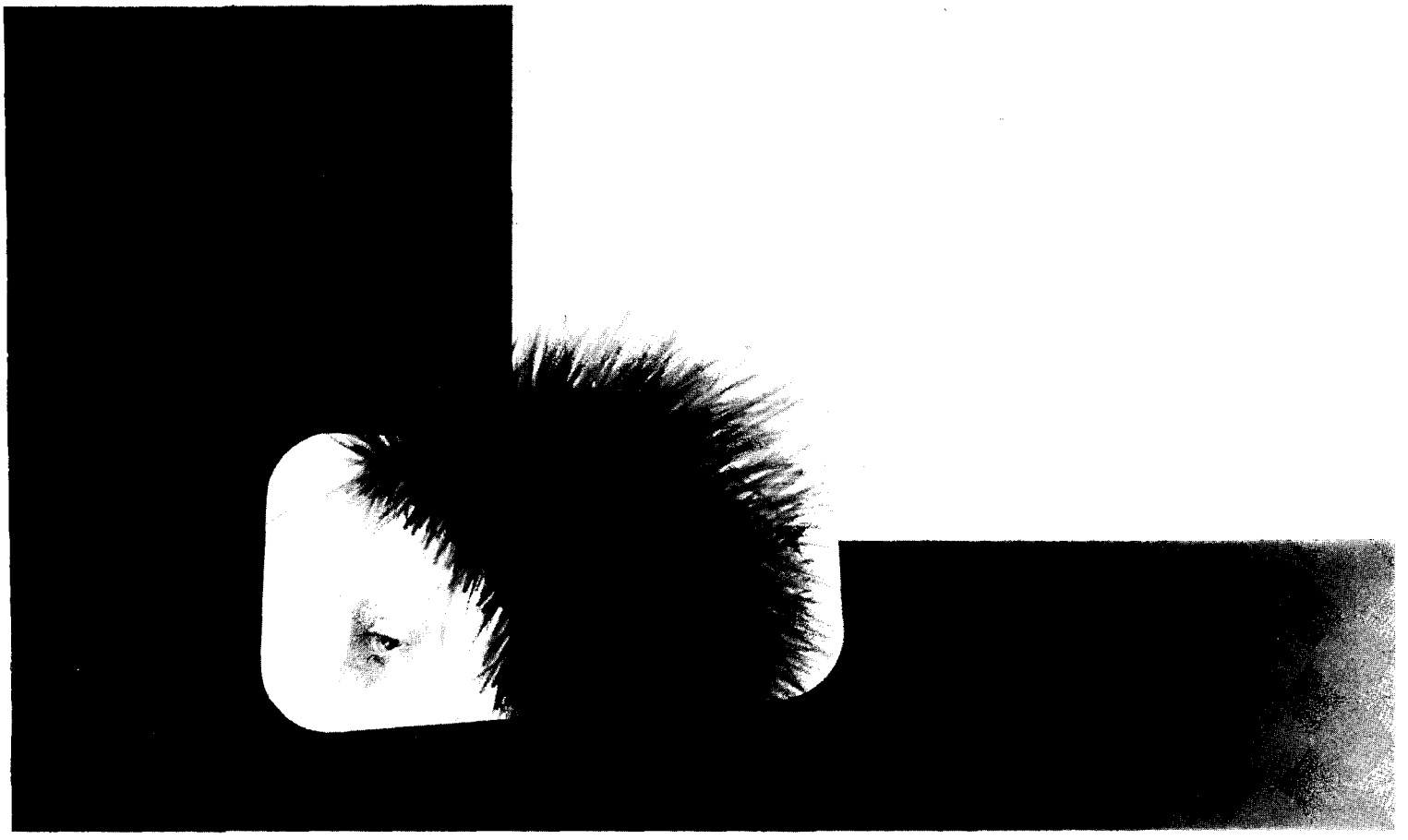

even than I do: we're breathing down their necks, at every step a billion eyes constrain them. No fun at all. If I were them I'd cut that cable and fly!

We make the usual remarks about the need for a sensible mass transit system. Judy is patching her jeans with large red stars, cut from an old miniskirt. It looks to be a long night. The initiative is mine.

"So what are you all doing? Or shouldn't I ask?"

Red shrugs. "Ask. We were in a collective. You know the Long March? Busted up."

"What happened?"

They finish each other's sentences. "It started, a bunch of us took factory jobs. Brown rice in the lunchpail, and the Red Book . . ."

"But then the ones that stayed home said, you got it all backwards, you got to free yourselves first, wanted everything up front, long struggle sessions, random sex encounters . . ."

". . . and the working ones said you'll never win over the masses with that kind of talk and bet they couldn't hold a job if they wanted to . . ."

". . . and some of us turned off on the whole thing, started smoking dope in the attic and sending out for pizza."

"But it was really something outside of us, turned us against each other."

"Bad vibes."

"Worldwide."

"So what are you doing now?"

"Ripping off a little welfare, while it lasts. Trying to get it together to make a move."

"Vermont?"

"Maybe south."

"I mean there's other stuff we'd rather not talk about."

"Yeah, right."

"Ah."

On the screen a piece of moon gear flops open and subsides. Red opens an Indian basket, finds a film can in a jumble of pipes and screens, shakes out three tiny orange tabs. Then he looks me in the eye, for the first time.

"Wanna trip?"

Sweet Red, someday they'll be after you too with your curly hair, blank face, Cuban flag overalls. Can you imagine what it's like, living in the present tense? Tense. And what if you're tripping when they come to the door? Would you go with the flow, right then?

"We'll trip. It's good, no speed. You seem keyed up."

"Oh, no," says Judy. "She'd freak, I mean, I would, if . . ."

"It's good. Never any trouble. Take."

I take, we all take, power to the people, yeah. Maybe that's what's needed—a rush from the source.

We sit in a circle—strangers—going up—the visiting moon still on the screen—Red turns off the sound, switches on a moon tape: blue moon, the moon-glows, moon of Alabama, moon river, bad moon rising. Those boys keep it up wonderfully, grubbing up globs of moon; their feet sink in; it's a soft moon, soft as a young lad's ass peeping out a car window at a girl on a summer night. The music moves to Concentration Moon, over the camp in the valley. We hold hands. Their flesh is dead to me. Isn't that the problem? We can't feel others' pain. But our brains

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wrestle in unison with the drug, its rising force. Sister Judy, two eyes from under parted hair, now finds herself able to ask:

"What do they have on you?"

I try to remember. "An incident, years ago. I was shouting something, as hard as I could. Others too, all around me, shouting. Someone grabbed me, slammed a door, and turned a key. My head hurt, I thought my brain had been shook loose. But it was clear then. What? Politics. Reds and Feds. We move through each other's fantasies, a closed circle."

"So they have your fingerprints."

"Probably. I tried to smear."

"Then?"

"I was in a group, like yours. We got hold of a gun, took each other's pictures holding the gun, made sexy color postcards and sent them to all our friends: 'We've taken up the gun!' "

"Dumb! But do they have anything on you?" Again! Who can say? Acid stimulates all cells equally, including the three quarters of the brain we never use, terror cells and love cells equally lifted.

"This guy that used to follow me, he's got a dossier that thick. Ask him, he'll tell you, he saw me in the supermarket just the other day, poisoning the better meats with a little hidden syringe . . ."

"You lost him." Hat shadow in a white Fury, half a block back; dull voice into the mike: the package is proceeding west on Third . . . "Or do you ever see him?"

"Only in dreams."

On that we float, slow time ticks by, a moon man crawls into the moon bug. In dreams:

I have him, a gun to his head, he understands how easy it would be if things were reversed, so he is afraid and silent. We march to the prison, the walls of rock.

"Open the gates!"

A cheer gets louder, louder, louder, the men and women rush into the streets.

He opens his fists and stares at his empty hands.

"Now we are both free."

Still going up: power flowing in. I'm impervious, stronger than an avalanche. What joy in the deaths of cells, inside my head they pop and scatter, make free. Is that the power of the Long March, 25,000 li barefoot through hostile country, guns, babies, typewriters strapped to our backs? Hey, Judy, Red, are you ready? Twenty-five thousand li from here to the plains of Socialist Chile, a people's victory the certain end. It is deep night: we're invisible, together. Build the Red Army. "Come on, let's go, let's go out."

We walk along the docks, through moonlike shadows and abandoned truck trailers and broken glass: rapers and knifers slide away at our all-powerful approach. We are drawn to a huge white boat being readied to sail at dawn. Little boats poot about it, flashing searchlights on its side, seeking holes to service and refuel. A loudspeaker blares static, steam wisps from its stacks, it's a center of activity even at this hour, think of it out on the ocean, it must shine for miles, a floating feast of light on a glassy sea.

We sit on pilings and watch, like little kids. I declaim; one thought runs out of my mouth like water:

"Now in theory—because nothing human is outside possibility—we could go aboard and speak persuasively to each passenger in turn, tell each of the beauties of Socialist Chile, where flowers grow out of the cracks in the sidewalks and the workers run naked and singing each evening from the factories into the sea. Then in a body we could go to the captain and persuade him to take us to Socialist Chile where the harbors are filled with dry white wine and the people are given organic cars to drive, carved from huge edible roots that grow only in Chile. And we would go there, passengers and sailors working together, taking shifts in the engine room and mess hall, and the captain would throw his uniform into the sea, and we would take all our money and possessions and give them to the first person we met in Socialist Chile, and we would step barefoot onto the clean sand with a great shout, in theory all this is possible, and more!"

We dance a moment, awkward, remembering, stop. We are not invisible.

We go back, through truck ghosts and cobblestones, long shadows, walls:

SMASH THE STATE
VC WOMEN FIGHT
BRING THE WAR HOME

Wake up: Judy and Red aren't here, though it is very early, a bleak drizzly dawn. No doubt they have gone to the police. To be iced on such a day, the first cramp of period coming on, crashing, my flesh too sensitive even to touch itself. From the window I can see that the boat of last night is gone. There is no way out. The sky is gray and empty, the moon men are drifting down. A car has gone by twice, the same car. There is a scraping sound in the apartment below. I lift the receiver but there is no dial tone. Soon they will surround the door in ritual positions, one will knock and I will not reply so they will all crash through with guns pointed every which way and I will freeze in terror and relief.

Now is this a dream? Again? Not possible.

In the dim warm room a soft hand on my shoulder. A little man in plainclothes looks deep into my eye. He opens his coat and there is his heart, like a fluttering balloon.

Subversive lady, look! my heart is red like you.

Sadly he gives it to me.

But why must you kill me? Why pursue?

I do not often do this, he says, and gathers me in his relentless arms. □

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SECRETS OF A MUSEUM DIRECTOR

by John Walker

How to acquire great works of art with Other People's Money.

Anyone confined to a wheelchair has a limited choice of places to go, especially places that are pleasant. A museum in this respect is highly to be recommended, something I discovered when I was very young. At the age of thirteen I had polio, and much to my sorrow I had to spend my convalescence in New York. Between endless and tedious sessions of therapy, I had nothing to do; and having been born in another city, no friends to be idle with.

One day I was pushed into the Metropolitan Museum, a desperately bored and disgruntled child. To my surprise I experienced my first joy since my illness. It was not the beauty of the works of art I found exhilarating; it was the delight of endless corridors where I could wheel myself about and enjoy the illusion of resumed mobility.

Those were the days before museum directors boosted their attendance figures by bringing in thousands of schoolchildren. On weekdays I would be there more or less alone, and there was nothing to tarnish the excitement of discovery. My curiosity about the works of art became increasingly intense, and the only way I could satisfy it was to read serious handbooks. I started with the classical collection, and I was soon enthralled by the mysteries of archaeology and dazzled by the beauties of the ancient world. All my tedium and loneliness vanished. I had found my profession. I wanted to be a curator.

My idea of the purpose of museums was unconsciously formulated in those early days. I believed then and I still believe that they should be places of enjoyment and enlightenment. I am indifferent to their function in community relations, in solving racial problems, in propaganda for any cause. My beliefs were later reinforced when, after I graduated from Harvard, the faculty of the department of fine arts sent me to Florence to work with Bernard Berenson, the great critic of Italian painting. The most passionate viewer of works of art I have ever known, he felt that museums existed primarily for the satisfaction of people like himself. I adopted the same philosophy: I was, and still am, an elitist, knowing full well that this is now an unfashionable attitude. It was my hope that through education, which I greatly promoted when I became a director myself, I might increase the minority I served; but I constantly preached an understanding and a respect for quality in works of art. I have been unchanging in my opinion that the success or failure of a museum is not to be measured by attendance but by the beauty of its collections and the harmony of their display.

It was fortunate that my concept of museums was so congruent with that of B.B., as we called him. It made it easier for me to enter into his world of connoisseurship and scholarship. We had never met, but our sympathy for each other when I arrived at I Tatti, the Berenson villa, was immediate. It was teatime, and I remember him entering his library with his quick, light step. He was small, wiry, and bald, with a gray, pointed beard and beautiful gray eyes. I was particularly impressed with his hands and his long, tapering fingers. He was fastidiously dressed, as usual in gray, and he had the customary pink carnation in his buttonhole.

He opened the conversation by saying that he understood that I had a reputation at Harvard as a promising young scholar. I explained that I had been a rather diligent student, but that Harvard's interest in me had gone beyond that. Each year the College Art Association had organized a competition between the undergraduates of those universities teaching art history. Each year Harvard, which was generally considered to have the most brilliant faculty in the history of art, had entered a candidate, but he never won. The faculty decided that I would right their wrongs. I was assigned a special tutor, and I went into training like a one-man football team with a fanatical coach.

John Walker

The winner was decided on the basis of a thesis and a written ex-

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amination. The subjects for the thesis were given out in the late autumn, and the examination was held in the early spring. I was delighted to find that the Harvard faculty announced for the second half year a course in Baroque architecture, particularly since one of the subjects I might choose for my thesis was the architecture of Bernini. When I began attending these lectures, I found to my surprise that the Baroque seemed to begin and end with Bernini: his origins, his achievements, his influence. We finally got around to Borromini and the other Baroque architects, but by a remarkable coincidence we reached this stage in the course just after my thesis on Bernini was handed in.

Finally the day for the written examination arrived. I was told to go to a certain exhibition gallery in the Fogg Museum which was closed to the public on that day. The proctor handed me my paper. I read it and found that the examination consisted of an essay on a single topic—Minoan Culture. I was sitting in the Fogg Museum's gallery of Minoan art. The faculty were taking no chances. I won, but the competition was never held again.

B.B. was delighted with the questionable actions of the Harvard faculty. From that moment we became firm and affectionate friends, and I lived with the Berensons for three years. I was still waiting for my curatorship, but forty years ago these were not easy to come by. Since nothing turned up, I accepted the position of professor in charge of fine arts at the American Academy in Rome. I also acted as assistant director. My work was not onerous and I could continue to see B.B., and by writing about Italian painting, try to build up a reputation which would someday entitle me to a curatorship.

After four years in Rome I learned of a new museum to be erected in Washington with funds provided by Andrew Mellon. I wrote his son, Paul Mellon, one of the trustees, whom I knew, and asked him whether there would be a place for me on the staff. I received a polite, noncommittal reply, and as nothing further happened, put the idea out of my mind. I was thirty-one and had never worked in a museum. I saw no likelihood that I would be offered a curatorship of any kind. To my surprise, some months later I was asked to come to Zurich for a conversation with Paul Mellon. He said that the trustees of the new National Gallery of Art would like me to be an executive officer and the chief curator. Considering my lack of experience, this was a somewhat astonishing choice. But such is the perversity of human beings that when I was offered what I wanted most, I almost refused. I loved Rome and thought I wished to spend the rest of my life there. My wife, though not American, felt that I was too young to become an expatriate and soon talked me out of my folly.

David E. Finley

It is noteworthy that all the top executive officers chosen with me in 1938 were without the slightest museum experience. Unlike other employees at the National Gallery, we were not under civil service. Our salaries came from an endowment fund Andrew Mellon had donated for that purpose. He felt the selection of the most responsible officers should not be hampered by any mechanical standards established by the government. Certain qualities—charm, sophistication, savoir faire—all of them important in carrying out our major objective, to snare collectors, he realized were not recognized by the bureaucrats who drafted the civil service regulations. This point of view made possible the extraordinary success of the National Gallery of Art, but it is also true that we were as ignorant as our trustees of how a museum should be run. I have always felt, however, that this was beneficial. We had no preconceived ideas. In recent years the word "museology" has been coined, as though our profession were a new and esoteric science. But we found operating a museum was like running any large enterprise: organization and common sense were basic; the added requirements were taste and scholarship. The first director, David Finley, who was a lawyer and had been Andrew Mellon's personal assistant, though not a scholar, was a man of impeccable taste. My scholarship was sound if not remarkable, and I felt confidence in my own taste. We believed the new gallery was destined to have a brilliant future, and we were able to convey this belief to others.

David Finley's first triumph was with Samuel H. Kress. He persuaded him to give some consideration to a donation to the National Gallery of Art instead of building his own museum or giving his collection to the Metropolitan Museum, the two alternatives he had in mind. My contract with the American Academy in Rome still had nine months to run, but the trustees of the National Gallery asked me to take a few weeks' leave of absence and advise them about this possible gift. I agreed, and before sailing I went to Florence to say good-bye to Bernard Berenson.

By chance, the day I arrived he had received from Samuel Kress photographs of his entire collection, with the attribution given to each painting and piece of sculpture by such experts in Italian art as Longhi, Fiocco, Perkins, Venturi, Van Marle, and others, for whose opinions Kress had an exorbitant respect. He wanted Berenson's ascriptions as well. My recollection is that there were over a thousand photographs. Never in my entire life have I worked as hard as I did those few days I stayed at I Tatti. I memorized the attribution given by each expert to every painting and statue. Before I left for America I was letter-perfect.

As soon as I disembarked, I was taken to 1020

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Fifth Avenue, the Kress apartment. About half the paintings in the collection were displayed, hung one above the other. There was a list for each room, and Samuel Kress would say, "Mr. Walker, who do you think painted that Madonna?" I would study the picture for a moment and answer with some hesitation, "I believe, Mr. Kress, Berenson would attribute it to so and so. However, I don't doubt that Van Marle would disagree and ascribe it to such and such. Probably Longhi and Perkins would go along with Van Marle." Mr. Kress would refer to his notes and say, "Very remarkable, Mr. Walker, that is exactly the case." We continued in this way around the whole apartment, and Mr. Kress at the end of the day conceded that the new chief curator of the National Gallery knew something about Italian art.

Samuel Kress, who became one of the Gallery's greatest benefactors, impressed me as soon as we met. What one noticed first were his small blue eyes, as hard and piercing as any I have ever seen. He was always afraid of colds, and because he perspired easily, he was constantly putting on and taking off his jacket. He combined a shrewdness, which made him one of the greatest shopkeepers in America, with a lack of sophistication, which kept him apparently unaware of the sharp practices and the deviousness of the art market. His innocence seemed incurable. For instance, the "items," as he called his works of art, were carefully inventoried. Every painting and piece of sculpture was scrutinized by a number of "experts," and their opinions duly noted. The results were impressive. But it never occurred to him that most of these experts were subsidized by the vendors whose wares they were appraising. I visited him almost weekly, and we would pace up and down on the terrace of his apartment while I tried to arouse the same skepticism in artistic matters which he showed so brilliantly in business affairs. As soon as I left, his restorer would appear, and with much greater success, stir up his skepticism about me.

He was a lonely man, and I came to feel a great affection for him. In 1946 he had his first stroke. For the next nine years he was unable to speak and barely able to move. It was heartbreaking to be with him, but I think he knew that his collection was giving pleasure to myriads of people, and this was a solace to him.

When he was stricken, his responsibilities devolved on his younger brother, Rush Kress, who was still more blessedly innocent. Whereas Samuel had a sagacious, appraising look, Rush's was open, even ingenuous. Rush was many years younger and much the handsomer of the two. He reminded one less of a shopkeeper than of a business executive who had inherited the firm. He did, in fact, become president of the company and president of the foundation when his brother fell ill. With his ascendancy, the really great acquisitions for the Kress Collection began. Between 1946 and 1956, virtually every important painting and sculpture was offered to the Kress Foundation, and in those two decades Rush Kress spent approximately $25 million buying for the National Gallery. The same paintings and sculpture would cost over $100 million today. He also broadened the Kress acquisitions from an overwhelming concentration on Italian painting and sculpture to include Flemish, Spanish, French, Dutch, and German art.

Rush Kress, like his brother, became one of my warmest friends and greatest supporters. On two occasions, with remarkable generosity, he forgave my errors: once when my staff work was poor and once when Berenson changed his mind.

The director's job, and in the case of the National Gallery the chief curator's as well, is to find donors to buy what the curators, after considerable research, recommend. I was told that a painting by Goya of a bullfight was considered by all authorities to be a major work and that we should have it. I persuaded Rush Kress to buy it on behalf of the Kress Foundation. Unfortunately, the Gallery's investigation had failed to disclose that in an obscure but recent book, the painting had been published as a work by Lucas, a minor contemporary of Goya's. I was dismayed when I learned of our oversight, but Rush Kress consoled me and said that he would return the picture and be reimbursed. When I next saw him he was in a rage. The dealer, contrary to a standing agreement, refused to take the picture back. He had sold it on commission, he said, and the owner, Arthur Sachs, would not agree to its return. Kress was about to sue, but I asked for time to see what I could work out.

Rush H. Kress

I appealed to Arthur Sachs, a distinguished connoisseur, and explained my apprehension over a lawsuit. He was understanding but adamant. He said he absolutely believed the painting to be by Goya, and by doubting its attribution, Rush Kress had cast aspersions on his ability as a collector. However, he was willing to submit the painting to the director of the Prado, Sanchez Canton, and if there was any doubt about its ascription, he agreed to return the money.

My job then was to persuade Sanchez Canton to look at the controversial canvas. The director of the Prado had no need or wish to involve himself in the dispute, but he agreed to give his opinion, for which I shall always be grateful. The painting was taken to Madrid by a curator of the National Gallery, studied at length in the Prado, and finally reported on by Sanchez Canton. It was not, he said, by Lucas, nor was it by Goya. It belonged to a group of pictures all painted with a palette knife by a contemporary of

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Goya's about whom little is known. The money was refunded to the Kress Foundation; and to my astonishment Arthur Sachs then donated the painting to the National Gallery, where it now hangs with a label "Attributed to Goya." I continue to consider it one of the most fascinating and beautiful pictures of its period, an opinion I find shared by many artists.

Attributions, of course, do not affect the beauty of works of art, but they do affect collectors and consequently values. They should be merely a convenient way of categorizing, but instead they often set up irrational standards of quality.

My efforts to persuade Rush Kress to acquire the Cook *Adoration of the Magi*, the most important Italian painting of the first half of the fifteenth century to come to America, is a case in point. It was sent here during World War II as a refugee. I desperately wanted Rush Kress to buy it. For once the price staggered him, and he refused.

It was at a warehouse being packed for return to England, and I begged him to look at it once more. He agreed, and it was removed from its crate. There was a label on the frame saying "Fra Filippo Lippi," the usual ascription; but I pointed out that when I was a student with Berenson I had helped gather the material for an article proving this attribution erroneous and demonstrating that the painting was by Fra Filippo's master, Fra Angelico. Kress was impressed. If the painting was by Fra Angelico, a name with which he was more familiar, perhaps it was worth the price being asked. Then he inquired about Berenson's article. I explained that it had been published in Italian fifteen years before and was no longer readily available. Would it be possible to reprint it in English with superb color reproductions? Rush Kress asked. I was on my way to Europe, and I said I knew that Berenson would be delighted.

Ten days later I arrived in Florence and went immediately to I Tatti. I told Berenson about the Gallery's good fortune, and about Kress's wish to reprint his article attributing the Cook tondo to Fra Angelico. We were sitting in the study under the Madonna by Domenico Veneziano, and surrounded by books and photographs. He held his bald head in his beautiful, sensitive hands, and shaking it slowly and sadly, pronounced my doom. "I know now I was wrong," he declared solemnly. "The painting is not by Fra Angelico. It is really by Fra Filippo Lippi!"

It was my most melancholy moment. I rushed to the library and got out all the material for his article. We studied photographs—overall, detail, and microphotographs—and then ultraviolet, infrared, and X rays. After a long time stroking his beard, B.B. looked up and with a conciliatory smile said, "Johnnie, I do think just before he died Fra Angelico may have painted one or two of the figures. Looking at the photographs again I can just barely discern his touch." Ever since that memorable day the tondo has borne the label "Fra Angelico and Fra Filippo Lippi."

In 1956, on the retirement of the first director of the National Gallery, I ceased to be the chief curator and became the second director. The terms "director" and "curator" are often used by the public interchangeably. This is wrong. The director is like the president of a college and the curators are the faculty. In England curators are called keepers, which is a more descriptive term. However, in this country the nomenclature has been changed. The curator or keeper is an expert who is responsible for maintaining, cataloguing, and installing his part of the whole collection. He also recommends further acquisitions in his field.

The director's job is to see that his institution operates efficiently, and then to raise money for purchases and to meet his budget. He must also frequently pacify his trustees in their often acrimonious internecine fights. He is their spokesman with the public, and the curators' spokesman with the trustees. His training should be as much in diplomacy as in art history, but his major task is to collect collectors. These, their quantity and quality, are in my opinion the measure of his success.

I used to think that except for moral turpitude of the grossest kind, no director was ever fired from a museum. The explanation seemed simple. There were too few replacements. Nevertheless, in the last few years, in spite of the scarcity of candidates, a spate of museum directors from New York to California have been dismissed. Their eyes may have been discerning for works of art, but they could not see that the center of museum power is the board of trustees. I found that an able museum director should act like an intelligent wife, who persuades her husband to accede to what she wants with benign compliance. Such a relationship to trustees may seem humble, but it is effective.

A conscientious director doesn't work a mere forty-hour week. Though I was at my desk every weekday, I was with my donors every weekend, or so it seemed to my wife. The telephone's tentacles also bound me to them. I developed bursitis from holding a receiver during endless conversations with collectors, particularly with Chester Dale, the president of the National Gallery for many years. He once said to me, "You know, John, what I like about you is that you aren't a yes-man." I thanked him for the compliment and added: "Chester, I have been saying *yes* to you for the last half hour. But you won't take yes for an answer!"

Chester had a delightful sense of humor. He looked like a middleweight prizefighter, and he had once boxed professionally. His temperament was as fiery as his red hair, and his vitality was infectious. I remember going with him to a sale at Parke-Bernet to bid on a painting by George Luks. In those days, New York auctions were not run with the smooth efficiency Peter Wilson has subsequently introduced.

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THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI
Fra Angelico and Fra Filippo Lippi
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.
Samuel H. Kress Collection

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THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN
Miguel Sithium (Michel Sittow)
Ailsa Mellon Bruce Fund
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

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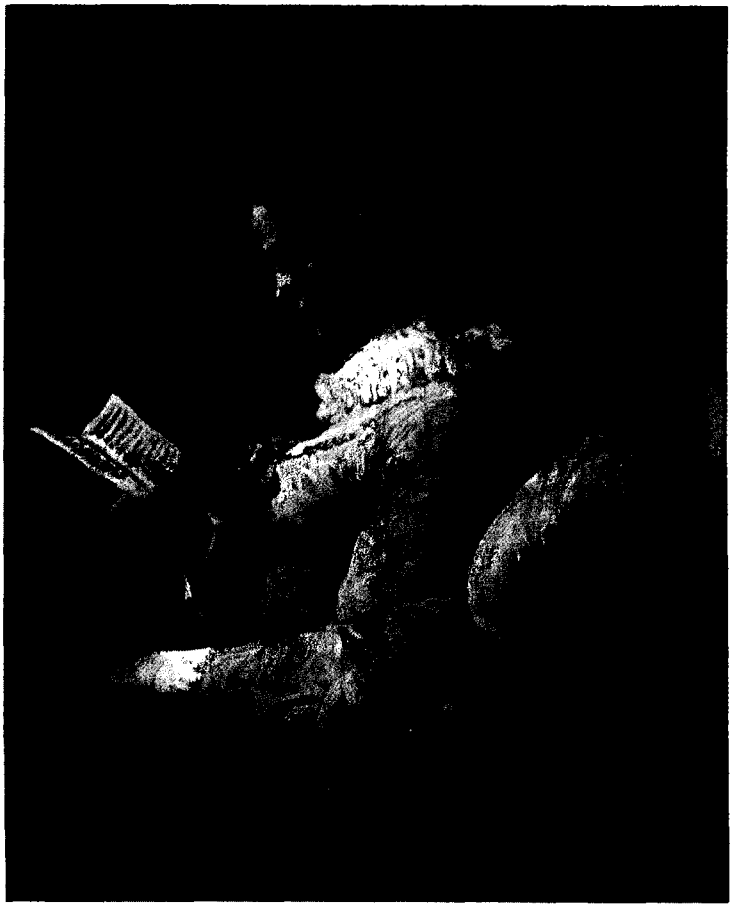
GINEVRA DE' BENCI
Leonardo da Vinci
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.
Ailsa Mellon Bruce Fund



A YOUNG GIRL READING
Jean-Honoré Fragonard
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.
Gift of Mrs. Mellon Bruce in memory of her father, Andrew Mellon

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SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON
Rogier van der Weyden
National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.
Ailsa Mellon Bruce Fund

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Chester Dale and I were seated together, and he was doing the bidding. We had nothing by Luks, and I passionately wanted this particular canvas. The bids came in from all over the room. Finally there was a pause, and the auctioneer said, "Going, going," and Chester remained, to my horror, motionless. Before the auctioneer said *gone,* I held up my hand and simultaneously received a kick on my shin. The last bid had been Chester's, and I was about to bid against him.

Chester Dale taught me a great deal. His knowledge of the history of art was minimal, but his knowledge of the world of art was prodigious. He was the only collector so far as I know who was smart enough, when he was beginning to collect, to buy a partnership in one of the largest firms of Parisian dealers, Georges Petit and Company. In this way he found out what was going on behind the scenes and he learned all the tricks of the trade. Somehow or other Chester Dale managed to establish his own Central Intelligence Agency, which operated among the dealers in New York, London, and Paris.

Buying from a dealer is relatively simple; the board of trustees, having examined the work of art, will either vote the funds, ask for a reduction, or refuse the purchase. But buying at auction is more complicated. The director must make his estimate and persuade his trustees to underwrite a specific sum. Unlike the private collector, he cannot change his mind at the last minute and decide to go above this fixed amount. If he thinks he has discovered a competitor who will outbid him, he has no remedy except another board meeting or dissuasion. If he tries the latter, he is faced with a horrid possibility. He may be sued for "chilling" the sale, or in legal terms, for "conspiracy in restraint of trade." This is a law intended, among other things, to discourage "rings," a group of dealers who ally themselves to keep auction prices low, but the principle can be widely applied.

I once tried to "chill" a sale, and the result was exactly the opposite. In London it is considered poor form to bid oneself, and for various reasons museums nearly always use agents. This custom can sometimes be harmful, and it once caused me to make a bad decision which proved very costly. We wanted a little *St. George and the Dragon* by Rogier van der Weyden, a picture so small one should look at it through a magnifying glass. We asked Byam Shaw, the recently retired head of Colnaghi's, an important firm of London art dealers, to bid for us. He agreed, and I told him our maximum offer, which was way above all estimates. The day before the sale, he phoned me and asked me to come to see him at once. When I arrived he was very agitated and said that Colnaghi's principal client, a Count Seilern, for whom they had always bid, had to their astonishment asked Colnaghi's to act for him and to bid on the *St. George and the Dragon.* They had accepted my request because Seilern had said that he did not intend to make further purchases for a long time. Would I therefore get someone else to bid for the Gallery? I refused, pointing out that they knew my maximum bid and that this would be unfair information if they acted for another party. "Well," Shaw said, "then may I tell Seilern we are acting for the National Gallery of Art, in which case I am sure he will withdraw, realizing that he cannot outbid your Gallery?" I knew Seilern pretty well, and I decided to gamble that Shaw was right and that out of friendship and the goodwill he had always shown the Gallery (he's half-American) Seilern would not bid against us. How wrong can one be! When he learned from Shaw that we were bidding, he exploded with anger and declared that the picture was a jewel of the rarest quality, but that it was far too small for a museum and was exactly a collector's type of painting. He was now determined, he said, to get it at all cost and to discourage museums' going after such pictures. He employed another firm and was the underbidder at $620,000. As our two agents were the only bidders above half a million dollars, my wrong decision was very expensive.

This was not my only frustration in the auction room. My saddest experience was a diptych which should have been a triptych. The chief curator of the National Gallery of Art while I was director was a brilliant scholar, Perry Cott. He fell in love with a panel by one of the rarest artists of the early sixteenth century, Miguel Sithium. For five years I tried to buy his beloved painting from a Swiss collector. Finally the owner conceded that the picture was worth something less than the Swiss national debt—we never reveal actual figures except in the case of auctions, when they are public knowledge—and we bought it. We knew it was small, but, alas, when it arrived from Switzerland and was hung, it looked like a postage stamp on the gallery wall. A little later, however, two related pictures turned up at Christie's, the London auction house. They were by a lesser artist, but they were from the same altarpiece. This meant that if I could get them I would have a decent-size triptych. I asked for estimates from Christie's and from dealers, the usual procedure, and I then doubled these and recommended the purchase to our trustees, who gave me the necessary authorization.

On this occasion, as it is important to change agents frequently, I commissioned Geoffrey Agnew, one of the most prominent picture dealers in London, to bid for us. I said the Gallery was prepared to pay $360,000 for both panels. The first painting, to my delight, went for just over $120,000, thus leaving us approximately $240,000 for the second, which I thought somewhat less beautiful. I had a false sense of security, for I did not know that Mrs. Jack Linsky of New York, a most discerning collector, had decided that she wanted number two. Up we went. I was sitting behind Geoffrey, and I watched his perfect timing, his variations in the amounts of his bids, all the tricks one uses to discourage a competitor.

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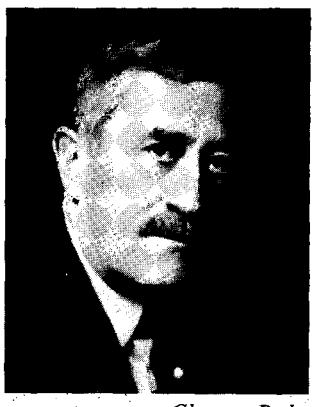
The bidding was in guineas, a shilling more than a pound. I was frantically converting dollars into pounds and then adding twelve cents to each pound to determine whether we had reached our limit, or rather, how far above it we had gone. Geoffrey turned and looked at me for further instructions. In bewilderment I told him to go on. I recognized that I had committed more than my trustees had authorized—I had no idea how much more—and that I was probably in deep trouble. But I didn't need to worry. No one could have outbid Mrs. Linsky. And that is why our diptych never became a triptych. When I was still director of the Gallery I tried in every way I knew to touch the heart of Mrs. Linsky. I still hope I did. A museum director is a little like one of those donors in primitive paintings. He is always on his knees with his hands together in prayer!



Chester Dale

One of my characteristics is that I fall in love with works of art, and this makes me a poor negotiator but a good persuader. My desire, I admit, is often stimulated by subject matter. If I cared only for handling, design, color, the formal values fashionable at present, which are, of course, of great significance, I would be more detached. But instead I have often been attracted beyond these basic factors to the more intangible values of content. I like to imagine myself, for example, a participant in the humanized landscape created by Claude or Poussin, or a wanderer through the Suffolk countryside dappled with sunshine which Constable depicts, or a sailor clinging to a dory threatened by Turner's monstrous waves. The *joie de vivre* implicit in the great Impressionist canvases makes me tingle with delight. On the other hand, I sometimes feel myself in communion with that mood of sadness and high tragedy conveyed by Rembrandt's noble portraits and figure compositions. I could go on, but my point is that such empathy seems to me a justifiable reaction to works of art.

I even admit on a lower level of appreciation that I have occasionally found myself in love with two-dimensional ladies. I remember when I was still in college being taken to see the collection of Mrs. Ericson in New York. Though she owned Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer,* a masterpiece of brooding melancholy, it was a young minx by Fragonard who caught and held my eye. I was in love at once. Dressed in warm yellow, her hair tied with a ribbon, she sits propped up on pillows of sepia tones, and with a demure air reads her book, lost in the world of her private thoughts.

Years later when I had become chief curator of the National Gallery, I used to call on Mrs. Ericson frequently. We always had tea just under *La Liseuse,* as the painting was called, and carrying on a sensible conversation with my hostess while looking out of the corner of my eye at my enchantress led to the spillage of a disproportionate amount of tea. My admiration was so apparent that I persuaded myself that Mrs. Ericson would certainly leave the picture to the National Gallery of Art. I was wrong. At her death the Ericson Collection was put up for sale at Parke-Bernet, and Fragonard's unknown model was destined for the auction block.

I rushed to our principal benefactress, Mrs. Mellon Bruce, and took her to see *La Liseuse* just before the sale. I told her of my devotion going back a quarter of a century, and she became equally bewitched. There were only two pictures, she told me, that she had ever desperately wanted: one was *Lady Caroline Howard* by Reynolds, which her father, Andrew Mellon, had given to the National Gallery of Art to her intense sorrow, saying it was too important to be privately owned, and the other was *La Liseuse.* She asked how much I thought it would bring. I took the highest price ever paid for a Fragonard and multiplied by five.

It was fortunate that I asked for such an outrageous sum. Another man had also fallen in love with *La Liseuse.* He was a close friend, and knowing his taste, I guessed that he would be our major competition. I immediately went to see him and told him that the Gallery wanted the Fragonard and that I hoped we would not be bidding against each other. He said if we were going to bid, he knew he didn't have a chance, and I came to the happy conclusion that he would withdraw.

The night of the auction, Chester Dale, the president of the Gallery, and I sat in the front row. When *La Liseuse* came up for sale, the bidding for the first half million dollars was brisk, and with bids coming from all over the room, it was impossible to recognize our real enemy. Then suddenly all the bidding came from one place: my friend—a very rich and determined man. We could not shake him off. My nerves were on edge. We were running out of money, and the decision to go on had to be made in seconds. With almost nothing left from Mrs. Bruce's huge donation, Chester Dale proposed a final effort, a bid of three times the amount of the previous raises. I agreed. There was silence. Until the auctioneer's hammer fell I suppose thirty seconds passed. But they seemed as long as the thirty years since that tea party when I fell in love at first sight. Then crash; and *La Liseuse* was ours.

The next morning I called Mrs. Bruce and told her the results, which she had already seen in her morning paper. I explained that as she loved the picture so much, she could, under the law at that time, pay for it, give it to the Gallery, and keep it during her lifetime, receiving the same tax benefit as she would from an immediate gift. She repeated what her father had said about *Lady Caroline Howard*—that it was too important a picture for private ownership—and she insisted that it come at once to the Gallery.

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Nevertheless, for the remainder of her life she longed for *La Liseuse,* as she also longed for *Lady Caroline Howard.* I have always admired and wondered at her sacrifice.

The excitement of an auction is intense but brief. Buying a picture from a private collector when many millions of dollars are involved may take years and in the process turn the director's hair gray. To purchase *Ginevra de' Benci* took me nineteen years and almost cost me my life.

I fell in love with the painting in the winter of 1931, when I was a young student in Vienna. One icy day in January, I finally received permission to enter the glacial Liechtenstein palace to shiver in front of a portrait of a cold, melancholy Florentine lady, as she was depicted by Leonardo da Vinci. I was enthralled by her moon-pale face enframed by an umbrageous juniper, in Italian *ginépro,* a pun on her name Ginevra. Her expression appeared withdrawn, almost hostile. I felt in her a sense of secret bitterness, of sad disillusionment. It was only much later that I came across the explanation—contemporary poems which describe her desertion by Bernardo Bembo, the Venetian ambassador, who seems to have been her lover.

The memory of her face haunted me when I returned to Florence to continue my work with Bernard Berenson. I did not realize until recently that I was then staying, as a paying guest, in the same palace, 16 via de' Benci, which was Ginevra's home from the age of five until her marriage at sixteen. My room might well have been hers.

Twenty years passed before I again saw Ginevra's portrait. It was on loan for a short time just after the war to the National Gallery in London. She was more fascinating than ever. I had worried about her wartime destiny, and for several years she had led an adventurous life. With the rest of the Liechtenstein collection, she was removed from Vienna to Salzburg and then to Gaming, where she was kept in a monastery. However, with the advance of Russian troops, Prince Liechtenstein felt that Vaduz, his capital city, offered more security. The Germans at first refused permission to move the paintings, but they eventually conceded that some "household goods" might go to Liechtenstein. Under this humiliating description Ginevra set out on a journey. She had nevertheless the honor of being the only painting to travel with the prince in his private car. In Vaduz she found shelter in the wine cellar of the castle. Only a direct hit by a bomb could have disturbed her.

I tried on various occasions to storm the castle in Vaduz and to see Ginevra in her dungeon, to which she had been returned after her brief sojourn in London. Finally, permission was given, and guided by the prince's curator, we went into the cellar, where there was a trapdoor balanced by a huge counterweight. The trapdoor was lifted, and we descended more narrow stairs to a deep subcellar, where a few of the prince's greatest treasures were stored. This high stone chamber, with its massive walls, though under the castle, is aboveground, because the building follows the contours of a precipitous hill. Thus with ample security, there is no excessive dampness, no sudden changes of relative humidity—a kind of natural air conditioning.

There, on a nail, I saw Ginevra hanging just beside the entrance. Her pallid beauty seemed to irradiate the dusty room with a strange, lunar light. It was hard for me to look at the other pictures, wonderful as they were. I was spellbound, but at last I had to tear myself away, and we started up the endless stone stairs. As a result of polio my left leg is weak, but stairs have never presented a problem. This time when I was near the top I realized with terror that one step was too high, and I started to fall backwards, to hurtle down those stone steps. Dr. Wilhelm, the prince's curator, grabbed me, held on, and probably saved my life. I was grateful to emerge from the castle with all my bones intact, but Ginevra remained as inaccessible as ever.

I made several more trips to Liechtenstein, sometimes alone, sometimes with colleagues; we bought other pictures, hoping always to be able to negotiate for the great prize, yet trying never to reveal our eagerness. All our efforts failed. The prince invariably refused to part with Ginevra. Each trip was more frustrating than the last.

In 1963, the prince's eldest son, Hans Adam of Liechtenstein, came to Washington to stay with Senator Claiborne Pell. We entertained him, and when I learned that he was going to visit Harvard, I asked my son, then an undergraduate, to take him out to lunch. I said I would, of course, pay all expenses. When my son came home for Christmas vacation, he presented me with a bill for $124. I protested that lunch could not have been that expensive—perhaps in New York, but certainly not in Cambridge. My son replied that it was a princely lunch, and he suggested that I could add the $124 to the overall purchase price of Ginevra. It was obvious that my son would have a brilliant future with expense accounts, but it still seemed unlikely that we would ever have Ginevra.

Samuel H. Kress

Then word began to reach us that the painting was at last for sale. We were skeptical. Over the years it seemed whenever the New York *Times* ran out of art news there was a box, regularly printed on the front page, saying *Ginevra de' Benci* by Leonardo da Vinci had just been sold, usually to Canada. I would have a heart attack, only to inquire and find to my joy that the picture was still hanging on that nail in the cellar at Vaduz. But this time an actual price was men-

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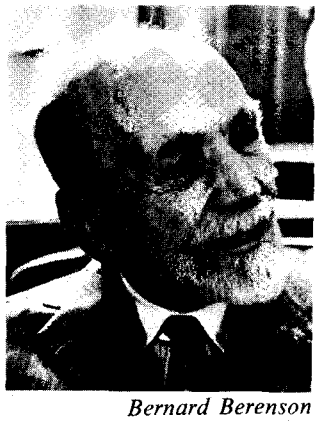
tioned, $10 million. We said immediately that this price was unrealistic. A short time afterwards we were told that the portrait could be bought at a somewhat lower figure. Then serious negotiations began, which lasted several years. Finally, in 1966, we arrived at a price fantastically high, but since the picture is priceless, not out of range. In agreement with the prince we have never revealed the amount.

So far I had avoided all leaks, a remarkable feat in view of the financial transactions involved, the insurance which had to be placed, the number of staff members at the Gallery who had to be told, and the people in Liechtenstein, who must have been suspicious of the unusual influx of Americans from the National Gallery of Art. Security in moving the painting I felt depended on maintaining this secrecy. We therefore developed a code with Ginevra referred to as the "bird." A cablegram saying, "The bird cooks at 44 and is wet to 55% steady" meant that the temperature in Ginevra's cell was 44 degrees Fahrenheit and the relative humidity 55 percent.

As Ginevra was painted on a panel, which I knew would react to changes of temperature and humidity, I decided to employ the system used a few years before when we moved the *Mona Lisa* from Paris to Washington and back.

We lined a container with styrofoam, which minimizes atmospheric changes. The container for Ginevra was a plain suitcase. A gauge was devised which constantly recorded the temperature and humidity content within the valise. Nevertheless, if the gauge had shown that the plane's pressurization had reduced moisture content drastically, there was very little that our restorer, who carried the suitcase, could have done, except, as he said, employ wet towels to raise the humidity and dry martinis to calm his nerves. Luckily such drastic steps were unnecessary. There was absolutely no change in relative humidity.

To conceal the date of departure, three first-class seats were reserved on several days, one for Ginevra and two for her companions. At the Gallery, we didn't know the day of the flight until we received a cable: "Bird flies." We had arranged for a private plane to be at Kennedy Airport to bring Ginevra to Washington. The day before, it had snowed fiercely, but the weather had cleared, and we were delighted.



Bernard Berenson

What we did not realize was that it had been impossible to shovel the snow off more than one runway at Kennedy, and this resulted in one of the worst air traffic jams in the history of the airport. As day turned to night, the "bird" continued to fly around New York and then around New England. Finally, at an airport remote from Kennedy, she landed. Then after a time she repeated her vigil above New York. Hours later she put down at Kennedy, was transferred to a private jet, and with an entourage of customs officers and guards, at last arrived. The "bird," 210 square inches of painted wood, the most expensive square inches in existence, had flown safely to a new home.

Anxieties such as I have described have shortened the lives of numerous directors. James Rorimer of the Metropolitan Museum, for example, died prematurely, as did Francis Henry Taylor. Other directors have lived longer, but of these some have suffered from nervous indigestion, some from insomnia, some from alcoholism, and from other aberrations. But despite such occupational hazards, museum work has had for me tremendous compensations, not least of all the precious leisure for scholarship and writing.

Addiction to collecting is as hard to break as addiction to drugs, and I have been addicted. The rise in prices, however, has made the acquisition of great works of art virtually impossible, except for the colossally rich and for museum directors or curators using Other People's Money. The use of O.P.M. I found one of the great charms of a museum career. Without it I could never have satisfied my craving to collect paintings and sculpture of supreme quality. Then there is the excitement of the quest, the safari through the jungle of dealers in New York, London, Paris, Zurich, and elsewhere, with the constant danger of pitfalls and traps. Or need I mention that most fascinating occupation—wheedling treasures from private collectors when one's colleagues constitute the determined and often unscrupulous competition?

I was fortunate to begin my career when the National Gallery was a hole in the ground. But even if one can't participate in the building of a new museum, a directorship or a curatorship in an existing institution is still a delightful way of earning one's living. And yet most graduate students trained in the history of art reject museums in favor of universities. They seem to prefer the turmoil of the campus to the tranquillity of the gallery. Not that museums are tranquil until the public leaves. But when the doors are closed a metamorphosis occurs, and the director or curator is transformed into a prince strolling alone through his own palace with an occasional bowing watchman accompanied by his dog the only obsequious courtier. The high, vaulted ceilings, shadowy corridors, soaring columns seem to have been designed solely for his pleasure, and all the paintings and sculpture, those great achievements of human genius, to exist for no one else. Then, undisturbed by visitors, he experiences from time to time marvelous instants of rapt contemplation when spectator and work of art are in absolute communion. Can life offer any greater pleasure than these moments of complete absorption in beauty? □

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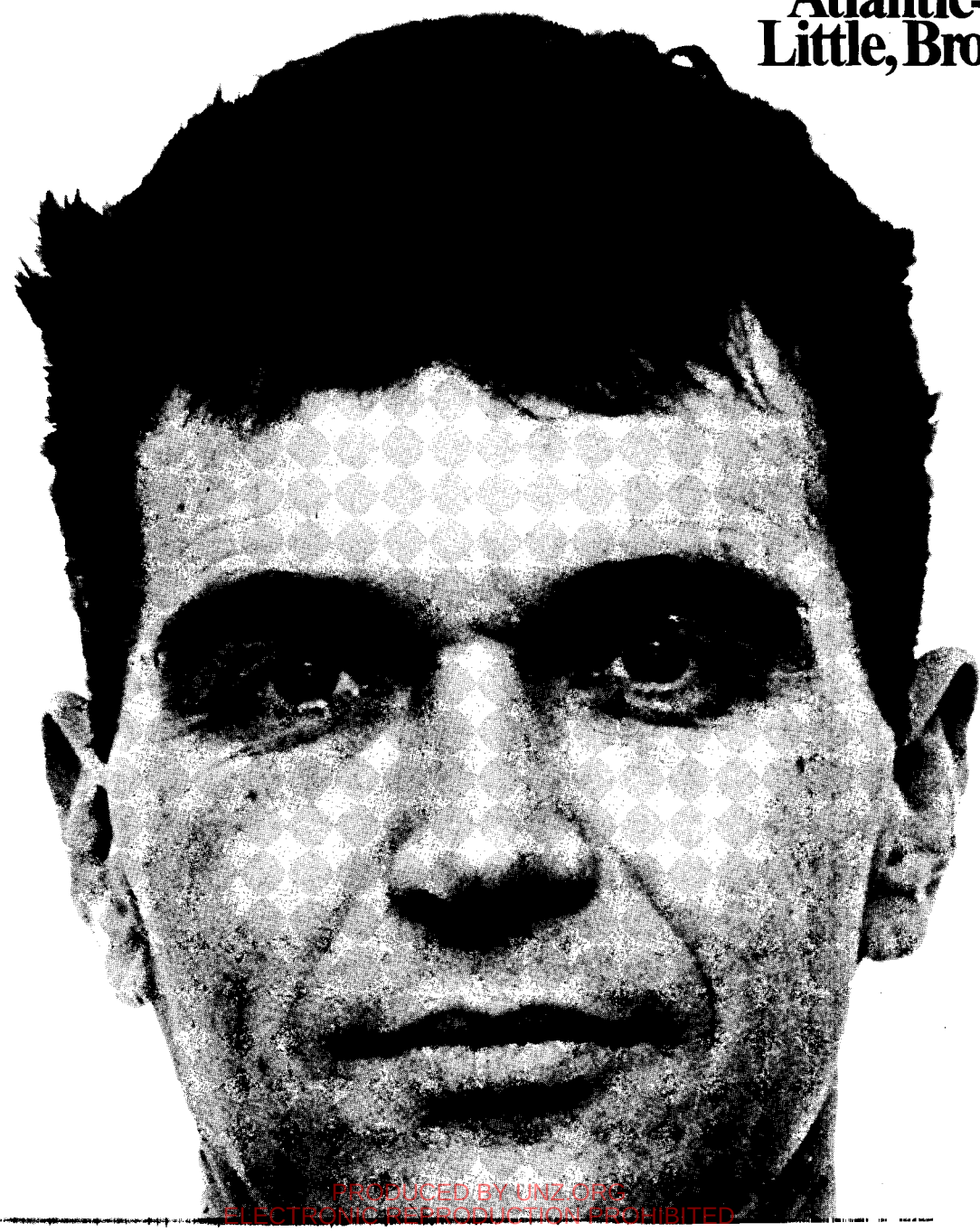

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SCIENCE AND EVIL

by Alfred Adler

Science is the best defense we have against ethical disintegration.

We have been to the moon now, more than once, and in a while we will go much further. Yet even as we escape earth's surface and approach flight beyond the planets, the implications of this triumph are veiled and distorted; the fulfillment of man's most ancient desires generates disorganized energy, undisciplined by intellect, disturbing in its consequences. The first, the very first lunar flight set precisely the right tone. One giant step for mankind, of course, and one degradation as well, right at the start. For it is known that the astronaut originally chosen to be first to stand on the moon was denied such minor immortality when another, slightly higher in rank, insisted on having this honor for himself. Simple, ominous. Neither the majesty of the voyage nor the genius of the technology, not even the essentially cooperative nature of the flight itself, sufficed to postpone envy, greed, selfishness. All this before the rocket ever left earth.

What is truly unnerving and prophetic about this incident is the fact that it has been so indifferently received and so quickly forgotten. Much has been written of the discovery that lunar flight, and perhaps space exploration itself, lack "poetry." Well, they inspire poetry if only one knows where to look for it: in the accumulation of evidence that sin, betrayal, evil are now to be set free of old restraints. It appears that the alliance of good sense (self-interest) with technology (the power to defy natural and divine consequences) at last permits us to dispense with those old buffoons, honor and virtue; now selfishness and greed are not only anticipated but calmly accepted, and all the while our art imitates and approves. Not long ago, the inconspicuous act of selflessness was still demanded, though not always performed; the childhood legends were of truck drivers who would steer their runaway vehicles to certain destruction rather than leap from them and endanger the lives of others. But now we are no longer appalled by the report that a pilot has saved his own life by abandoning his plane shortly before its crash in a populated area; we are simply relieved if there is no accompanying report of casualties. The fact that a pilot holds his own life dear has never been news, certainly; but his instinctive reaction to the crisis, and our limp acceptance and understanding of it, are no longer news either. Were the implications of his action less lethal, we would even be prepared to admire the clarity and ruthlessness of the act. Perhaps technology has made us so powerful, and escape from earth so patronizing of the quite arbitrary morality of our terrestrial recent past, that we are now intellectually and emotionally prepared for the great leap to freedom from past restraints of every kind.

It is a forbidding possibility. But where are the weapons of defense?

A beginning can be made with the recognition of a crucial error in judgment that has been blinding us for over a century. We have chosen technology over science, without ever quite comprehending the difference between the two and with little awareness of the fact that we have made the wrong choice. (Most lamentation over the evils of science is actually no more than a continuation of this error.) Even with a clear understanding of the choice, the temptation to err would be almost irresistible. Technology is generous, and undemanding. It grants health and leisure, and the dignity of freedom from dependence on luck and the seasons, without seeming to require sacrifice in return. Its beneficence can too readily be taken for granted, of course, and an attitude of disparagement become the fashion; but though the lucky few may choose to jeer, the rest of the impoverished world knows the very real value of technology's gifts. Nor, until recently, has any payment been demanded—except perhaps for the sacrifice of privacy, which has

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become the victim of a growing population with growing means to pursue its pleasures. Technology can tempt in yet another way, with its at times dazzling virtuosity. The poise, the almost unbelievable skills of the astronauts and space technologists would, for example, be inspirational if only they were not so self-consciously made to seem monotonous and bland. Anyone who in his youth has constructed model airplanes that would not fly, or tried unsuccessfully to repair a car, or in some way has met technology and found it intimidating, will know that technology, far from being vulnerable to scornful pieties, is a masterpiece, immensely difficult, accessible only to great skill and imagination, and responsible for much of the high level of professionalism so admired today and indeed admirable in so many ways.

Yet something has gone wrong. We believed we were conquerors, when in fact we were eager objects of seduction, enticed into mistaking inventiveness for truth, elaborate calculations for intellectual achievement, temporary plenty for permanent effortless comfort. It is disheartening now to discover the magnitude of our loss, in the forfeit of a small but valuable heritage of values together with a large and valuable heritage of possibilities.

The confusion of science with technology is understandable. Certainly the two often appear to be aspects of a single larger process, as when science proposes new laws of physics, which inspire the development of a technology for their exploration, which in turn exposes inaccuracies in the laws and forces science to seek a more profound level of theory. But in fact their divergence is great. It is the divergence of engagement from fulfillment, of means from ends. A radio to receive messages, a drug to cure disease: technology is a function of the needs it satisfies, and inseparable from its results. The question is always, What product is produced, what process simplified, what functional need met? The question asked by science is, What aspect of the unknown is now accessible to intellect? Science conducts a disciplined and fully accountable pursuit of knowledge, tentatively and with the understanding that truth is not a kernel but a progression without end. If truth is a path, then science explores it, and the brief stops along the way are where technologies begin (they build towns and pave a highway). Technology is results, science is process; though the two fuse and separate and then fuse once more, as ends and means must, their opposition is profound.

When science asks, What aspect of the unknown is now accessible to intellect?, the word "now," although difficult to interpret satisfactorily, serves to distinguish science from more frivolous intellectual pastimes. Consider ESP research, for example. The fact that some persuasive instances of extrasensory perception have occurred is not to the point. The point is that there exists no intelligent way to discuss the phenomenon, no nontrivial approach to ESP beyond the accumulation of statistically meaningless data. ESP at present is inaccessible to intellectual force of any kind, and so is of no interest to science. Perhaps in a few years (or decades, or centuries) it will be. But not now. The word "now" is decisive. Modern geometry illustrates the way in which science must move from one level of knowledge to the next by successive, timely elaborations of theory. Classical geometry had been the study of lines in space and of curves: triangles, circles, other conic sections. With the development of calculus and the discovery of its importance to geometry, an examination of surfaces became both possible and desirable. Not simply surfaces in space (this would include the surfaces of spheres: for example, the earth), but surfaces of any dimension at all.

The modern theory was initiated by Karl Friedrich Gauss in a series of papers which exposed the fundamental properties of ordinary two-dimensional surfaces. It was clear to Gauss, as it was to other mathematicians of the time, that the most important mathematical and physical results were certain to appear in the higher dimensions; it was equally clear that such a study could not begin until an understanding of the simpler two-dimensional case had been reached. Consequently, Gauss attacked the lesser problem, discovering the significant features of two-dimensional surfaces, and most important of all, isolating the invariant now known as Gaussian Curvature. Much of Gauss's work was of a form ready to admit generalization to higher-dimensional problems; within a few years the generalization was accomplished by Bernhard Riemann, the Gaussian Curvature generalized to Riemannian Curvature. And all the while Newtonian physics had been crumbling, unable to produce a new formulation of gravity and motion because the mathematics for such a theory was simply not yet available. (We now know that relativity was to be expressed in terms of Riemannian geometry.) With the availability of Riemann's work, the reconstruction of classical physics could (and indeed did) proceed.

Today? It is not quite clear where to go from here. A unified field theory to encompass relativity and electromagnetism, the unsuccessful conclusion to Einstein's scientific life, has been a dream for half a century. There is the possibility that such a theory, if it can be formulated, will require first of all a generalization of Riemannian geometry. If so, then the fact that such a generalization, known as the theory of affine connections, has been available to physicists for almost half a century tempts one to say, the time is now. Yet fifty years is a very long time. That no unified field theory has been forthcoming may be the signal of an important error in timing (perhaps in physics, perhaps in mathematics), and an indication that despite repeated traces of a correct theory just beyond our reach, too much remains unknown for a

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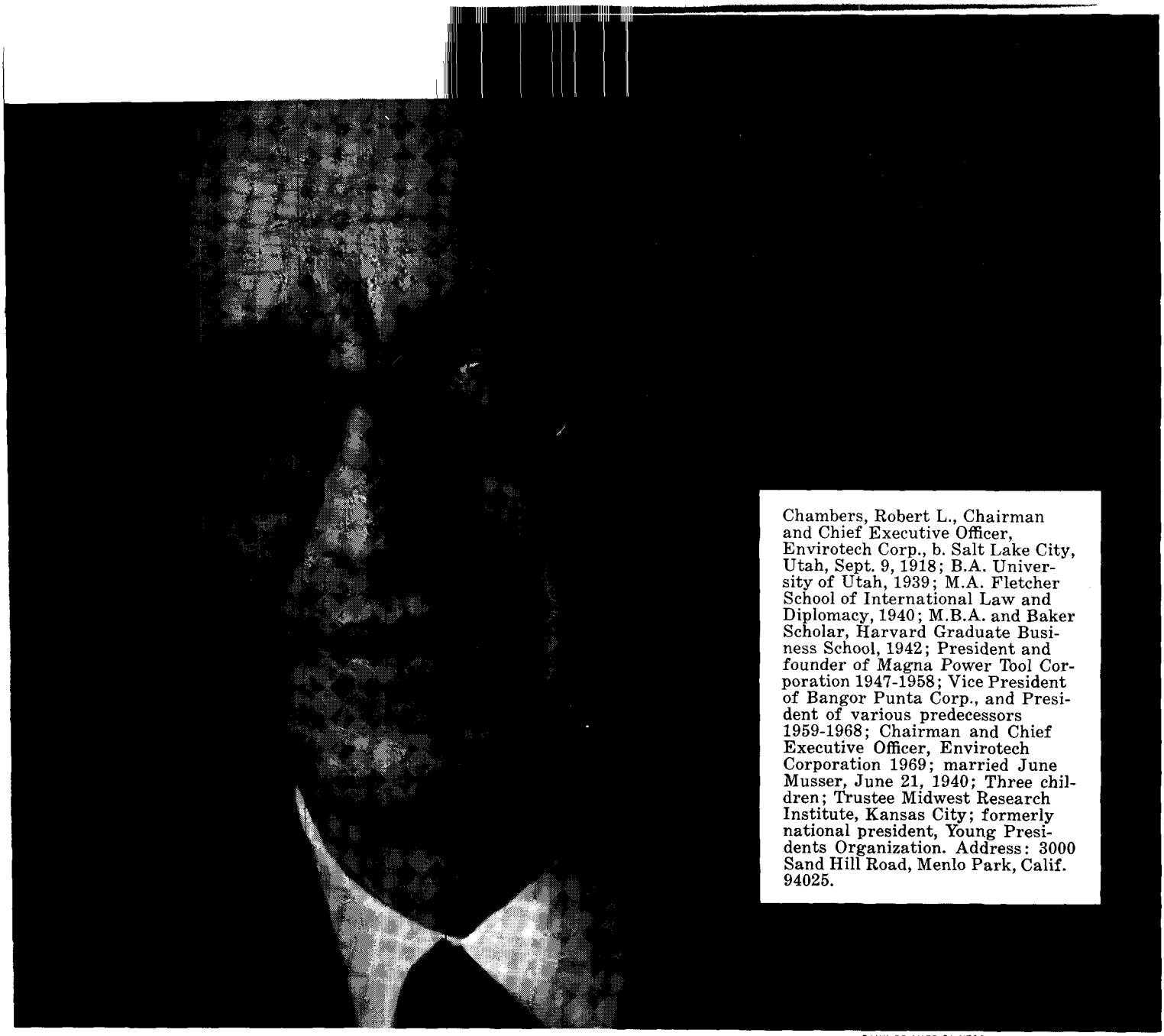

Chambers, Robert L., Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Envirotech Corp., b. Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 9, 1918; B.A. University of Utah, 1939; M.A. Fletcher School of International Law and Diplomacy, 1940; M.B.A. and Baker Scholar, Harvard Graduate Business School, 1942; President and founder of Magna Power Tool Corporation 1947-1958; Vice President of Bangor Punta Corp., and President of various predecessors 1959-1968; Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Envirotech Corporation 1969; married June Musser, June 21, 1940; Three children; Trustee Midwest Research Institute, Kansas City; formerly national president, Young Presidents Organization. Address: 3000 Sand Hill Road, Menlo Park, Calif. 94025.

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As Envirotech has grown, Mr. Chambers has found other ways Bank of America can help. Our computers handle his payroll automatically every payday. Our Travelers Cheques are good in every country he travels in. And our overseas branches have helped him develop subsidiaries and licensees in Europe and the Far East.

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successful attack on the problem to occur now. Science may be forced to postpone the search. The decreasing attention paid unified field theory in the past few years suggests that this postponement is already in progress.

The balance observable in this progression is characteristic of all scientific work. First there must be the caution which ensures that not too much is attempted, not too soon. There is a time for things, and though disagreement is certain over precisely what is reasonable and what is timely, nevertheless obstacles exist which deter both the effort that overreaches honestly and so achieves nothing and the effort that overreaches dishonestly so as to assure the acclaim accorded grand schemes which cannot fail because there is no possibility of their success. The natural sciences, whose results obviously cannot contradict physical reality, possess a natural barrier to the grandiose and the fanciful. But other disciplines must erect artificial barriers, perhaps in analogy with art. For there is much to be said, in an agnostic age, in favor of keeping the creative young artist in his garret, poor and misunderstood, so that eventually (it is hoped), greatness will filter through this resistance and force its own acceptance, while mediocrity is trapped and rejected at some stage of the difficult passage through opposition and neglect. So much for caution. The other half of the scientific balance is provided by the requirements of excellence. What is demanded at all times is the informed and disciplined search for the furthest attainable aspect of truth, for problems of the greatest possible profundity and difficulty. Nothing easy, nothing trivial, nothing merely fashionable. Only excellence (excellence; not necessarily success).

There is something here that invites the attention of an age largely indifferent to process and restraint. For technology, by providing a seemingly limitless sequence of accomplishments, has reinforced a natural human fascination with ends of every sort, with fulfillments, solutions, success. Though its recent achievements appear more and more to be mere refinements of the old, a legacy has been established. Now each human problem is expected to yield a final solution, each venture anticipates conclusive success. Or almost so: one thing other than success has come to be acceptable in its place. This is nonfailure. It is the compromise of a world that knows in its bones (but will not accept) the fact that true success is an infrequent end. It is the setting of goals to exceed all expectations of success, the expounding of theories of such grandeur and generality that specific criticism is almost irrelevant and failure ceases to be a serious possibility (public indifference is the only remaining risk, since actual success is no longer necessary). This may explain the modern enchantment with visions and proposals of great scope but little skepticism. And it may explain the modern ethical dilemma as well. For somewhere within this constellation of gratification and intellectual giantism there has crystallized one most reasonable and ominous conclusion: we are, each to himself, a primary end; and so are our desires, which must be satisfied; and so are our intellectual effluents, which must be respected.

It has worked out badly. Like the very old, with little to do but pay strict attention to their own bodies, we have found that concentration directly on ourselves has transformed our aches, objectively transformed them, into major crippling pains. So, precisely at a time when science is about to be relegated to an even lesser position than it now occupies, science may represent a major part of our hope. The word "science" is perhaps not the one to use in this context, but rather "philosophy." The latter has a more acceptable sound, and the two have in fact become almost synonymous, with science nearly all that is left of classical philosophy except for some academic exercises. Though philosophy was at one time a union of method and summation (the summation would be a system of ethics, or aesthetics, or metaphysics), the summations have wasted away, until today almost any philosophical recipe for truth or for a meaningful life has become laughable. For we are now familiar with Heisenberg's indeterminacy principle; we understand that God is inscrutable; we know that morality is not absolute but socially conditioned; we recognize truth as being in the eye of the beholder. There remains only a residue of method, greatly purified and strengthened. That, of course, is science, once a part of philosophy, now essentially all of it. So we really have an answer to the earlier question: It appears that science is the best defense we have left against ethical disintegration, the one way intelligently to alter and restructure our ethical lives. It provides an ethic of method, of skepticism, of excellence and accountability as opposed to accomplishment, and a stable alternative to the demands for gratification and success. It postulates that tangible accomplishment is but one aspect of a larger process, always important but neither an immediate nor even a long-range necessity. It postulates also that effort, and excellence, are necessities at all times.

And does all this suggest art as well as science? Well, the possibility that art no longer provides an ethical alternative is simply a measure of our despair. For the intuitive nature of art, the irrelevance to art of skepticism and accountability, these are strengths in times of intellectual dormancy or constraint but are great weaknesses in times of speculative freedom and license. They have left art vulnerable to the vices of technology, to the lure of fashion, success, esteem, to self-conscious "relevance" and self-important elitism. So we can continue to look to art for the occasional appearance of an isolated sensibility, but any request for something more is likely to be answered by an art which has become technology dressed in bright colors, speaking poetic phrases, and singing with lyrical voice. □

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A ROMAN SPRING

A story by Leslie Norris

I have this place in Wales, a small house set in four acres of pasture, facing north. It's simple country, slow-moving. I look down my fields and over a narrow valley, green even in winter. I go whenever I can, mainly for the fishing, which is splendid, but also because I like to walk over the grass, slowly, with nobody else about. The place is so silent that you discover small noises you thought had vanished from the world, the taffeta rustle of frail twigs in a breeze, curlews bubbling a long way up.

It's astonishing the old skills I find myself master of when I'm there, satisfying things like clearing out the well until its sand is unspotted by any trace of rotten leaf and its water comes freely through in minute, heavy fountains; or splitting hardwood with a short blow of the cleaver exactly to the point of breaking. I've bought all the traditional tools, the rasp, the band saw, the edged hook, the long-handled, heart-shaped spade for ditching. After a few days there I adopt an entirely different rhythm and routine from my normal way of living. Nothing seems without its purpose, somehow. I pick up sticks for kindling as I walk the lanes; I keep an eye cocked for changes of the weather.

We went down in April, my wife and I, for the opening of the salmon-fishing season. The weather had been so dry that the river was low, and few fish had come up from the estuary, ten miles away. I didn't care. We had a few days of very cold wind, and I spent my time cleaning the hedges of old wood, cutting out some wayward branches, storing the sawn pieces in the shed. After this I borrowed a chain saw from my neighbor Denzil Davies, and ripped through a couple of useless old apple trees that stood dry and barren in the garden. In no time they were reduced to a pile of neat, odorous logs.

They made marvelous burning. Every night for almost a week I banked my evening fires high with sweet wood, and we'd sit there in the leaping dark, in the low house, until it was time for supper. Then, one morning, the spring came.

I swear I felt it coming. I was out in front of the house when I felt a different air from the south, meek as milk, warm. It filled the fields from hedge to hedge as if they had been the waiting beds of dry ponds. Suddenly everything was newer; gold entered the morning colors. It was a Sunday morning. I walked through the fields noticing for the first time how much growth the grass had made. From some neighboring farm, perhaps Ty Gwyn on the hillside, perhaps Penwern lower down the valley, the sound of someone working with stone came floating through the air. I stood listening to the flawless sound as it moved without a tremor, visibly almost, toward me. "Chink," it came, and again, "chink," as the hammer chipped the flinty stone. I turned back to the house and told my wife. We had lunch in the garden, and afterward we found a clump of white violets as round and plump as a cushion, right at the side of the road. They grew beside a tumbledown cottage which is

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also mine, at the edge of my field where it meets the lane. The cottage is called Hebron. It wasn't so bad when I bought the place—I could have saved it then, had I the money—but the rain has got into it now, and every winter brings it closer to the ground. It had only two rooms, yet whole families were raised there, I've been told. We picked two violets, just as tokens, as emblems of the new spring, and walked on down the hill. Ruined and empty though it is, I like Hebron. I was pleased that the flowers grew outside its door. As we walked along, a blue van passed us, and we stood in the hedge to let it through. Our lane is so narrow that very few people use it—the four families who live there, and a few tradesmen. But we didn't recognize the van. We heard the driver change down to second gear as he swung through the bend and into the steep of the hill, outside the broken cottage. We had a splendid day. In the afternoon we took the car out and climbed over the Preselli Hills to Amroth, in Pembrokeshire. The sands were empty; the pale sea was fastidiously calm. It was late when we got back.

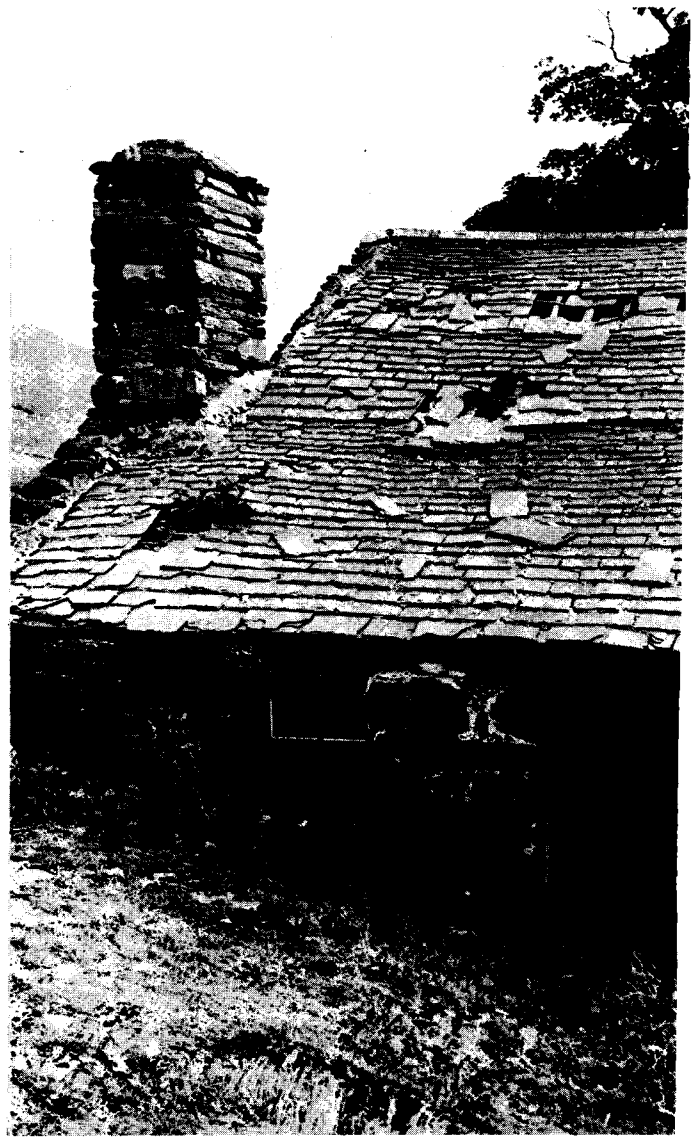
The next day was every bit as perfect. I got up in the warm first light, made some tea, cleaned the ash from the grate, and went into the field. I took a small ax with me, so that I could break up a fallen branch of sycamore that lay beneath its parent in the bottom field. Beads of dew, each holding its brilliant particle of reflected sun, hung on the grass blades. I pottered about, smiling, feeling the comfortable heat between my shoulder blades. Over the sagging roof of Hebron I could see the purple hills of Cardiganshire rising fold on fold into the heart of Wales. I listened idly to my neighbor, whoever he was, begin his work again, the clink of his hammer on the stone sounding so near to me. It took me a little while to realize that it *was* close at hand. I was unwilling to believe that anyone could be away from his own house on so serene and beautiful an early morning. But someone was. Someone was chipping away inside the walls of Hebron.

I ran through the wet grass, reached the cottage, and looked through a gap where the stones had fallen out of the back wall. I could see right through to the lane. The blue van was parked there, and a thin, blond girl stood beside it, her long face turned down a little, her hair over her shoulders. The wall was too high for me to see anyone in the house.

"What goes on?" I said. I couldn't believe that my ruin was being taken away piecemeal. The girl didn't move. It was as if she hadn't heard me.

"Who's there?" I called. "What do you think you're doing?"

A young man stood up inside the house, his head appearing opposite mine through the hole in the wall. He was dark, round-faced, wore one of those fashionable Mexican moustaches. He had evidently been kneeling on the floor.



"Just getting a few bricks," he said, his face at once alarmed and ingratiating. He waited, smiling at me.

"You can't," I said. "It's mine. The whole thing is mine—cottage, fields, the lot."

The young man looked shocked.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I've had permission from the local Council to take stuff away . . . They say it doesn't belong to anyone . . . I'm sorry."

"The Council are wrong," I said. "This cottage belongs to me."

I felt stupid, standing there, talking through a ragged gap in a wall three feet thick, but there was no way of getting around to him, except by walking back up the field, through a gate, and down the lane to the front of the house, where the white violets were. The thin, silent girl was standing almost on top of the flowers, which made me obscurely angry. I turned around and hurried off, alongside the hedge. As I went I heard the van start up, and Hebron was deserted when I got back. I opened the door. They'd

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taken the frames out of the windows, the wooden partition which had divided the little house into two rooms, and an old cupboard I had been storing there. I was incredulous, and then furious. I looked down at the floor. All my marvelous quarry tiles had been prized up and carried away. I could have wept. Nine inches square and an inch thick, the tiles had been locally made over a hundred years ago. They were a rich plum color, darker when you washed them, and there were little frosted imperfections in them that caught the light. They were very beautiful.

I ran up the road, calling for my wife. She came out and listened to me, her obvious sympathy a little flawed because she was also very amused. She had seen me stamping along, red-faced and muttering, waving aloft the hatchet I had forgotten I was holding.

"No wonder they vanished so quickly," said my wife. "You must have looked extraordinary, waving that tomahawk at them through a hole in the wall. Poor young things, they must have wondered what sort of people live here."

I could see that it was funny. I began to caper about on the grass in an impromptu war dance, and Denzil Davies came up in his new car. As far as Denzil is concerned, I'm an Englishman, and therefore eccentric. Unmoved, he watched me complete my dance.

But I was angry still. I could feel the unleashing of my temper as I told my story to Denzil. "They had a blue van," I said.

"It was a good market in Carmarthen last week," said Denzil carefully, looking at some distant prospect. "Milking cows fetched a very good price, very good."

"Took my window frames, my good tongue-and-groove partition," I mourned. "My lovely old cupboard."

"I believe the Evanses are thinking of moving," said Denzil. "Of course, that farm is getting too big for them, now that Fred has got married. It's a problem, yes it is."

"A young man with a moustache," I said. "And a girl with long, fair hair. Do you know them, Denzil?"

"I might buy one or two fields from old Tom Evans," Denzil replied. "He's got some nice fields near the top road."

"They stole my quarry tiles," I said. "Every bloody one."

Denzil looked at me with his guileless blue eyes. "You've never seen my Roman castle, have you?" he said. "Come over and see it now. It's not much of an old thing, but professors have come down from London to look at it. And one from Scotland." Kitty excused herself, saying she had some reading to catch up on. I sat beside Denzil in his new blue Ford, and we bumped along the half mile of track that leads to his farmhouse. I'd been there before, of course. Denzil's farmyard is full of cats. After evening milking he always puts out an earthenware bowl holding gallons of warm milk. Cats arrive elegantly from all directions and drink at their sleek leisure.

We left the car in the yard, and climbed through the steep fields to a couple of poor acres at the top of the hill. Although high, the soil was obviously sour and wet. Clumps of stiff reeds grew everywhere, the unformed flowers of the meadowsweet were already recognizable, and little sinewy threads of vivid green marked the paths of the hidden streams. Right in the middle of the field was a circular rampart about four feet high, covered with grass and thistles, the enclosed center flat and raised rather higher than the surrounding land. I paced it right across, from wall to wall, and the diameter was nearly seventy feet. There was a gap of eight or nine feet in the west of the rampart, obviously a gateway. It was very impressive. Denzil stood watching me as I scrambled about. Everything I did amused him.

I took an old, rusty fencing stake to knock away the thistles growing on top of the bank and force its pointed end into the thin soil. I didn't have to scratch down very deeply before I hit something hard, and soon I uncovered a smooth stone, almost spherical and perhaps two pounds in weight. I hauled it out and carried it down to Denzil. It was gray and dense, quite unlike the dark, flaky, local stone used for building my own cottage. And Hebron too, of course. I scored my thumbnail across it, but it didn't leave a scar. It was incredibly hard. Faint, slightly darker parallel lines ran closely through it, and a small, irregular orange stain, like rust, marked its surface on one side. Denzil nodded. "That's it," he said. "That's what they made the walls with. Hundreds and hundreds of those round stones." My stone had been worn smooth and round in centuries of water, in the sea or in a great river. We were nine hundred feet high and miles from the sea or any river big enough to mold such stones in numbers, yet the Roman walls were made of them.

"They're under the road too," said Denzil. "The same stones."

I looked down from the walls of Denzil's castle. It was easy to see the road, now that he'd said it. A discernible track, fainter green than the land around, marched straight and true, westward from the Roman circle, until it met the hedge. Even there it had defied nearly two thousand years of husbandry. Generations of farmers, finding that little would grow above the stones, had left its surface untilled so that the road, covered with a thin scrub of tenacious blackthorn, went stubbornly on. We saw it reach the road two hundred feet lower down, halt momentarily, and then continue undeterred until it was out of sight. I knew it well, on the other side of the narrow road. It was the boundary of my fields. I had often wondered why I should have had so regular a strip of difficult and worthless shrubs.

"Just wide enough for two chariots to pass," said Denzil. "That's what one of those London men told me. But I don't know if he was right."

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We looked with satisfaction at the straight path of the Romans.

"I've got new neighbors," Denzil said. "Down in Pengron. Funny people, come from Plymouth." He looked gently toward Pengron, a small holding invisible in its little valley. "They hadn't been here a week," he went on, "before they cut down one of my hedges. For firewood." He let his eyes turn cautiously in my direction. "Young fellow with a moustache," he said, "and a fair-haired girl."

"How interesting," I said, with heavy irony. "And do they have a blue van?"

"Strange you should ask that," said Denzil mildly. "I believe they do." We smiled at each other. "Can you see," Denzil said, "that the Roman road must have passed right alongside Hebron? There must have been a house on that spot for hundreds and hundreds of years, I bet." He was right. The old cottage sat firmly next to the dark accuracy of the traceable road, its position suddenly relevant. Carrying my stone, I walked back through the fields to have my lunch.

In the afternoon I drove over to Pengron. The house, its windows curtainless, seemed empty, but a caravan stood in the yard. The thin girl came to the door of the caravan, holding a blue plate in her hand. "Good afternoon," I said, but she didn't answer.

I've never seen anyone as embarrassed as the young man when he appeared behind her. He jumped out and hurried toward me. "I know," he said. "You want me to take everything back. I will, I'll take it all back this afternoon. I certainly will."

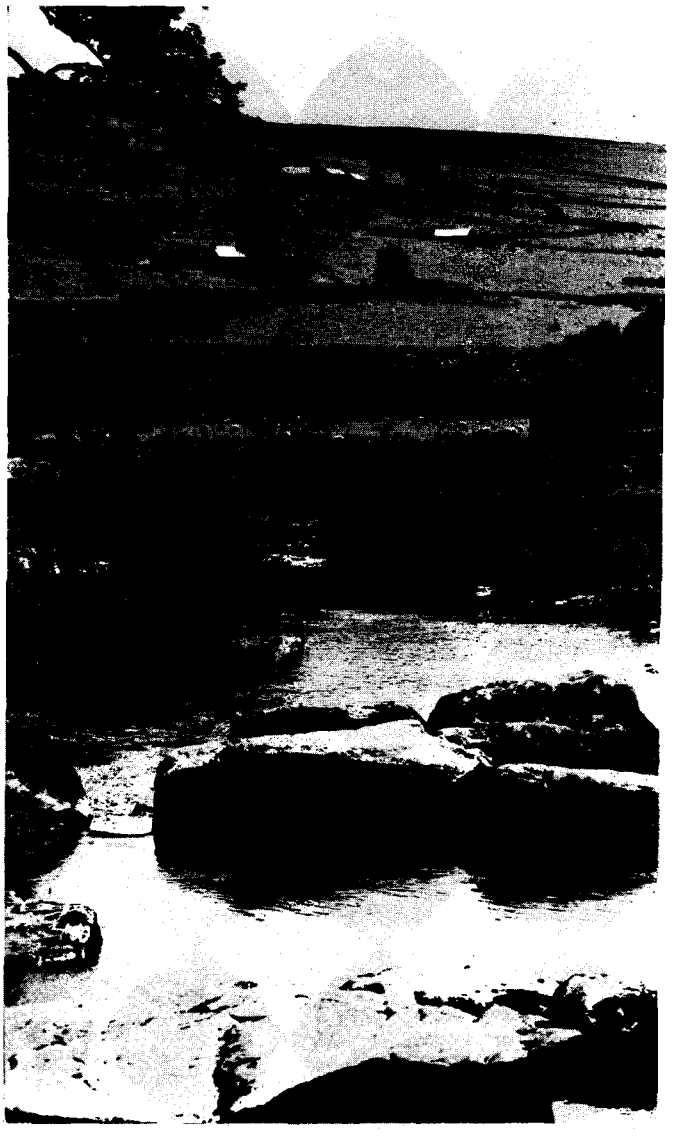
I felt very stiff and upright, listening to him. I could see all my tiles arranged in neat rows, six to a pile, on the ground. He must have taken over a hundred. He'd been at it for days, chipping away with his hammer while I wandered around in happy ignorance.

"I can understand," I said in the most stilted and careful manner, "that someone surprised in a situation as you were this morning is likely to say something, as an excuse, which may not be exactly true. But I have to know if you really have permission from the local Council to remove material from my cottage. If this is true, then I must go to their offices and get such permission withdrawn."

He was in agony, his face crimson with shame. I felt sorry for him as I stood unbendingly before him.

"No," he said. "No, I don't have any permission. It's just that someone up the village told me that he didn't think the old place belonged to anyone. I'll take everything back this afternoon."

I looked at my tongue-and-groove partition, my window frames. Unrecognizable almost, they formed a heap of firewood in one corner of the yard. Waving a hand at them in hopeless recognition of the situation, I said, "It's not much use taking that back, but



the tiles, yes, and my cupboard, and anything else you haven't broken up." I walked back to the car, and he followed, nodding vehemently all the way. I was glad to leave him. When I looked in at Hebron later on, the tiles and the cupboard had been returned. I didn't enjoy myself much that day. It's stupid to be so possessive. The old cottage is an unprepossessing mess, not even picturesque. I ought to have been pleased that someone was finding it useful, but I wasn't. The lingering remnants of my anger pursued me through the night, and I was pretty tired next day. I took it easy.

I can't think why I went down to Hebron in the cool of the evening. I walked listlessly down the hill, becoming cheerful without energy when I found a wren's nest in the hedge. There never was such a place for wrens. They sing all day, shaking their absurd little bodies with urgent song. It was a good evening, cloudless and blue, a little cool air tempering the earlier warmth. I began to whistle. At quiet peace

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with myself, aimless and relaxed, I approached the cottage. When a man pushed his head and shoulders through the gaping window I was totally startled.

"How much for the house, then?" he said. He withdrew from the window, and stepping carefully, reappeared at the door, closing it slowly behind him. He was a very small man. Despite the mildness of the evening, he wore his reefer jacket wrapped well around him, and its collar high. He couldn't have been a couple of inches over five feet.

"It's not worth much," I said. He pushed his tweed cap off his forehead and smiled at me, a sweet, wise smile, but incredibly remote.

"No," he said, "not now. Oh, but it was lovely sixty years ago."

"Did you know it," I asked, "all that time ago?"

"Longer," he said. "More than sixty years ago. Since first I saw it, that is."

He stood outside the house, his hands deep in his pockets. He stood very carefully, protectively, as if he carried something exceedingly fragile inside him. His breathing was gentle and deliberate, a conscious act. It gave him a curious dignity.

"Know it?" he said. "For ten years I lived in this house. My brother, my mother, and me. We came here when I was five years old, after my father died, and I was fifteen when we left. I'm sixty-seven now." We turned together to walk down the hill. He moved slowly, economically. We had gone but a few yards when he stopped, bent down, and picked up a thin ashplant, newly cut from the hedge.

"I've been getting bean sticks," he explained. "I've left them along the lane where I cut them, so that I can pick them up as I go back."

We talked for a long time, and I warmed toward him. He was a great old man. We stood there, the evening darkening around us, and he told me of people who had lived along the lane in the days of his boyhood, of his work as a young man in the farms about us, of the idyllic time when he lived in Hebron with his mother and brother.

"But there's no water there," I said. "How did you manage for water?"

"I used to go up to your place," he said. "To your well. Times without number I've run up this road, a bucket in each hand, to get water from your well. We thought it was the best water in the world."

Slowly we moved a few yards on, and the old man lifted the last of his bean sticks from where it lay. Then he turned, faced resolutely forward, and prepared to make his way back to the village, perhaps a mile away over the fields.

"I've got to be careful," he said. "Take things very slowly, the doctor said. I'm very lucky to be alive." He placed his hand delicately on the lapel of his navy coat. "Big Ben has gone with me," he said. "Worn out. He doesn't tick as strongly as he used to."

"Let me carry those sticks for you," I said, understanding now his deliberate slowness, his sweet tolerance, his otherworldliness. He was a man who had faced his own death closely, for a long time, and he spoke to me from the other side of knowledge I had yet to learn.

"I'll manage," he said. He bundled his sticks under one arm, opened the gate, and walked away. It was so dark that he had vanished against the black hedge while I could still hear his footsteps.

In the morning I went into the field below Hebron. It's not my field; Denzil rents it from an absentee landlord, and keeps a pony or two in it. There's a steep bank below the hedge, below the old Roman road, that is, and Hebron's garden is immediately above this bank. As I had hoped, the ground there was spongy and wet, green with sopping mosses. I climbed back up and into the garden, hacking and pushing through invading bramble and blackthorn, through overgrown gooseberry bushes. In the corner of the garden which overhangs Denzil's field, everything seemed to grow particularly well; the hedge grass was lush and rampant, the hazel bushes unusually tall. I took my hook and my saw, and cleared a patch of ground about two yards square. It took me most of the morning. Afterward I began to dig.

It was easier than I had expected, and I hadn't gone two spits down before I was in moist soil, pulling shaped spadesful of earth away with a suck, leaving little fillings of water behind each stroke of the blade. By lunchtime I'd uncovered a good head of water, and in the afternoon I shaped it and boxed it with stones from the old cottage, and while it cleared I built three steps down to it. It was a marvelous spring. It held about a foot of the purest, coldest water. I drank from it, ceremonially, and then I held my hand in it up to the wrist, feeling the chill spread into my forearm. Afterward I cleaned my spade meticulously until it shone, until it rang like a faint cymbal as I scrubbed its metal with a handful of couch grass. I knew that I would find water. For hundreds of years, since Roman times perhaps, a house had stood there: it had to have a spring.

I put my tools in the boot of the car and drove up to the village. If I meet my old friend, I thought, I'll tell him about my Roman spring. I saw him almost at once. He stood, upright and short, in front of the Harp Inn. There was nobody else in the whole village, it seemed. I blew the horn, and he raised both arms in greeting. I waved to him, but I didn't stop. Let him keep his own Hebron, I thought. Let him keep the days when he could run up the hill with two buckets for the best water in the world, his perfect heart strong in his boy's ribs. I had drunk from the spring, and perhaps the Romans had, but only the birds of the air, and the small beasts, fox, polecat, badger, would drink from it now. I imagined it turning green and foul as the earth filled it in, its cottage crumbling each year perceptibly nearer the earth.

I drove slowly back. The next day we packed our bags and traveled home, across Wales, half across England. □

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LIFE & LETTERS

TONKIN: IT WASN'T A BIG LIE

by Daniel I. Davidson

THE PRESIDENT'S WAR
by Anthony Austin
Lippincott, $7.50

TONKIN GULF
by Eugene G. Windchy
Doubleday, $7.95

Authors are as inclined to exaggerate the importance of their subjects as are generals to overrate the vital nature of their missions. Austin of the New York *Times* and Windchy, formerly of the United States Information Agency, consider the Tonkin Gulf incidents critical events, and Austin seems to regard them as the cause of the United States's going to war with North Vietnam.

The murky naval engagements of August, 1964, and the congressional resolution were in no sense underlying or even immediate causes of the war. Our involvement resulted from North Vietnam's determination to take over or liberate South Vietnam, and an American decision that our security required us to defeat Hanoi's efforts.

In 1964, the Administration's view of the need to defend South Vietnam was shared by Congress and the public. In March, Senator Fulbright stated: "It should be clear to all concerned that the United States will continue to meet its obligations and fulfill its commitments with respect to Vietnam." He thought it necessary to preserve the freedom of South Vietnam and regarded "the direct commitment of large numbers of American troops" as a "realistic option." During the presidential campaign, Johnson was criticized for not being firm enough. In May, 1965, after the sustained bombing of North Vietnam had begun and American combat units had landed, President Johnson made the vote on the Vietnam appropriations bill a test of support for his policy. Three senators voted "no." In July, only one governor declined to support his policy. In March, 1966, a move by Senator Morse to repeal the Tonkin Gulf Resolution was crushed—ninety-two to five.

Events in Vietnam would have moved toward war without any incidents in the Gulf of Tonkin. Open-ended approval of further presidential actions, including the use of armed force, had been given by Congress in the Formosa Resolution of 1955 and the Middle East Resolution of 1957. In both cases, Congress acted without the impetus of an assault on American forces. Even if such a precondition had been required in Vietnam, the series of attacks on American installations culminating in the February, 1965, assaults at Pleiku and Quinhon which triggered the bombing of the North would have been more than sufficient to obtain congressional backing. By early 1965, the choice was either to intervene on a large scale or to see South Vietnam taken over by the North, and there can be no doubt which course Congress would have favored. There might have been more thorough congressional debate and some increased appreciation of what lay ahead, but the result would surely have been to place Congress behind the President.

Although the Tonkin Gulf Resolution did not entrap this nation into war, the Johnson Administration's handling of the incidents has laid it open to the very ugly charge, most recently leveled by Austin and Windchy, of deceiving the Congress into providing the legal underpinning of the war. They conclude that Congress was misled regarding the firmness of the evidence of a second attack on our ships. Austin asserts that there was no second attack. Windchy believes it "improbable but not absolutely impossible" that a premeditated North Vietnamese attack took place on August 4. Both authors charge that elements of provocation against North Vietnam were concealed, and Windchy seems to believe that a strong case can be made that the destroyer patrol had been intended to provoke an incident which would be used to widen the war. These indictments, following many similar charges of deceit, go to the very heart of the integrity of the Johnson Administration, and persuasively presented as they are in both books, require careful scrutiny.

On August 2, 1964, the Department of Defense issued a short, straightforward statement that "while on routine patrol in international waters," the U.S. destroyer *Maddox* underwent an "unprovoked attack" and "answered" with gunfire. Today almost every part of that statement can be challenged as wrong or as skirting or concealing relevant facts. The *Maddox* fired first. Although it was in

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international waters at the time of the incident, previously it had deliberately gone inside the twelve-mile limit claimed by North Vietnam. It had done so following the night of July 30-31 when unmarked South Vietnamese gunboats bombarded two islands off the North Vietnamese coast—the first naval shelling of North Vietnamese territory. These raids, which according to the New York *Times* account of the Pentagon Papers were under General Westmoreland's command, were acts of war. To follow them with deliberate intrusion by a U.S. warship into what North Vietnam considered its territory could easily be seen as provocative. It would be hard to consider it "routine."

The evidence refutes any allegation that senior policy-makers in Washington deliberately provoked either the first or the second attacks. Washington played down the first attack, made no move to retaliate, and did not anticipate a second incident. The President announced that the patrol would be doubled by adding another destroyer, the *Turner Joy*, and that the two ships would have air cover. Not publicly revealed were orders to the destroyers not to approach within eleven miles of the North Vietnamese coast. The previous limit had been eight miles. At night, when the likelihood of attack was greatest, the destroyers were to steam away from North Vietnam into the Gulf. There was no expectation in Washington that North Vietnam would dare to attack the reinforced patrol.

Senior Washington officials might have been more concerned had they known that a second South Vietnamese gunboat raid was scheduled for the night of August 3-4 when the North Vietnamese mainland was to be shelled for the first time. Orders had been issued by the United States naval command to maintain a geographic separation between the two operations by keeping the patrol north of the points to be raided. The Pacific Fleet commander thought this might "possibly draw" North Vietnamese gunboats away from the area of the raid.

Early in the morning of August 4, shortly after the second raid, Commodore Herrick of the *Maddox*, probably relying on intercepts of North Vietnamese messages, reported that North Vietnam considered his destroyers to be directly involved in the raids and therefore enemies. This message, part of a request to his immediate superior for more air support, apparently was not relayed to Washington, and incredibly enough, it would be days before McNamara even learned of the second raid.

On the morning of August 4 in Washington (night in the Gulf), the Pentagon received an intercepted North Vietnamese communication which Washington interpreted as an order to attack the destroyer patrol. Soon thereafter the *Maddox* reported that the patrol was being approached by high-speed radar contacts and that an attack appeared imminent. Then the destroyers, sixty-five miles at sea, radioed that they were under attack. Another intercept showed the North Vietnamese reporting that they had our ships under attack. Flash messages from the destroyers reported over a score of torpedoes launched against them. The destroyers claimed the sinking of at least two enemy craft. An intercept came in of the North Vietnamese radioing the loss of two of their ships.

In Washington a tentative decision was reached to carry out a one-shot reprisal by bombing North Vietnamese naval bases and facilities.

Commodore Herrick had second thoughts. He cabled: "Review of action makes many reported contacts and torpedoes fired appear doubtful. Freak weather effects and overeager sonar may have accounted for many reports. Suggest complete evaluation before any further action."

Herrick later reported that although details of the action presented a confusing picture, he was "certain that the original ambush was bona fide." He cabled that the *Turner Joy* reported two torpedoes passing near her and that there had been visual sightings of cockpit or similar lights passing near the *Maddox*.

McNamara spoke several times with Admiral Sharp, the Pacific commander, and only after receiving assurances that the evidence was conclusive did he order the bombing.

Austin and Windchy dissect the visual sightings, sonar soundings, and radar contacts put forward by the Pentagon to establish the attack, and when they are finished the evidence appears far from conclusive. But the intercepts cannot be explained away as electronic vagaries or as products of overexcited imaginations. Yet unless the intercepts are somehow discounted, there is no doubt that an engagement had taken place and that two North Vietnamese ships were sunk. When your patrol reports a battle in progress and intercepts show the enemy reporting that they are attacking, when your ships report sinking two enemy vessels and the other side reports the loss of two vessels, the evidence would appear complete.

The extraordinary treatment of intercepts within the government may explain why McNamara telephoned demands for confirmation of the attack after he had the intercepts and why reliance was placed publicly on evidence which is shaky on closer analysis. Intercepts are given far more restricted treatment than even normal top-secret material. Their very existence is concealed from all except the few authorized to see such messages. Actions are not to be taken on the basis of intercepts unless they can be explained plausibly on another basis. All this is to hide from the other side your ability to understand their messages so that you can continue to read them.

It is entirely possible that what McNamara was seeking was evidence which could be publicly revealed to establish the attack which he knew from the intercepts had taken place, and that the Pentagon performed so sloppily in releasing evidence because its highest officials, knowing the attack had occurred and the basic proof could not be revealed, did not carefully review the public presentation.

Recognizing the critical nature of the intercepts reporting the battle and the loss of two ships, Austin brilliantly argues the theory that they came in on August 2, not August 4, that they concerned the first incident, and that in reconstructing the record in 1968 a clerical error was overlooked and they were made the "unimpeachable" proof in McNamara's testimony on the August 4 incident. But whichever event the two intercepts in fact were reporting, participants in the August 4 decision clearly recall that the intercepts were presented to them as emerging from the August 4 encounter and deemed conclusive.

The Administration appears to have been entirely honest in presenting to Congress its conclusion that the second attack had taken place. Be-

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cause of its unwillingness in 1964 to disclose the intercepts and compromise that source of intelligence, it undoubtedly placed unwarranted stress on the evidence it felt it could reveal. If the Administration had presented all the information it possessed, the overall effect would have been to strengthen, not weaken, its presentation.

Congress was informed that the patrols had entered waters claimed by the North Vietnamese. Senator Fulbright stated during public debate that "it was testified that they went in at least eleven miles to show that we do not recognize a twelve-mile limit which I believe North Vietnam has asserted." Pentagon briefing officers referred to a twelve-mile claim.

At a closed session, Secretary McNamara told senators of the first South Vietnamese gunboat raid. Senator Nelson, on the Senate floor, pointed out that it would be mighty risky "if Cuban PT boats were firing on Florida for Russian armed ships or destroyers to be patrolling between us and Cuba 11 miles out." Senator Fulbright allowed that it was risky. Congress was not informed of the second gunboat raid because at the time McNamara testified he did not know of it. His apparent denial that our Navy even knew of the first South Vietnamese raid was misleading.

The public record was muddied. In open statements in September, 1964, McNamara tried to create the impression that there had been no South Vietnamese gunboat raids on the North. The State Department denied North Vietnamese allegations of a raid. When McNamara's 1964 testimony was released in 1966, all references to the raids were deleted. In 1968, McNamara denied that the patrol had entered waters claimed by the North Vietnamese as territorial.

When all is said and done, it is hard to doubt that if the Administration had made the fullest presentation to Congress of all the information it possessed and deemed relevant, the result would have been passage of the Tonkin Gulf Resolution. Senator Fulbright's shrugging off Senator Nelson's apt inquiry regarding how the United States would react to the same degree of Russian and Cuban activity off our shores shows the mood of the Senate.

The Administration can and should be faulted for many aspects of its handling of the Tonkin Gulf affair. Its machinery failed to get to senior policy-makers in Washington such relevant information as the fact that the second gunboat raid had taken place. It was less than candid in its public statements. It may not have properly evaluated the possibility suggested by Windchy that the second "attack" might not have been deliberate or even an attack but rather a North Vietnamese shadowing operation that went wrong. Statements by a North Vietnamese naval officer captured in 1966 and the meticulous reconstruction of the event by Austin and Windchy even suggest that it may have been wrong in its conclusion that there was a second engagement. All these and many other possible failures and errors are thoroughly explored in the two books. But they cannot shake the basic fact that the Administration firmly believed, on the basis of evidence which at the time seemed to it, and was, overwhelming, that a second attack had taken place. Though much remains confused, the charge of deliberate deceit or self-deception fails.

HEROIC EXPLORATION

by Mark Schorer

USHANT: An Essay
by Conrad Aiken
Oxford University Press, $9.50

Almost twenty years ago, Malcolm Cowley wrote: "The discovery—one can hardly call it rediscovery—of Conrad Aiken is coming soon." This hope (as it has proved to be) was expressed just a few months before the publication of *Ushant: An Essay* (1952), a work so extraordinary in American literature that its admirers (including this reviewer, then as now) thought that it must bring about that discovery. But nothing happened except in the consciousness—I use the word advisedly—of a handful of readers who, as a small underground audience, have kept the book alive over the years. A few months ago the book was handsomely republished, with photographs and a key to its characters, and the faithful few said to themselves that now, surely, it *must* happen. But nothing has.

Conrad Aiken was eighty-two years old in August. He has had many public honors but somehow never a real audience, nor even decent critical recognition. (His amazing novel of 1933, *Great Circle,* which so interested the aging Sigmund Freud that he proposed himself as analyst for the novelist, sold twenty-six copies in its second six months, or so Mr. Aiken told Cowley; and *Preludes for Memnon,* among his finest volumes of poems, sold only seven hundred copies in the three years following the Pulitzer Prize of 1929. It is very sad.)

His achievement is nothing less than astonishing, however one looks at it—in its generic variety, its aesthetic vigor, its refusal to be daunted, its large body, its beautiful unity as an *oeuvre.* Beginning in 1914, he has published at least thirty volumes of new verse (not including, one means to say, selected or collected gatherings, of which there have been three), five novels, three volumes of brilliant short stories (twice collected), a play, two full volumes of criticism, and the incomparable *Ushant,* a poet's splendid fountain of introspective prose. And then, at about the time that *Ushant* was republished, one picked up such a perfectly readable but completely prosaic autobiographical work as Edmund Wilson's *Upstate,* wherein it is solemnly reported that in 1958 Van Wyck Brooks assured the author that the two of them were "the only men of letters left." It is very sad; it is also very silly. Or one is reminded, in a review of *Rabbit Redux,* that John Updike observed some time ago in his essay on Vladimir Nabokov that the Russian emigré was the only writer practicing in America "whose books, considered as a whole, give the happy impression of an *oeuvre,* of a continuous task carried forward variously, of a solid personality, of a plenitude of gifts explored knowingly." Are there, then, no others? the reviewer asks. Ah, yes; five: Bellow, Mailer, Malamud, Roth, and Updike himself. Granted the distinctive qualities of each of these men, must one still not repress again

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that old groan for the harsh injustice of fashion?

That is what Conrad Aiken has never been, fashionable; and he has paid in literal, not figurative, poverty. In 1937, at forty-eight, he found employment with the Federal Writers' Project; later, he conducted a small private school for writers and artists in his home; after the Second World War he was forced to sell his house at Rye, New York (to which D is sailing in *Ushant,* shortly before that sadness), because he could not afford its upkeep. This last must have been like cutting off a part of his body, because houses, and that one particularly, meant a great deal to him, not as personal property but as embodiments of crucial emotional states and important human relationships. For a time *Ushant* was to be called *Rooms, ets, and Houses,* and he wrote of t amazing house that was one-." This concern with houses as bolic structures is another reason introducing Edmund Wilson's recent book into this context. For many summers, Wilson tells us, he returned to his mother's decaying old house in Talcottville, New York, struggling to make it comfortable and sometimes, one gathers, at the cost of considerable discomfort to himself, all in an effort to maintain his connection with his youth and his sense of his ancestral past. This is, of course, what *Ushant* is first of all about. As a small boy in Talcottville, Wilson tells us, "I said suddenly to myself, 'I am a poet,' then after a moment corrected myself with, 'No; I am not quite a poet, but I am something of the kind.' " Nothing that Mr. Wilson has ever said about himself is more attractive than that confession. But it also makes the point.

One has no wish to abuse Edmund Wilson in order to praise Conrad Aiken. Wilson has fulfilled a more than merely worthy function in his time, but surely it is clear enough that a book like *Upstate* is quite ephemeral and will find no place in his total achievement. Aiken's *Ushant,* however, is in an important way the luminous climax to his whole career, and one's urgent hope is that it will come finally into a fate less cold.

The search in the past for the sources of a being that is still in the process of becoming, and that search made in the dreamlike framework of a real voyage, is the central situation in *Ushant,* as it is in so much of Aiken's work. It was the situation of his first novel, *Blue Voyage* (1927; called *Purple Passage,* "a play," in *Ushant,* where most titles and proper names are not very darkly disguised), where the author's persona is named Demarest (at least one critic takes this to mean *de mare est,* "he is of the sea"—and that could well be, for the sea, all fluxion, is a paradoxical constant in Aiken's work). But the purpose of Demarest's sea voyage is frustrated, and the journey into the self is blocked. Self-knowledge is elusive, as the closing lines of Coleridge's short poem called "Self-Knowledge," which provide the epigraph for the novel, suggest:

> What is there in thee, Man, that can be known?
> Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
> A phantom dim of past and future wrought,
> Vain sister of the worm . . . .

It is significant that Aiken refused to go on and quote the final despairing line,

> Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!

That refusal suggests that this voyager did not intend to rest. In *Ushant* his name shrinks to the initial D, and the first of three epigraphs is now the opening of the same poem by Coleridge, with the more inquiring lines,

> Haply thou mayst know what thyself had made.
> What hast thou, Man, that thou dar'st call thine own?

Ushant answers that question, and one passage seems almost explicitly to tell us why, in *Blue Voyage,* Coleridge's final line was omitted:

> The thing, of course, was not to retreat, never to retreat: never to avoid the full weight of awareness, and all that it brought, and above all never . . . never to seek refuge from it in the comforting placebos of religious or mystical myth or dogma. The pressures would become, for some, too great to bear: the temptations, too, would be insidious. The security in conformity, in joining and belonging, was to prove to be too seductive for many a better mind than D's. Including that best of all, the Tsetse's.

It is no more remarkable that Eliot's initials, doubled, should become the name of a poisonous insect

(Advertisement)

February Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books

Francis Steegmuller is a master biographer (most recently of *Cocteau,* winner of a National Book Award in 1971) who is also a master storyteller. The two are not always synonymous, as the reader who has trudged his way through any estimable, carefully researched, leaden-sentenced "Life"-that-is-lifeless will sadly testify. And indeed the hallmark of a biography by Steegmuller is the way in which a style of utmost felicity and an unflagging appreciation for the vagaries of human behavior are put at the service of impeccable scholarship. And always, under it all, an irrepressible pleasure in telling a story.

The title of the present collection, a generous selection of the best of his short pieces—fiction and non-fiction but all of them stories—makes the point neatly. Each reader will have his favorite. If forced to choose, we would speak for "A Real Saint," Mr. Steegmuller's most recent story, published here for the first time, in which the life of a "good" man is weighed against the price his goodness exacts from those closest to him. Or perhaps the miniature biography of Queen Christina of Sweden. Or perhaps the account of Cocteau and Mr. Steegmuller at the unveiling of Picasso's odd monument to Guillaume Apollinaire — the only face-to-face meeting of the biographer and his subject. Or perhaps . . .

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LITTLE, BROWN

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than that Aiken should have found the curious confluence irresistible. If there is a touch of malice here, it is good-humored, even generous, although no doubt a little rueful. The two men had known each other first as undergraduates at Harvard ("the fabulously beautiful and sibylline Tsetse" was one year older than Aiken), and the association continued over all those later years during which the Tsetse was to perform "the office of creative response . . . with an influence so close and consanguineous, or fraternal, as sometimes to be paralyzing, or eclipsing." So the Tsetse buzzes dangerously throughout this book, or, to change the figure, casts a long, thin, faintly unsettling shadow across all those years.

Conrad Aiken is perhaps only one of several equally fine poets who suffered from the awesome proportions of Eliot's reputation and that peculiar silvery-greenish glamour that it engendered. Was Eliot's, perhaps, the most *studied* career in modern letters, the most calculated? Or was it only that here was another artist with his own limitations? These are questions that remain for literary history (fluxion is its condition too) later, maybe, to adjudicate.

Now, it may be said with certainty only that the body of Eliot's poetry is minuscule when put beside Aiken's and that Aiken's for that very reason might be expectedly less even. He has never been a cautious artist. If the conceivably Prufrockian tones in his early book, *The Jig of Forslin: A Symphony* (1916), suggest the influence of Eliot, it should also be observed that formally, as Aiken's first "symphony," this book anticipates Eliot's concern with structural analogies inferred from music. It is possible, too, and the possibility has been proposed before now, that in *The House of Dust: A Symphony* (1920), Aiken provided some help for *The Waste Land,* its publication still two years off. Such speculations about "influences" when one is talking about writers who developed in the same cultural milieu and who were friends as well are probably futile, and, friend or gentle foe, Conrad Aiken was almost certainly more apprehensive than he ever needed to be, given his imaginative independence, about the possibility of being stung into sleeping sickness by the Tsetse or anyone else. He has been indomitable, a hero.

What finally interests us is that each of these men had his own vision, his own complex music. The total work of each man—and they are alike in this—is a spiritual autobiography. The exhilarating fact about Aiken's (and this we can never say about Eliot's) is that it is so spaciously and so unabashedly that. *Ushant,* inviting "the full weight of awareness," a phrase that really means the relentless pursuit of *self*-awareness, the plunge, deeper and deeper, into the consciousness until, at the bottom of the sea of self, one grapples at last with very identity itself, is the great central document in our understanding of his life and his purpose as an artist.

I have used my space almost entirely in lamentation, direct or muted, and have attempted no analysis of this extraordinarily complex, multilayered, and finally richly rewarding, no less than consciousness-renewing work. For helpful critical analogies one would have to turn to other arts—to the thematic involutions and still quite open resolution of a late Beethoven quartet; to the crowded, colorful, and *outré* canvas of a Hieronymus Bosch.

Ushant is a great imaginative feat of exploration, a tireless voyage over and into "the soul's landscape"—

> the soul's landscape like an infinite series of overpaintings, a palimpsest in endless sequence, which, no matter how often one removed the successive surfaces, to reveal a new hieroglyph, forever came up with the same mystic equation: YOU.

MUSIC

IVAN GALAMIAN

by Faubion Bowers

"Don't play the Ysaÿe. I've heard you play it. You don't play it worse?"
"But I've changed many things."
"Then play me where you have changed . . . Stop. Start mezzo forte, because that line lasts too long."
(Student squeezes his violin tightly between chin and shoulder.)
"Don't crack the fiddle . . . Do the passage gradual. Move the bow gradual. Too much effervescence. Make a bow change nobody can hear . . . Play détaché *. . . Play a tiny bit closer to the bridge. Now closer to the frog. Make it sound clearer . . . Try to play more flowing . . . Every time, you wait too long to play the chord!"*
(Voice rises.)
"It's a thirty-second note, and you play it about an eighth . . . Connect here . . . Enjoy this part more . . . If you do any kind of rubato, do it gradual. Rubato must always be balanced."
(Teacher leaves to go to the kitchen for yet another cup of morning coffee.)
"Bring in the Ysaÿe again next week."

The student is Rony Rogoff, a handsome virtuoso from Israel; the teacher is Galamian (gah-lah-mee-*yahn),* at quick consensus the world's greatest violin teacher. A session with him in his apartment off Verdi Square, New York City, where Broadway collides with Amsterdam Avenue, costs $50 and, according to any of his ninety pupils at present, is worth $1000. A lesson lasts fifty minutes of real time, the same as a psychoanalyst's hour, and is, indeed, a kind of musical psychiatry, a cry-now-play-later maneuver—imperceptible to the outsider, but demonstrable in the crunch, the crunch being the performing platform.

Not since the turn-of-the-century Leopold Auer and his Elman-Heifetz-Zimbalist constellation has anyone in the musical world turned out ("ground out," his enemies say) so many young stars and superstars—Itzhak Perlman, Pinchas Zuckerman, for example; and if you haven't heard *them,* listen to Kyung-Wha Chung's recent recording of the Sibelius Concerto (London) or Paul Zukofsky's complete Paganini Caprices (Vanguard). "The finest Sibelius I have ever heard," Galamian says of "Cookie's" performance, and of "Paul": "Not the way I taught him, but . . . er . . . legitimate." In any event, Zukofsky dedicated his blistering, resplendent pyrotechnics—without piano or orchestral accompaniment—to his teacher, "with great respect and affection while I have not

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always followed the exact letter of his teaching."

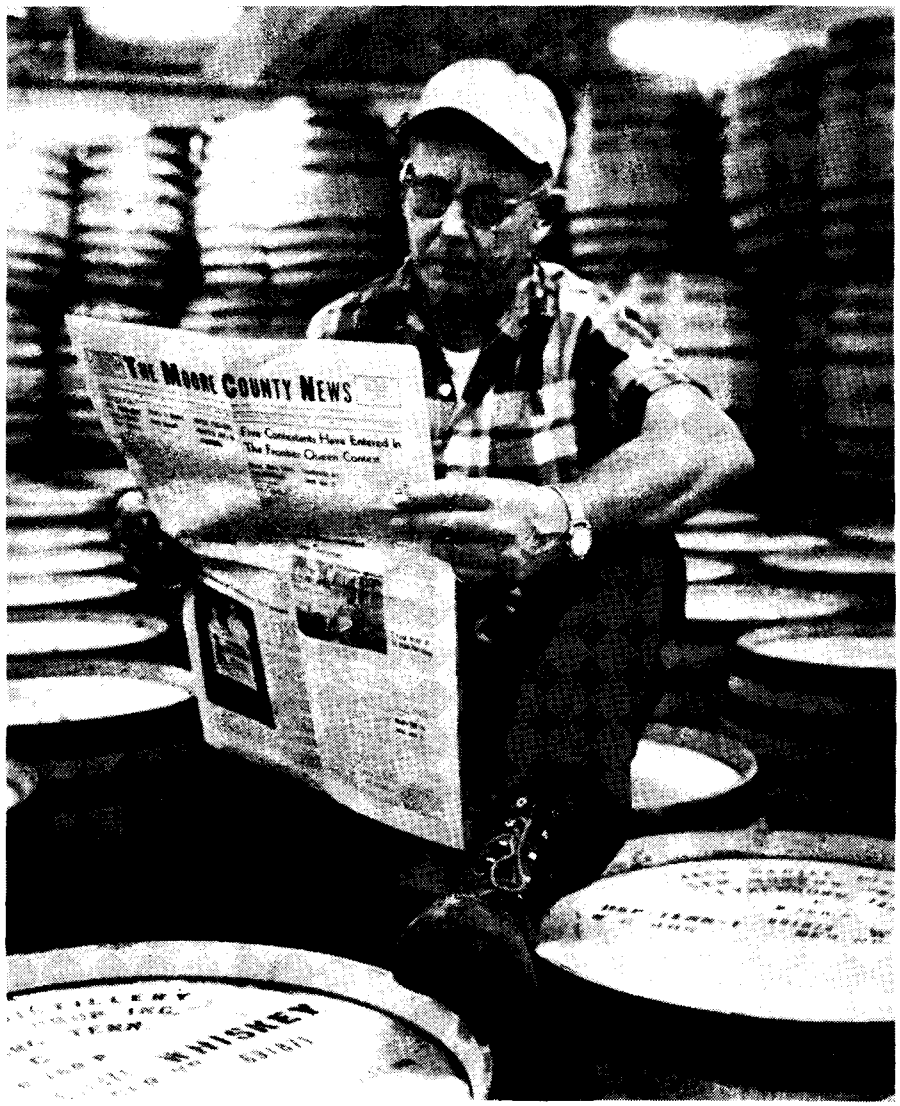
Galamian, naturally enough after a thousand Rabins, Nadiens, Friedmans, Buswells, and Laredos over the course of fifty-two pedagogical years, has the respect of his peers. Henryk Szeryng took five master classes with him. Isaac Stern, who has *not* studied with him, calls him "the most effective teacher in the country." And Efrem Zimbalist, now eighty-two and retired in Vegas, claims that Galamian "can make a violinist out of a table."

He also, of course, comes in for occasional fusillades of opposing aesthetic opinion. Robert Levin, head of the theory department at Curtis Institute of Music, while recognizing Galamian as "the shadow personality" of the violin cosmos, deplores the time his students spend in becoming virtuosi rather than "musicians." "Virtuosity is tasteless showmanship," he says. Gary Karr, the contrabass "virtuoso" who has taught at Dalhousie, Yale, Juilliard, and the New England Conservatory, finds that Galamian instills "an obligation to fulfill contemporary expectations, to avoid criticism," with students accepting "a value system based on technical competence, rather than well-rounded, human musicianship."

But what most strikes any frequenter of Galamian's studio or household is the unabashed devotion of his students. After I witnessed the exchange between Galamian and the young Rony Rogoff, who is in his twenties, I said to Rogoff, almost as if to salve the laceration every splendid pupil suffers from a superlative master, "Beautiful playing." "Beautiful teacher!" Rogoff parried. Then he paused, putting his violin back in the case. "No. He's *more* than that."

"He's a teacher *and* a father," suggests Annie Kavafian, concertmistress of the best of Juilliard's three orchestras. "He says so little, so softly, you have to grab at the words. But three of them are worth another man's paragraph," she adds. As Tom Halpin, the concertmaster of Yale University's symphony, puts it, "He always concerns himself with what is vitally wrong with you, and he's got a simple solution for every complicated problem."

The questions Galamian is asked are not always confined to the classroom, either. Should David Nadien



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resign from the New York Philharmonic? Ought Daniel Heifetz go to Sol Hurok's management? Must Young-uck Kim spend a season with Karajan? The answers, in these instances at least, have been "yes."

Galamian the man stands just under six feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. His Brillo hair is combed straight back, and enormously large, terribly sad eyes peer out at you from heavy lids. He has a mole on his lower lip, and a perpetual burn on his neck from a lifetime of holding the violin—in this case, a three-hundred-year-old Amati. He is built a little like a bowling pin, and sometimes he moves as if the ball had just whizzed by and he were swaying in its trail wind. His parents were both Armenian, but he was born in Persia, in 1903, and after one terrible massacre by the invading Turks, the two-year-old boy was sent to Moscow for safety. There he forgot whatever Armenian he had known. Today, he speaks with a thickly accented English, an inextricable mixture of Russian, French, and Cream of Wheat where consonants and vowels dissolve into an indeterminate mush.

He exiled himself to Paris in 1922, worked at the Russian Conservatory there, and became friendly with Rachmaninov. In 1940, he married an American, whom he calls "Missie," who could only remember his name by rhyming it with "gay lamb of mine," and in 1944 he went at Zimbalist's invitation to the Curtis School of Music in Philadelphia as full professor. Soon afterward, he started a summer school of his own, Meadowmount, on some land that cellist Gregor Piatigorsky had pointed out to him in the Adirondacks between Lakes Champlain and Placid. There, now as then, the students live a monastically strict life—no holding hands, no beer, no sports except for chess and a very mild softball, no failure to practice one's instrument. Composer William Schuman asked him in 1946 to join the faculty of Juilliard, allowing him the special privileges of teaching in his own apartment and rigorously choosing his own pupils.

Now, in the prime of his activity and with all the prestige of the Galamian mystique behind him, he remains diffident and indifferent to both the success and the jealousy it inspires. "Let the dogs howl," he mumbles; "the wind will carry it [meaning both] away." He always speaks in a half whisper—the mark of a genuinely shy person—even when he is dismissing a student for coming unprepared or insufficiently "warmed up" from the warm-up room outside the studio. And he is hard-of-hearing, a subject about which he is abnormally sensitive. "If my ear ever once handicapped me," he says sternly, fixing you with his eyes, "I would stop teaching." Since the sound of the violin is pitched quite differently from the tones of ordinary conversation, Galamian experiences no difficulty in catching the slightest slip. Besides, he listens a lot with his eyes, and rivets his attention on the player's fingers and hands. His students have a whole repertoire of anecdotes about how he caught a wrong fingering in some vertiginously rapid passage, or how he reduced a hard run, riff, or frill to apple-pie ease merely by changing a single upbow to a downward stroke.

What is most extraordinary about Ivan Alexandrovich Galamian is the fact that he is a teacher. Of course, he had a concert career, and there are rave reviews from the 1920s to prove it. But Galamian is not like so many other virtuosi who, after years of barnstorming, find they want to settle down and teach but cannot, or who, self-consumed by a lifetime of public performances, are too bored to talk about their instrument and too dumb to talk about anything else. It is said that God gave a violinist his head only so he could hold the violin with it. Galamian, fortunately, has put his to other uses.

He has been known to keep a student on the scale of A Major for six months, repeating and reiterating its permutations of fingerings and upbow-downbow strokes, much as a sergeant drills soldiers on a parade ground. He will stick to one subject—how to "attack" a tone, or the direction of the bow stroke—until the pupil either masters the trick of moving the bow parallel to the bridge, perpendicular to the fingerboard, and on the sounding point (that place between the bridge and ebony which picks up all the partials and resonances of the string) or else is ready to give up the violin altogether. "Ivan the Terrible" some people have called him, and others are aware that the difference in Russian between the words "student" and "torture" is a single letter, "m." One young girl recently burst into tears at a lesson. "How can you be so *patient* with me?" she cried.

Patience is the foundation of Galamian's success, and he is well aware of it. "I made up my mind years ago to be patient, and it has stuck with me. If anyone else wants to learn that virtue, I'll give them a couple of my students and that'll teach them," he says. So, from eight in the morning until six at night, including Saturdays and Sundays since many of his devotees have commitments elsewhere and some even come once a week from Florida or once a month from Wyoming, there is the scraping and scratching of fiddles, a world of pizzicato and arco, lancé, porté and portato, A strings and mutes, humming and buzzing in the "Stable" (so called because the pupils sweat so much). It takes patience, too, to listen year in, year out to the same, surprisingly limited violin repertoire. There are only five Mozart violin concertos, and only one each of Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, and Sibelius. As for the basic foundation pieces that every violinist must have at his fingers and keep in his hands, there are six Bach Sonatas and twenty-four short Paganini Caprices. Much of the rest is confectionery music: Vieuxtemps, for example, or Wieniawski. If you mention the paucity of violin music to Galamian, he smiles: "Cellists are unluckier." And he was not the only fiddler to bristle when Peter Serkin, pianist, recently raided the violin repertoire and recorded Beethoven's own transcription of his violin concerto.

"Teaching is like medicine," Galamian says. "You prescribe certain doses at certain times. I believe in teaching absolute values first—control of the instrument, bowing and fingering—then, intonation or keeping on pitch. The hardest thing about the business is to develop enough violinistic capital or equipment or technique. My fight is for a natural way of playing. You have to be badly trained to walk badly. And using the bow arm should be as natural as walking. My goal is to make useful musicians, serviceable, employable; and my principal aim is to make the pupil *not* need me. Too much teaching is sometimes worse than not enough. A good teacher has to have

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first, knowledge, second, love for teaching, three, be objective in his approach, and four, conscientious. If any one of these qualities is lacking, then it is not a good thing. It is wrong to lack objectivity in teaching. If a teacher wants to indoctrinate a certain point of view or way of playing, he could be wrong. Forty years from now, style of interpretation could be totally turned upside down. Nobody today could succeed if he played like Thibaud or Kreisler. I think I am a very fortunate and happy man, because I have a hobby and I earn my living by my hobby. I am interested that each pupil who comes is not a mechanical tool you can fix this way or that. You have to use your brain, and have to have the desire to help him. Not routine. Each one is different."

Here we are in the heavens where violins are angels' voices; the bow, their breath of life. Bowings, as carefully plotted as an astronaut's course in space. Fingerwork, spun from filigree in a prestidigitation that makes the musician a sorcerer. Arpeggios and scales begin to sound like cascades of confetti thrown in the air and lit by sunlight. Roulades and ornaments shift colors like prisms of intensity and saturation. Catgut, horsehair, and shellacked wood? Is that what the instrument is? Impossible. Surely, there is something more, more even than the young men and women who are enticing so much marvel out of the violin these days.

That something more is Galamian, but he is still a mystery. Let him tell his disciples that the art of violin playing is the right hand and that the left hand is a machine. Let him bore them with bow strokes until, as in tennis, they begin to get the form right but continue to play the wrong note (miss the ball). Let them lose themselves in technicalities which break music down like a Tinker Toy, and practice every day until the sky loses the sun and catches the stars. The result is dazzling.

"I must say I have had very few failures," Galamian recalls. "Most of them were because the kids did not have guts or wanted shortcuts. Shortcut does not exist." And he quotes a friend of his, a concert manager in Europe, who used to warn him: "It is not the first step which counts, but the first mile." This, in turn, leads

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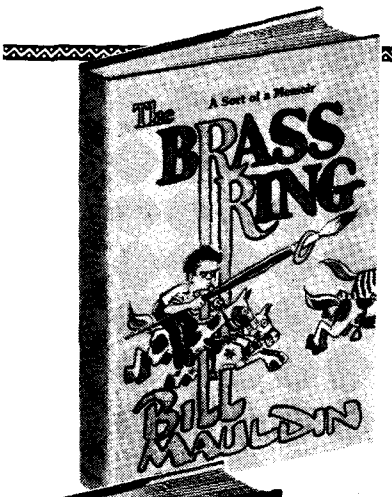

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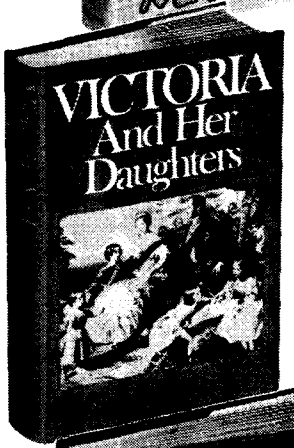

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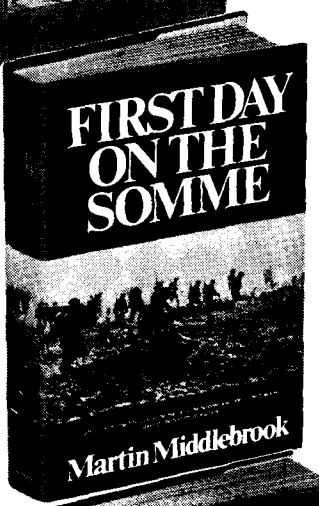

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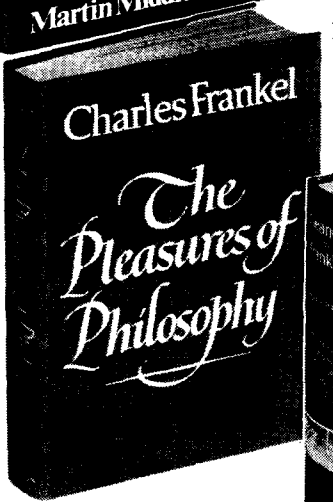

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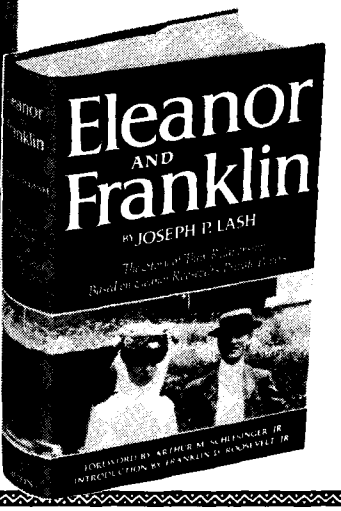

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him to a favorite joke. A newspaper journalist comes to interview a grand old poet in France. "Do you think a poet can arrive [get some place, achieve greatness]?" he inquires. "No," answers the poet. "But you, sir, have arrived." "Yes, but look at the shambles I am in."

Every day a young, wide-eyed aspirant rings the bell of Galamian's apartment, hoping to be accepted and disregarding the perils of a violin career. This past year, for instance, Galamian accepted only three new pupils. In rejecting one would-be student, Galamian said to the boy's father, "I'm really sorry, but I think your son should try anything else besides violin."

The crestfallen father answered in dismay, "But he already has . . . everything else."

Assuredly, only through love can any pupil learn, and learn to be himself. This was demonstrated at one lesson between Galamian and Daniel Heifetz, an exuberant, twenty-three-year-old titan whose brilliance has begun to attract composers—among them, Frank Zappa of the Mothers of Invention and George Harrison of the erstwhile Beatles. Heifetz, that day, was working on the slow movement of the Tchaikovsky Concerto. Midway, there is a fleeting turn consisting of four notes as written. Heifetz, whose instinct is to play the varnish off the fiddle anyway, wanted to make it more glistening, and he doubled the number of notes into a flourish. (Stern does, too.) Galamian corrected him and asked him to repeat the passage. Heifetz played it, irrepressibly, the same way. Suddenly Galamian's lightning struck. "Why do you study with me, if you don't do as I say?" "Because I love you," answered Heifetz. That lesson broke up in laughter.

A lot of the rest of us also love Galamian, if for no other reason than the fact that he, almost alone, reversed yesterday's course of decline in violin playing and brought it into the rising flow of today's—and tomorrow's—artists.

THREE VISIONARY POETS

by Peter Davison

"If a man could pass through Paradise in a dream, and have a flower presented to him as a pledge that his soul had really been there, and if he found that flower in his hand when he awoke—Ay!—and what then?" Coleridge once asked. Keats likewise wrote of "Adam's dream—he awoke to find it truth." Many of our poets are visionaries in the dictionary sense: they employ "apparitions, prophecies, or revelations." A poet's private vision sets his unique aspirations at his unique obstacles: his poetry first erects the walls of his imprisonment and then contrives an avenue of escape.

Poets in our time are not favored with visions of damsels with dulcimers or of Venus rising from the sea; rather, they tend to the apocalyptic. "The leaves were grey, as though chidden of God" (Hardy). "For Love has pitched his mansion in/The place of excrement" (Yeats). "I saw for a blazing moment/The great grassy world from both sides . . ." (James Dickey). ". . . an old bitch gone in the teeth . . . a botched civilization" (Pound). These visions have been handed down to us by our poetic familiars. New poetry is often slower to move us. It takes time to accustom ourselves not only to a strange style of speaking but to an unfamiliar mode of envisioning the inner life.

We have only recently become accustomed—if anyone can become "accustomed"—to Sylvia Plath's Russian-roulette fascination with death as a healer, her dizzying conviction that attempted suicide could clear the head. Yet, as her newly published earlier poems show, her vision did not clear till she had reached the very edge. In his poetry, James Wright is separated from his inner life by gravity: his body cannot aspire as his spirit does, and he envisions himself as a tree with fastened feet, or a bird, or an angel, engaged in a struggle to rise above mortality. Galway Kinnell, more consciously in search of a single vision than some of his contemporaries, comes to possess not Coleridge's dream of Paradise, but his "Nightmare Life-in-Death." The *agon* for this generation of poets (all three were born in the neighborhood of 1930) is coming to terms somehow with what cannot be borne. Poets ten or fifteen years younger, like James Tate or Diane Wakowski or William Matthews, have a different style of suffering excruciation and move with greater nonchalance in the presence of the absurd.

Galway Kinnell's *The Book of Nightmares* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50 cloth, $2.95 paper) is a single long poem of 1400 lines which explicitly aspires to a single poetic vision. Its ten sections are interlinked in imagery. In this book, as in his earlier five, Kinnell writes as a man wandering by himself among mountains and cities, surfacing outside society. His vision takes the form of a succession of related nightmares, each of which brings together images of the present and the absent, the living and the dead: the yearning to embrace a distant daughter or lover, the cadaver of a hen full of unlaid eggs, a pair of secondhand shoes that seem to guide the new owner's feet, a hotel bed that sags under the weight of vanished guests, a Vietnamese corpse that will not stop burning.

> I light
> a small fire in the rain.
>
> The black
> wood reddens, the deathwatches inside
> begin running out of time, I can see
> the dead, crossed limbs
> longing again for the universe.

Death and life interact over and over, both in the poem's imagery and in its skeletal structure. Unlike most contemporary imagery, Kinnell's is evenly balanced between indoors and outdoors, between the radiance of the sun and the gleam of the lamp. We can feel the muscles of the poem moving with the intensity of the poet's visionary preoccupations as he asks his question:

> a face materializes into your hands,
> on the absolute whiteness of pages
> a poem writes itself out: its title—the dream
> of all poems and the text
> of all loves—"Tenderness toward Existence."
>
> . . . Can it ever be true—
> all bodies, one body, one light
> made of everyone's darkness together?

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and as he answers it:

> . . . I find myself alive
> in the whorled
> archway of the fingerprint of
> all things,
> skeleton groaning,
> blood-strings wailing the wail of all
> things.

Visions as radiant and rhapsodic as Kinnell's have difficulty in confining themselves within the bounds of language. Though he seems at first to have sacrificed clarity in the search for sweep, my rereadings of the poem disclose an intricately managed structure which unfolds in clarity as well as in intensity. I am not sure its ending is altogether worthy of what has come before, partly because Kinnell's hortatory style is better suited to rising incantation than to the dying fall, and I had a feeling at the end of having been thrown off while at full gallop. But it's an impressive piece of work, and I would advise any serious student of contemporary poetry to make its acquaintance.

* * *

Sylvia Plath committed suicide in 1963, and it may always be impossible to read her work without the shadow of that knowledge. Those harrowing last poems in *Ariel* are thrust at us out of the ruins of her life. Since the poems themselves are obsessed with suicide, there seems no way in this case to separate the poet's biography (even though it is not yet written) from her work (even though it is not yet all published). The situation provides the perfect breeding ground for legend, for the cheapening of Sylvia Plath's true and remarkable accomplishment, but her heirs, for whatever reason, have been publishing her posthumous work à la striptease, which helps the legend on its way. *Crossing the Water* (Harper & Row, $5.95) contains some, but not all, of the still-unpublished poetry. These thirty-four poems were written, the blurb tells us, "in the transitional period between *The Colossus* (1960) and *Ariel*." Another collection, *Winter Trees*, is promised, but there is no sign yet of a *Collected Poems*. *Crossing the Water* gives us at least some notion of the route she took from the highly accomplished exercises of her first work to the unmistakable genius of her last.

Lines like these, from "Stillborn," look back to *The Colossus:*

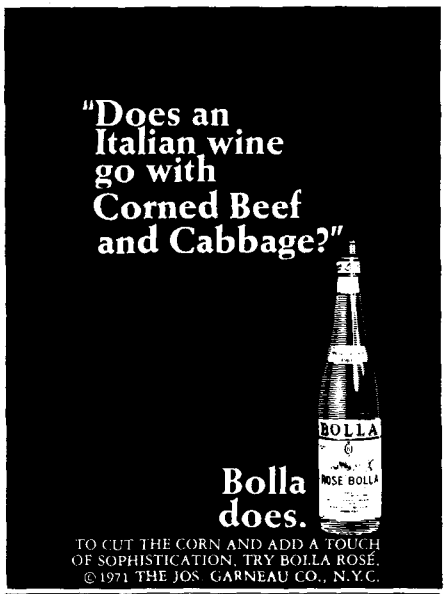
> These poems do not live: It's a sad
> diagnosis.
> They grew their toes and fingers well
> enough,
> Their little foreheads bulged with
> concentration.
> If they missed out on walking about
> like people
> It wasn't for any lack of mother-love.
>
> . . . But they are dead, and their
> mother near dead with distraction,
> And they stupidly stare, and do not
> speak of her.

The ear catches, as it is meant to, the studied effects of a phrase like "it's a sad diagnosis," or the flat ironic allusion to both pregnancy and idiocy in "bulged with concentration," but the poem as a whole seems to me quite ordinary, the lament of a literary lady clucking over the dryness of her work. Other expert, crowded, rather pointless poems sound even more frustrated, as though their author were trying to lift a stone while standing on it. Not until we take a look forward to her later work can we discover why.

The poems in *Ariel* seem to be stimulated by some ghastly conviction that life can be bought only by the near presence of death, but *Crossing the Water* has not arrived at so advanced a position. The poems teem strangely, however, with hospitals, nurses, stillbirths, operations: ". . . a terror/Of being wheeled off under crosses and a rain of pietas." "The nauseous vault/Boomed with bad dreams and the Jovian voices of surgeons." "Over one bed in the ward, a small blue light/Announces a new soul." Life is throughout threatened by lifelessness; birth is interlaced with death; the heart is menaced by the cold blindness of stone. "Love Letter" is typically scattered with stones throughout.

> Not easy to state the change you
> made.
> If I'm alive now, then I was dead,
> Though, like a stone, unbothered by
> it,
> Staying put according to habit. . . .
>
> Now I resemble a sort of god
> Floating through the air in my soul-
> shift
> Pure as a pane of ice. It's a gift.

Not so much of a gift as all that, if you leap forward to "Lady Lazarus," perhaps the most heartbreaking poem in *Ariel*, and listen to how remarkably the tone has altered:



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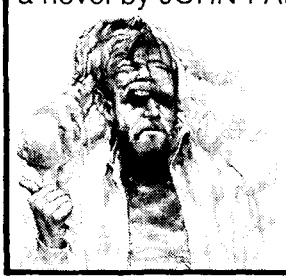

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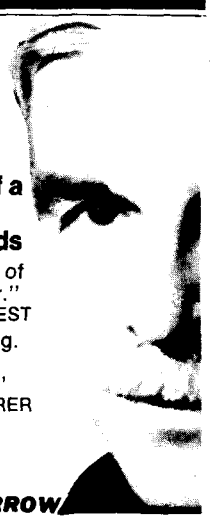

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Dying
Is an art, like everything else.
I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell.
I do it so it feels real.
I guess you could say I've a call.

To return to *Crossing the Water*, only in a few poems—like "The Tour"—do we begin to encounter that acid contempt for the body, that carelessness about life itself, those clipped monosyllables, that scorching fury which can be overheard in the last recordings of Sylvia Plath's voice. It was the voice of someone possessed by a vision:

Toddle on home, and don't trip on the nurse!

She may be bald, she may have no eyes,
But Auntie, she's awfully nice.
She's pink, she's a born midwife—
She can bring the dead to life
With her wiggly fingers and for a very small fee.
Well I *hope* you've enjoyed it, auntie!

Toddle on home to tea!

How frighteningly those "wiggly fingers" bring together the writer-typist and the nurse-midwife; and how that bald, blind, "awfully nice," inexpensive creature manages to embody the conflicting forces of life and death. Was Sylvia Plath in search of a larger vision that would include both?

Crossing the Water did not find it. The collection discloses a world of stone and blazing light, inhabited by a whole population of these blind people. The poems repeatedly contrast the warmness of the heart with the coldness and blindness of the eye.

1. O heart, such disorganization!
   The stars are flashing like terrible numerals.
   ABC, her eyelids say.

2. . . . the scalding, red topography
   That will put her heart out like an only eye.

3. I can stay awake all night, if need be—
   Cold as an eel, without eyelids.

4. When the soles of my feet grow cold,
   The blue eyes of my turquoise will comfort me.

There are many more images connecting the eye that sees but cannot understand with the heart that beats and cannot feel. Childbirth and childrearing seem to make no difference to this inner alienation; neither does love, for the heart cannot comprehend it. When the poems reach back through memory toward the poet's childhood, they still encounter the same parched and glittering landscape, the same abyss between the heart and the eye.

Ariel would take Sylvia Plath up from this desert of death into the wild country at the edge of life. By then, exalted and exultant, she would no longer be separated from her vision, for the heart and the eye would have learned by some desperate stratagem to see as one:

The blood jet is poetry,
There is no stopping it.

The last poetry exudes an actual sense of relief in having drawn such blood from stones, as though no price could have been too high to pay to irrigate the parched soil.

The woman is perfected.
Her dead

Body wears the smile of accomplishment.

Yet the poet's irony never failed her, even at the end. The next lines of "Edge" read:

The illusion of a Greek necessity

Flows in the scrolls of her toga.

Her death was, like almost all suicides, unnecessary. It is reasonable to think that Sylvia Plath might have agreed, had she survived her last "accident." There was no more *need* for her death to take place than there was a need for the visions in *Crossing the Water* to set her eye and her heart at loggerheads. It is both sentimental and ghoulish to applaud her self-sacrifice in "going all the way," for her death blithely brutalized a number of other people's lives; yet her dedication as an artist was as total as her humanity was defective.

* * *

The visions that arise in James Wright's *Collected Poems* (Wesleyan University Press, $7.95) are more Coleridgean than nightmarish. They have a way of rising out of their imagery on wings. The world for him is seen as neither a barren desert nor a solitary pilgrimage, but a familiar garden of earthly delights. His poems are full of farm animals, scarecrows, owls, grass, and trees whose tops reach up though their roots are fastened to the planet. He holds his being at the edge between earth and air. The barrier between the two is the force of gravity. The poet is seeking grace to overcome gravity's inhibitions.

Now I am speaking with the voice
Of a scarecrow that stands up
And suddenly turns into a bird.

A vision need not be forced out of irreconcilable opposites. Though there be anguish in the human condition, Wright's anguish is envisioned merely as a part of the way things are, or even as a path to what is coming:

1. Water is a luminous
   Mirror of swallows' nests. The stars
   Have gone down.
   What does my anguish
   Matter?

2. Whatever it was I lost, whatever I wept for
   . . . It is here. At a touch of my hand,
   The air fills with delicate creatures
   From the other world.

Wright's poems settle on symbols that lie sleeping in the grass of his Midwestern landscape—sights that may turn into insights, visibilities that may turn into visions if only they can be freed from their mortal limitations. He will have none of Kinnell's paradoxical nightmares, none of Sylvia Plath's murderous reconciliation of opposed forces. His is a simpler vision, one of heaviness and lightness, of rising and falling.

1. An owl rises
   From the cutter bar
   Of a hayrake.

2. We clattered the dung forks
   Beneath the dank joists
   Where, surely, somewhere
   The nest curled over the blue
   Veins of somebody's
   Throat and wings.

Wright unites the vision with the visionary so that what the poet sees rises naturally from what he is. The art is one of making the difficult look easy. He is not concerned to squeeze blood from stones or impose the ravenous imperatives of his struggle for sanity on the processes of growing up and dying down. It is as much a part of his vision to aspire to rise as to fail and fall.

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1. . . . I looked down
   And felt my wings waving aside the air
   Furious to fly. For I could never bear
   Belly and breast and thigh against the ground.

2. If I stepped out of my body I would break
   Into blossom.

Death stands in a natural relation to life, without needing to be rammed into the same bed with it: death is simply the last failure to rise above the animal condition, whether by force of accident or through ordinary mortality:

1. I do not pity the dead, I pity the dying.
2. The girl flopped in the water like a pig
   And drowned dead drunk.

Wright does not seek to call attention to the strenuousness of his effort to comprehend, or to shout, "Look at me!" It is enough for him to steal glimpses of visions as they emerge, to catch them by surprise. Thus he induces us to see things the way he does, to look at nature afresh, to find traces of our own features in the portraits of ordinary people. If at his weakest his manner is so ordinary as to be altogether unremarkable, at his strongest he can remind us of what we have always known but never noticed and reassure us that we have been there before. His visions do not need to transport us to a new country, like Sylvia Plath's. They renew the old country for us. Wright's is a pastoral vision, if you like. Still, mortality looms so large in it that smugness finds no entrance; and unlike most contemporary poetry, it leaves us room for love—as in his superb translation of Apollinaire's "The Pretty Redhead," where we find the lines:

All we want is to explore kindness the enormous
country where everything is silent.

Weave a circle round him thrice.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

DOCTOR BRODIE'S REPORT
by Jorge Luis Borges; translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni
Dutton, $5.95

Jorge Luis Borges is an Argentinian and the most poetic and polished writer in the Spanish-speaking world. He was born in Buenos Aires, the son of an intellectual with means to do what he most wanted. His education was Swiss and then Spanish, and he was so well grounded in English (one of his grandparents came from Northumberland) that he could quote Kipling, Conrad, and Chesterton by the yard. When he returned to Argentina and began to write, he drew from many cultures, in his poems and in the dark, haunting, sometimes funny, often cryptic short stories.

Borges' great-great-grandfather, great-grandfather, grandfather, and father all slowly went blind, and his sight began to fade in his fifties. When he came to Harvard to lecture in 1967, he could not see, and his writing had ceased. In Cambridge he found a friend and translator in Norman Thomas di Giovanni, with whose aid he has dictated the eleven realistic stories in this remarkable collection. They were modeled, so Borges tells us in his enchanting Preface, on a series of straightforward, laconic tales written by young Kipling in 1885. But there are, of course, differences. In the first place, the writing and the translation, except in one case, were simultaneous, the story taking shape in English directly and vigorously as it was spoken in Spanish. And because Borges is now in his seventies, it is natural for his stories to take the form of reminiscences, folktales told and retold, which he recalls and embellishes with an emphasis and aftermath that appeal to him. In these days when so much nonselective, no-style fiction gluts the American market, the cool clarity and force of Borges' prose hits one like a shower bath in August.

He reveres ancestors, and they appear in his narratives. He weaves in the old haunts of Buenos Aires which he knew as a boy, the knife-play of the gaucho, the things that were told him by a barfly, a fawning shopkeeper, or his elderly aunt. So Borges takes an episode, stark and elusive, and with the sight of his imagination and his urbane knowledge of human nature, he builds it up into one of those tight, unforgettable tales that tell so much in so little. In his Preface, he expresses the fear that he may have spoiled some of them "with the changes that my fancy or my reason judged fitting. But after all," he says, "writing is nothing more than a guided dream."

I agree with the author that "The Gospel According to Mark" is the best; I like "The Elder Lady" for its shimmer of history, "The Intruder" and "The End of the Duel" for their dramatic conclusions, and "The Meeting" for the skill with which the knives become human. All have the rare touch of literary distinction.

THE NAIVE & SENTIMENTAL LOVER
by John LeCarré
Knopf, $7.95

John LeCarré, the author of *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold,* is an authority on counterespionage. But his new novel is a riotous story of Man's Lib with gloriously funny passages for those who like satire and who will not mind searching through the slough of four-letter words to find the fun. The man liberated is the fair-haired, handsome Aldo Cassidy, a British manufacturer of prams who at thirty-eight has built up a comfortable fortune which he finds it difficult to enjoy. His pleasures are his two sons and his very special Bentley; his displeasures are his father, a braggart and a leech, his wife, Sandra, who makes him feel impotent, and her mother, who lives with them and whom at times he would gladly exterminate. Ever since he came down from Oxford, Aldo has had romantic notions of what he would do if he were less circumspect: make love to his secretary, have his fling in Paris, prove to his wife and to her sentimental friend, Heather Ast, that he is a man of parts and not a mouse.

The story opens as Aldo, in his sleek, prestigious Bentley, is driving alone to Somerset for a private look at Haverdown, described by the agents as "a fortified manor house and keep," which he is tempted to

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purchase and restore. To his surprise, he is greeted not by the agent but by a witty Irishman who introduces himself as Shamus and whose young wife, Helen, beautiful but naked, with a towel on her arm, was evidently on her way to take a bath. It appears that they had been burning the furniture to keep themselves warm, and Aldo takes them to be the disreputable heirs. But whiskey brings out the truth. They are squatters who go from one empty house to another. Shamus, as Helen explains, is not Irish; he is a Jew with a gift for mimicry and a greater gift for writing. After the smashing success of his first novel, *The Moon by Day,* he has gone on the bottle, and in basic English, which LeCarré never uses, this is the beginning of the plot. The excitement to come is how Shamus the chameleon, and the seductive Helen, take Aldo for a ride which lasts for several months, as Aldo sheds his inhibitions with all expenses charged to his Company. Shamus when sober is unpredictably funny, and when drunk a torment and a bore. But one must put up with his rampages, as Cassidy so patiently does, in order to arrive at the really skillful scenes in this bizarre book: the first night at Haverdown, the dinner party with Cassidy's doctor which made me laugh aloud, and the evening of liberation at the Savoy.

HIGH ARCTIC: An Expedition to the Unspoiled North
by George Miksch Sutton
Eriksson, $12.95

When he was fourteen or fifteen, so George Miksch Sutton tells us in his Foreword, he got stuck while crawling through a hollow log in Texas after a turkey vulture's nest. The log lay in a north-south direction, and as he was held fast near the south end, the only way to go was northward, pushing, pulling, and losing his buttons until he emerged an hour later. He has been going north ever since. As in the log, so in maturity he has traveled with an insatiable curiosity about birds and, what is more, with an ability to paint them. After his service as an Air Force officer in the Second World War, planes took him where boats could not, and his delight in exploration, his speculation in observing wildlife, his geniality as a companion in cramped and dangerous places have been beautifully recorded in this account of his most recent trip to "the unspoiled north," where he was one of eight scientists pursuing their different quests on uninhabited Bathurst Island, halfway between the Arctic Circle and the northernmost lands known to man.

Bathurst in June and July was a treeless preserve across whose vast stretches of snow and tundra one could through binoculars watch muskoxen, Peary's caribou, white wolves, *horned* snowy owls and the big white hares which eluded them, long-tailed jaegers, rock ptarmigan, ivory gulls, oldsquaw, and King eiders. Sutton was here to paint, and eleven of his lovely canvases have been well reproduced. To hold his end up in the community, he volunteered to cook, though not always as appetizingly as Pierre Lamothe, their regular chef ("my biscuits tasted of soda; and my flapjacks were either as pale as chamois skin and sticky inside, or crisp and black"). But his main contribution was as a veteran watcher, on whose experience the younger men could sharpen their own judgment. Dave Gray was making an intensive study of the muskoxen; Stu MacDonald was studying the courtship behavior of the ptarmigan; Dave Parmelee was watching for the sanderlings he had banded the year before. Phil Taylor had been stalking the nest of a pair of snowy owls and was sure they had horns; Sutton was not, and the controversy raged. One night after an especially good dinner, Phil gave an imitation of a male owl presenting a lemming to his mate; of her acceptance with lowered head wagging solemnly, of her standing straight, shaking out the long plumage of her underparts, and, finally, of her settling on the eggs with a smug, self-satisfied look. The hut almost caved in with laughter.

The vignettes are excellent: the old bull muskox waiting for his death, the huskies that pummeled the author as if he were a pillow, the wolves who came so close in their curiosity, the lemmings on their supper table eating crumbs and nipping fingers.

THE DOUBLE-CROSS SYSTEM IN THE WAR OF 1939 TO 1945
by J. C. Masterman
Yale University Press, $6.95

It may be the British renown for integrity that makes them, when need be, such masters of duplicity. In the Second World War the most imaginative success of British Intelligence was the operation of double agents, Europeans of whatever country, who came to England by boat, submarine, or aircraft as spies, and who were either captured and converted, or voluntarily became agents for the British. The most reliable continued to receive Nazi funds and directions, and continued to return by wireless, or letter, the information they were asked for—much of it accurate but the most important part deceptively untrue.

Sir John Masterman, a university don and an enthusiastic cricketer, was the mastermind in this intelligent, delicate operation, and the British brought to it a care and coordination which made them the best in the business. Sir John discusses the methods by which the double agents were first tested and then, if they proved worthy, primed; he describes the manner in which the British network experimented with the German Intelligence to see if what was being sent from Britain was believed; and most fascinating of all, he depicts the double agents with their wonderful code names, Garbo, Snow, Celery, Midas, Dragonfly, Sweet William, Tricycle, Balloon, Mutt and Jeff, and that rare woman, Gelatine. Each double agent had his British guardian, intimately familiar with the case, and in 1940-1941 the feedback strongly exaggerated Britain's home defense. Gradually light dawned that the German Abwehr were not only gullible but increasingly under British control.

As Britain passed to the offensive, the necessity for deception increased. Now it was the Allied invasions which must be disguised: Duff Cooper in his novel, *Operation Heartbreak,* dramatized how the Germans were misled about the invasion of Sicily. Masterman exposes the intricacies of deception which, thanks to trusted double agents, made the Germans believe that Operation Overlord would be aimed at the Pas de Calais, not at Cherbourg—and held them to that belief even after the Omaha landings. The reading is complicated by the irritating, though necessary, military initials, but the chapters describing the agents and the major operations are engrossing and authoritative.

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SHORT REVIEWS BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE SCORPION GOD by William Golding. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $5.95. Two of the three "short novels" in this collection are amiably romanticized variations on themes—primitive societies, primitive religions—that Mr. Golding has treated more seriously elsewhere. The third tale is a surprise, an elegantly contrived comedy, part green carnation, part Kiplingesque military slapstick (one suddenly realizes how Edwardian Mr. Golding's literary roots are), about a wily old Roman emperor who has the Industrial Revolution, with all its sinister possibilities, dumped at his feet by an ingenious Greek. The story is intriguing on two levels. There is the plot question of how the emperor will fend off technology, and the author's problem of squaring his inventions with history. Both difficulties are solved with a grace bordering on levitation.

NOT FROM THE APES by Björn Kurtén. Pantheon, $5.95. Now that the world, or most of it, is resigned to kinship with the apes, and people like Ardrey are even trying to understand human folly through study of the chimpanzee and the baboon, along comes Mr. Kurtén. He argues, from a mass of fossil evidence, that mankind diverged from the ancestral path as early as, or earlier than, the apes; that present-day similarities between the two groups cannot be proven anything more than coincidental; and that for behavioral comparison, the dolphin is as useful as the gorilla—probably more so. Somebody is always rocking the boat.

BLACKWATER RIVER by William Hillen. Norton, $6.95. The author, formerly a conservation officer in British Columbia, yammers on about preserving the wilderness while his reported exploits with gun, trap, and poison bait conjure up a resemblance to one of his own targets, a mean old tom cougar who "seemed to hate everything alive."

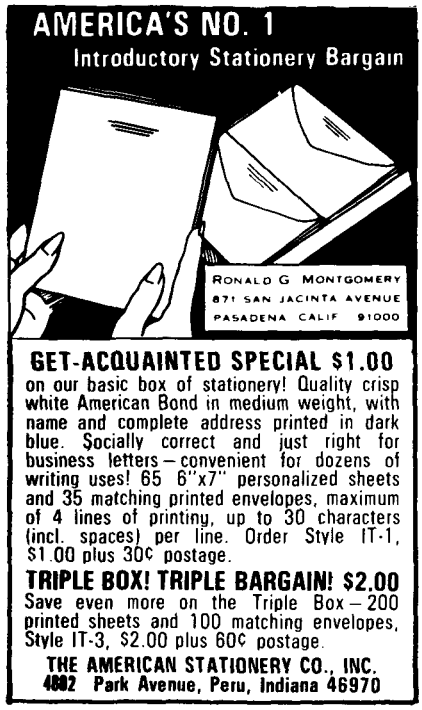
NOCTURNAL VAUDEVILLE by Stephen Schneck. Dutton, $6.95. Mr. Schneck has written a macabre fantasy about the macabre fantasies which, he assures us, dominate the nation's dreams. The writing is clever, sometimes brilliant, but fantasy plus fantasy adds up to a geometric progression (bad mathematics but good nightmare logic), and the credibility gap extends to the dark side of the moon. One ends by admiring the author's performance and forgetting the realities that provoked it.

SEAN by Eileen O'Casey. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $6.95. An affectionate, intelligent portrait of the great Irish playwright, by his widow. No mere matter of getting into the act; this is a worthwhile book.

DOWN TO NOW by Pat Watters. Pantheon, $7.95. Mr. Watters has written an impassioned, nostalgic history of the Southern civil rights campaigns of the sixties, asking how all that idealistic enthusiasm could have accomplished so little. The book is frequently moving, but although carefully documented, remains in the end unenlightening.

FROM THE ROOF OF AFRICA by C. W. Nicol. Knopf, $10.00. Mr. Nicol spent two years in Ethiopia, managing an embryonic national park and game preserve. The country was wonderful, but government support was remote and erratic, provincial bigwigs were dishonest, and the local population saw no point in the enterprise. It is astonishing that Mr. Nicol accomplished as much as he did, and more astonishing, given his hot temper and Old Colonial fist-and-boot methods, that he lived to write about it. He makes no concession to the current fetish of sympathizing with alien cultures. Much of what he saw in Ethiopia he despised, and while his tactless memoirs will offend world-brotherhood sentimentalists, they carry a tart, chill conviction.

AMERICAN INDIAN PORTRAITS chosen and with an introduction by Charles R. Reynolds, Jr. Stephen Greene, $12.50. There are 120 portrait photographs in this collection, all presumably taken by an expedition financed in 1913 by Rodman Wanamaker. For untraceable reasons, the glass plates found their way to the American Museum of Natural History, where they lay forgotten un-



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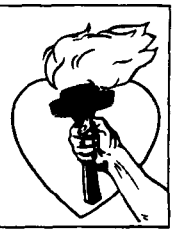

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til Sam Holmes, a prowling picture editor, dredged them out of a file drawer. Since the expedition traipsed all around the United States, it recorded a fascinating variety of types, from plump, round-headed, soft-featured people rather like Olmec sculptures to gorgeously accoutered Sioux and Cheyenne dignitaries with ax-blade noses and dour expressions.

THE ARNHEITER AFFAIR by Neil Sheehan. Random House, $7.95. If the affair were fiction, it would plagiarize *The Caine Mutiny*. It is, however, what a number of reasonable-sounding men told Mr. Sheehan as fact about an intolerable navy captain and the antic hornpipe required to get him off the ship. Alarming, but also dryly amusing.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY by Jane Pasanen. McCall, $6.95. Curious readers must dig what information there is here about the rag and its trade out of a muddle of jittery sub-Winchellese nonprose.

THE GERMAN LESSON by Siegfried Lenz. Hill & Wang, $7.95. The misuses of duty and discipline continue to nag the German conscience. Mr. Lenz has translated the problem into a lively, funny, angry novel about a boy, his policeman father, and a recalcitrant painter. A serious book that also works as plain good reading. Translated by Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins.

GREEN HELL by Lucien Bodard. Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, $10.00. An outraged account of the continuing massacre—described as both coldly deliberate and willfully savage—of the Brazilian Indians, by a French journalist whose appetite for sadistic horrors rather undermines his credibility. Much of his information is well supported, more than enough to make his point, in fact. Equally much is second- or third-hand, and one begins to wonder how often Mr. Bodard was told what somebody realized he wished to hear. Translated by Jennifer Monaghan.

CONFESSIONS OF A STOCKBROKER: A WALL STREET JOURNAL by Brutus. Little, Brown, $6.95. Portions of this book have appeared in the *Atlantic*.

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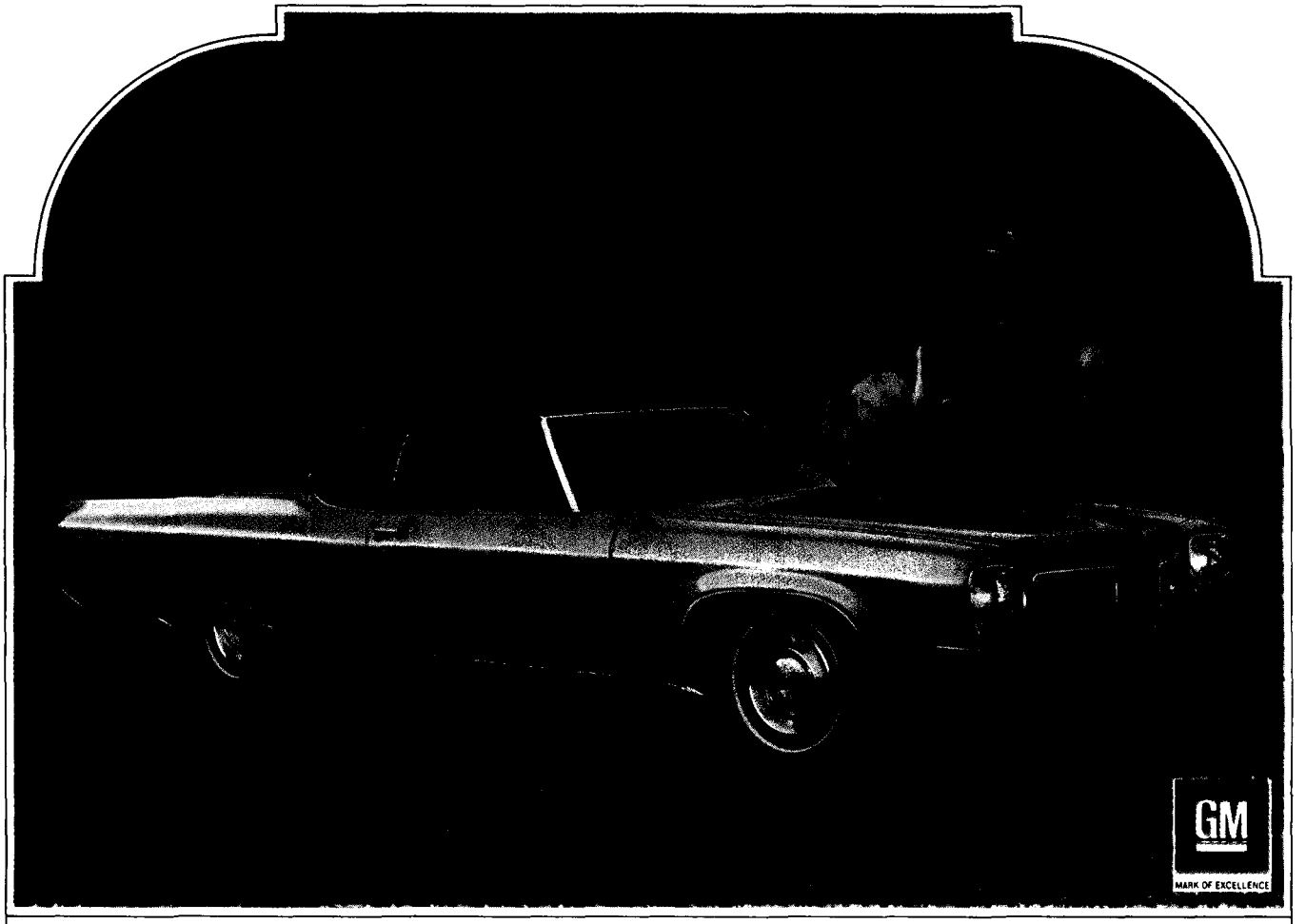

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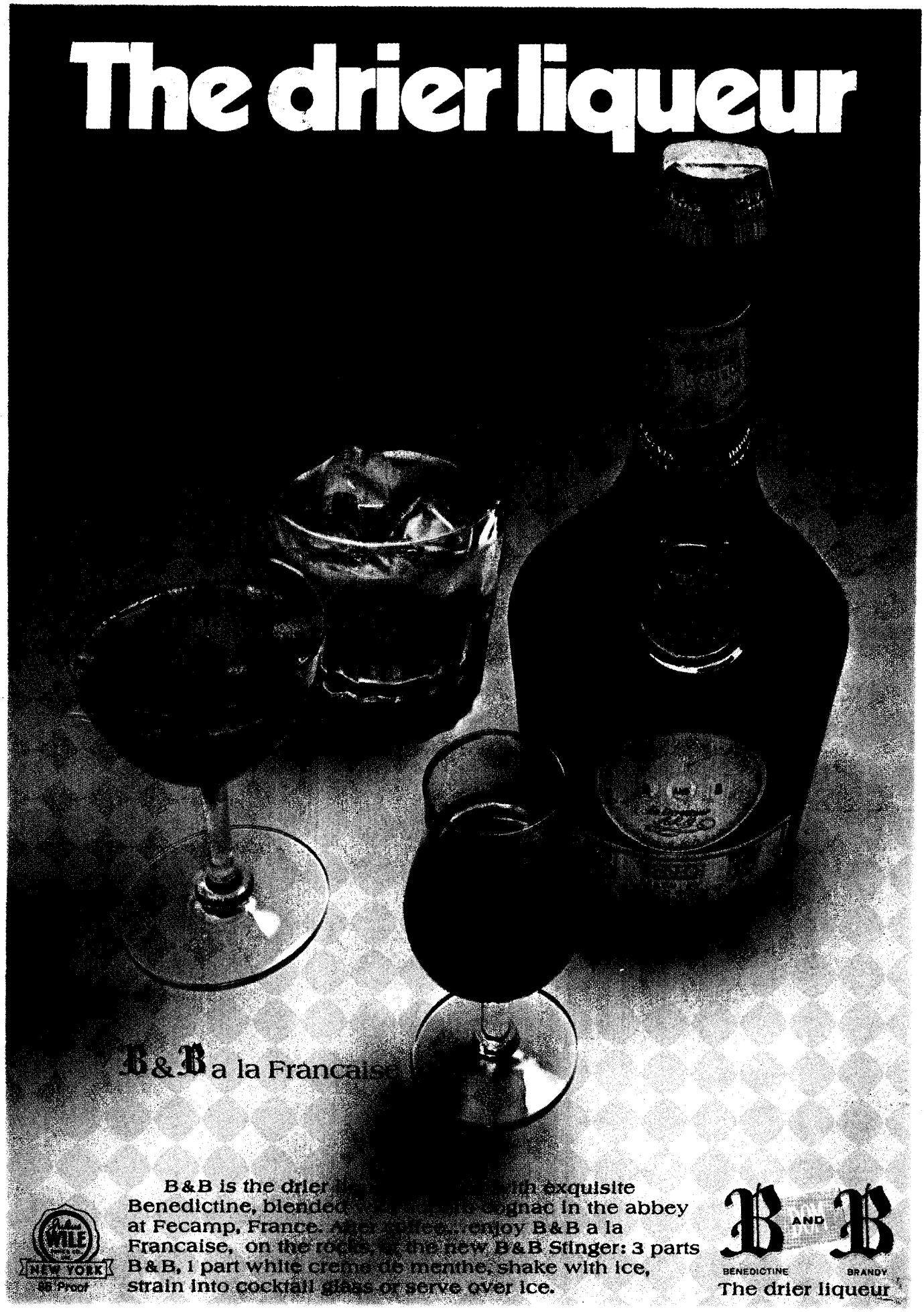

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